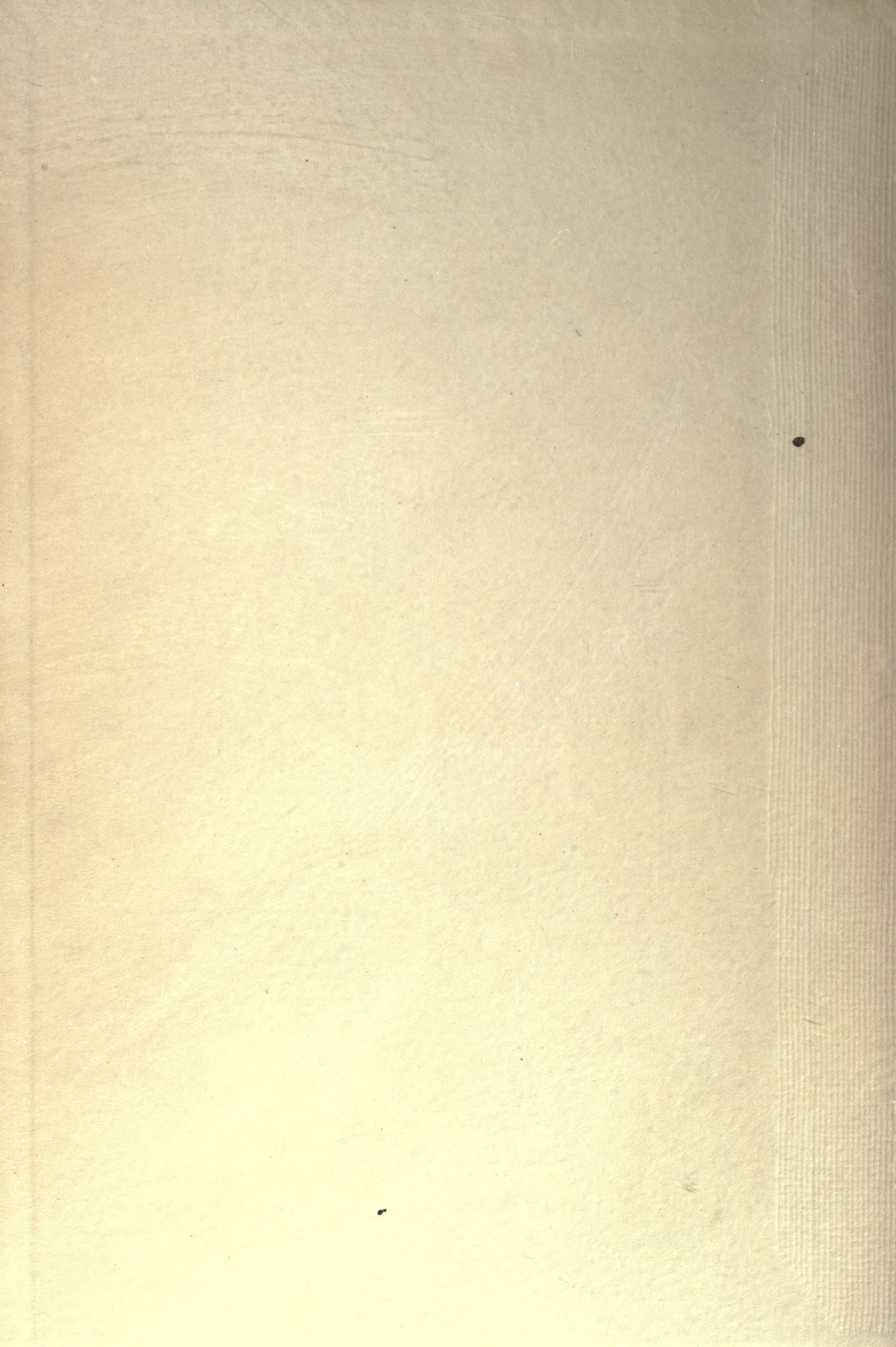
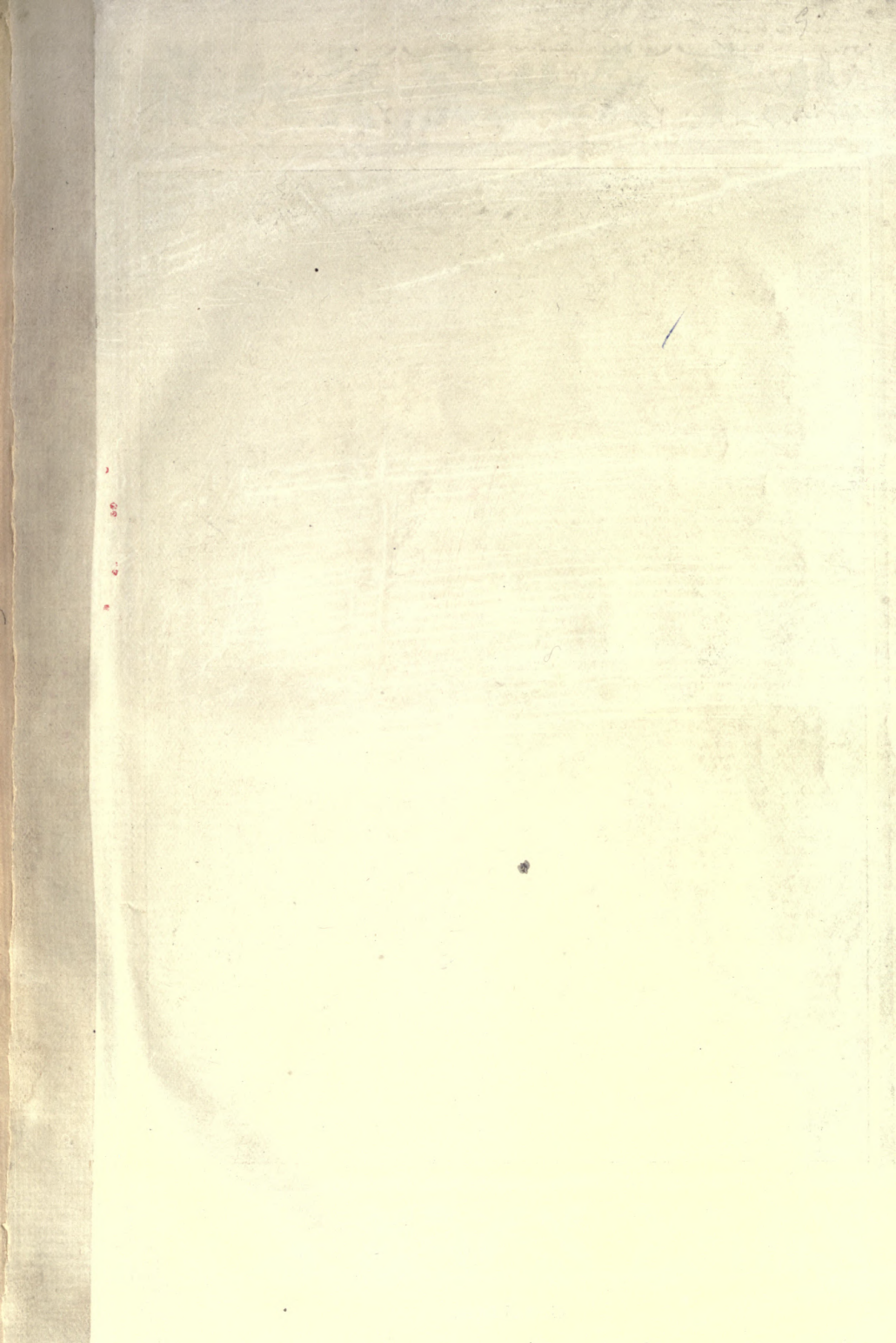


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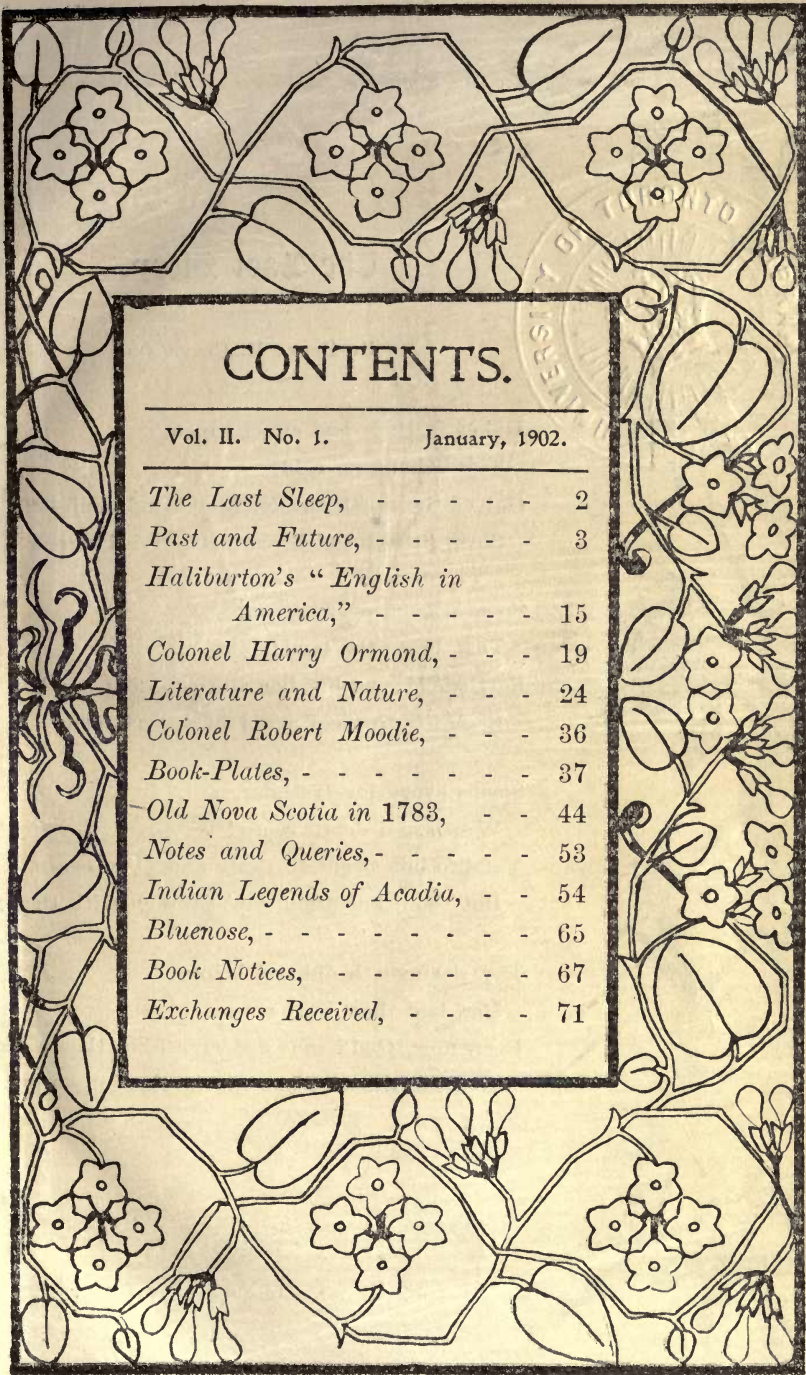






CHUMS.



"We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."



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The Last Sleep.

BY BERTA M. CLEVELAND.

Dykes in their last sweet green,
Tides changing cold,
Out of the north the Norland winds unfold;
Sleep little heart beneath thy ivied screen!

So safe from every storm
That beats the land!
Earth holds, within her all-sustaining hand,
Each life to yield again in perfect form.

Sleeps every lovely thing,
Wrath and death reign!
Yet life but sleeps to rouse and glow again,
But thou, but thou, can'st waken with the spring?

Thy sleep earth did not bring,
Men laid thee down;
Even now, God-hands are wreathing thee a crown,
To wear when breaks the everlasting spring.



ACADIENSIS

..... EDITED BY

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.



A Quarterly devoted
to the Interests of the
Maritime Provinces
of Canada. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

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VOLUME II.

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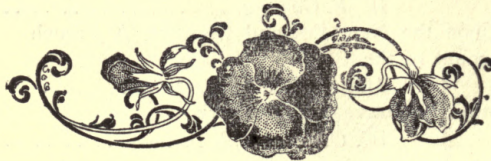
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ACADIENSIS

VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1902.

No. 1.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK,

EDITOR.

Past and Future.



YEAR has come and gone since the first number of this Magazine was laid before the public, and in that space of time its promoters have passed through experiences, many and varied. There have been disappointments, not a few of them. The greatest of these being probably the apathy displayed by the people among whom this enterprise was conceived and brought forth, towards its welfare and future prosperity. It is regrettable that the people, to whom, by the permanent preservation of data relating to themselves, their forefathers, and the country in which they dwell, the greatest benefit might reasonably have been expected to accrue, have treated our undertaking with such marked indifference.

After a year of much personal effort and hard work, combined with continued advertising, but 122 subscribers have been secured in the city of Saint John. Recently a young man of good address was employed as a canvasser, and a list, containing the names of thirty individuals, chosen on account of their supposed ample means and literary tastes, placed in his hands. The result may be told in a few words. Without exception they declined to become subscribers.

There is, however, another and a brighter side to the picture. Among the subscribers who have pledged their assistance, are not a few men, and women, too, who have

done much to assist in making the undertaking a success. Our thanks are due very largely to the members of the Acadian Society, each of whom, by the guarantee of a certain fixed amount of money, prevented the possibility of a heavy financial loss to the editor and promoter of the enterprise. As a result of the year's work, a deficit of about \$200 remains. The work might have been carried along for the first year upon the lines upon which it was originally started, with little or no financial loss. It was felt, however, that in order to have a magazine creditable alike in its style and matter, something larger and more in accord with the spirit of the times must be produced.

Our first number contained forty-eight pages of printed matter, and two small illustrations; our fourth number, seventy-eight pages of printed matter and ten full pages of illustrations, as well as half a dozen or so of lesser importance. Each of the first four numbers published has shown a continued and upward progress.

To the writers who have favored us with their kind assistance, our thanks are also particularly due. It is not necessary to specify them. The reader has but to glance over the table of contents to learn who they are. Suitable articles are much more easily procured for a well established magazine than for one which is struggling for a permanent place.

But it is from a wide extent of country, from unexpected people and sources throughout the length and breadth of America, as well as from Europe, from Newfoundland to New Orleans, from Southern California to the miners' camp in the wilds of the Yukon, that subscriptions and words of good cheer have come in, and are continuing in a somewhat slow but yet a constant stream.

And now a word as to our intentions for future work. This magazine will be continued indefinitely, and we hope to be able to make the eighth number as much an improvement upon the fourth, as the latter number has been upon

the first. But perhaps that is expecting too much, for it has already been stated by competent and unbiased critics, in no way connected with our work, that our magazine is the best that has yet been produced in the Maritime Provinces. Our aim shall ever be, that having gained the leading position in our own particular line, to hold it at all cost. To old Kings College at Windsor we are indebted for many courtesies, none the less appreciated because they were somewhat more unexpected than from other sources.

Nova Scotia is an older province, by nearly half a century, than New Brunswick, and it may be for this reason that its people are, as a class, more literary and artistic in their tastes and aspirations.

It is said to be the history of every nation and country that the first century of its existence must be devoted to the development of its trade and commerce, its natural resources and the accumulation of capital. This having been in some degree accomplished, a class is created, who have some spare time to give to the cultivation of the mind, and the expansion of the intellect.

Be that as it may, due allowance being made for differences in the periods of settlement and proportion of population, our sister province would appear to be much more richly endowed with institutions of learning, and the seeker after knowledge there, much more gifted with opportunities for acquiring the wealth for which he longs, than is the case in New Brunswick.

Nearly a century and a quarter have gone since our province received its first great influx of population, and yet it appears to be necessary to import our Bishops, our college Professors, our Clergy, and our other men of letters from older communities. Can it be the case, as would appear to the mind of the writer, that in the institutions where this practice is least followed, the most satisfactory results, both as regards religious growth and the spread of education would appear to follow?

For the second time since the commencement of our undertaking we venture to reproduce a few extracts, from among numerous letters of commendation which have been received, in order that our readers may be aware, to some extent, of the deep interest with which our work is being followed at home and abroad.

Acadia is to the student, in many lines of thought, practically an undeveloped mine of wealth, offering problems of much interest to the explorer. It is perhaps not surprising that an enterprise, which, if it depended for its existence upon the support of the people among whom it was promoted, would die a rapid death for the lack of sufficient support, should receive greater encouragement from individuals in other lands, who having perhaps, somewhat fully investigated the problems there offered, should seek new territories in which to pursue their studies.

The work spent upon ACADIENSIS by the editor during the past year has involved the writing of over 2,500 personal letters, the revision of all proofs, the careful scanning of the lists of membership of many literary and scientific societies in order that sample copies might be sent to likely subscribers, as well as a mind ever on the alert for suitable literary material, new contributors, and in addition, to the thousand and one little ideas which contribute so much to the success of any undertaking. If the results have not come fully up to the expectations of any of his patrons, the editor can only plead the old excuse, namely, that he has done the best that he could.



"The Quarterly should have much success. I like its tone and its get-up."—*Prof. A. B. de Mille, Kings College, Windsor, N. S.*

"Please send me the April issue of your magazine and also succeeding numbers, with account for the year"—*A. Ralph, for the Senate Reading Room, Ottawa.*

"I must congratulate you upon the excellence of the second number of ACADIENSIS."—*J. R. Inch, Chief Superintendent of Education, Fredericton, N. B.*

"Personally, I am much pleased with the matter and form of ACADIENSIS, and have found it very useful in my researches into the history of the original Acadians. The April number seems to be a particularly interesting one. The Canadian History Readings (edited by Mr. G. U. Hay, Ed.) too, are excellent in their way, and have convinced me that we Americans must look out for our laurels in the matter of historical research, or you will be soon telling us our own history."—*Rev. Charles W. Collins, Portland, Me.*

"The New York State Library tries to obtain every genealogy published in the United States, and every local history published in New England and the Middle States, and now has on these subjects probably the largest collection in America. We should greatly appreciate the favor if you would kindly tell us the price of ACADIENSIS, and to whom to apply for a copy."—*Melvil Dewey, Director State Library, University of the State of New York.*

"Please forward ACADIENSIS, including number one, to—*C. R. Straton, Wilton Wilts, England.*"

"I sincerely wish you success in your editorship, and have much pleasure in becoming a subscriber. If I can at any time give you information that will assist you in your labors, I shall be very happy to do so."—*F. S. Scovil, Brighton, England.*

"Thank you very much for your interesting and much above the average Canadian publication. Canada is a very attractive country to me, its bookplates particularly, and am very glad to send you my subscription for two years. Wishing you success, I beg to remain, sincerely yours, *Walter Conway Prescott.*" [Mr. Prescott, who resides at Newton Highlands, Mass., is the owner of several very beautiful bookplates. By his courtesy in sending names of possible subscribers, and the personal interest which he has shown in helping to promote the welfare of our publication, he has indeed proved himself a valuable friend. Ed.]

"I received your Acadian quarterly. Enclosed please find money order for one dollar. I took great pleasure in reading contents of your first number, and with kind wishes for your success, remain yours truly, *Thos. Gilmour, Finance Dept., Ottawa.*"

"A friend of mine has just lent me the April number of ACADIENSIS, the first I have seen of it. As I would like to get it regularly, I am enclosing a year's subscription, and would ask you to kindly send me the first two numbers."—*Mrs. Alexander Campbell, Dartmouth, N. S.*

"I hope that you will attain the highest degree of success in the publication so useful and so entertaining. I was charmed with the two numbers already published."—*Edward L. O'Brien, Bathurst, N. B.*

"Enclosed I send \$1.00 in payment of our Society's subscription to ACADIENSIS, first year, commencing with number one."—*Warren Upham, Secretary Minnesota Hist. Soc., St. Paul, Minn.*

"You may place the name of this Society upon your subscription list, beginning with the first number issued."—*R. G. Thwaites, Secretary and Supt. State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Madison.*

"Mrs. M. E. Rath-Merrill encloses herein \$1.00 for one year's subscription to ACADIENSIS, and no doubt if the standard is kept up, she can secure other subscribers. She is very much interested in Canadian life, as parts of her family are residents in Canada. If the editor has plates to exchange she will be very glad to know of them. Ecclesiastical plates are her specialty."—*Columbus, Ohio.*

"Enclosed please find \$1.00 for which send me your magazine ACADIENSIS for one year, beginning with the issue of January 1st. I am much interested in the study and collection of bookplates, so naturally the article in the *New York Times Saturday Review* of May 11th, under the heading "Books and Authors," attracted me immediately."—*Mrs. Katherine French Burnham, Santa Catalina Island, Cal., U. S. A.*

"My friend, Judge Putman, has handed me a copy of your magazine, and I enclose one dollar for subscription to your first volume."—*J. Marshall Brown, Portland, Me.*

"I shall of course be most happy to do anything that I can for you, and am interested in any literary movement which will, in a competent way, gather together and perpetuate such memorials of our historic provinces as may help us to prize more highly the

home and its associations which Providence has given us. If at any time you think that I can be of service to you, please let me know, and I will seek to do what I can."—*Prof. R. A. Falconer, Presbyterian College, Halifax, N. S.*

"It will give me much pleasure to subscribe to your magazine."—*Hon. George Peabody Wetmore, Newport, Rhode Island, Chairman Library Committee, U. S. Senate, Washington.*

"I may add that I like the ACADIENSIS very much and wish it the best of success. The words of Mr. J. Emory Hoar, on page 109, of number two, are particularly to the point, I think, and appeal to me especially, as Brookline is my home. Wishing you both pleasure and success in your undertaking, I am, yours very truly, Louis F. Newcomb."—*Editor Tribune, Windsor, N. S.*

"I have just heard of your new magazine, the ACADIENSIS, and desire to subscribe to same, as I have been informed that among the good things therein, there will be a series of bookplates. That article alone will make me a subscriber. Please favor me with a copy of each number which has already been published and the bill for same."—*John Roach, New York.*

"Have received a copy of ACADIENSIS and enclose one dollar for subscription to same. Please send number one."—*Dr. Charles E. Clark, Lynn, Mass.*

"Let me say how much I like ACADIENSIS. Please find enclosed one dollar for a year's subscription. Will you kindly send number one. As to contributing—I am willing to do what I can to help your quarterly, and I hope it may evolve into a monthly. You are editor, you have in your mind the kind of magazine you want. I have had some little experience, and let me advise you not to allow your dainty quarterly to be swamped by miscellaneous contributions, some of which you insert against your own better judgment."—*Rev. J. S. Black, D. D., Halifax, N. S.*

"I am very glad to subscribe to the magazine, for apart from bookplates, I am interested in Canadiana. Will you kindly send me a copy of the first number, as I am apt to have magazines of local interest bound. I hope the magazine will have a long and prosperous life."—*Miss Marie Gerard Messenger, Chappaqua, Westchester Co., N. Y.*

"Let me congratulate you earnestly on the two numbers of ACADIENSIS. Both I have found full of interest and value to me, and I enclose my subscription herewith. I regard it as in some

degree a duty to promise you a contribution; but I fear it will have to be brief, and cannot be immediate. With congratulations and very best wishes, I am very sincerely yours—*Charles G. D. Roberts, New York.*”

“Please enter the following names as subscribers to ACADIENSIS. I will remit on receipt of bill.”—*George E. Littlefield, Dealer in Old, Rare and Curious Books, etc., Boston, Mass.*

“I shall be pleased to notice your magazine in the next number of the *Ex-Libris Journal*. Kindly send me your first issue, and favor me with an exchange copy. I will then send you the *Journal* of the *Ex-Libris Society* from time to time.”—*W. H. K. Wright, Plymouth, England, Hon. Sec’y and Editor Ex-Libris Journal, and Founder and Organizer of the Ex-Libris Society, which includes in its roll of honor many well-known litterateurs of Europe and America.*

“I sincerely hope that your venture may be a success and a conspicuous one.”—*Colin H. Livingston, A. B., etc., Washington, D. C.*

“I am interested in all the historical and antiquarian matters with which you deal, and may, perhaps, sometime be tempted to offer you a little contribution.”—*D. Allison, Sackville, N. B.*

“I must congratulate you both upon contents and appearance of your magazine. I sincerely wish you all success. There ought to be a large place in the Maritime Provinces for such a magazine. I hope next month to be able to give you a much more practical proof of my sympathy.”—*Rev. R. W. Colston, Mungerville, N. B.*

“The same mail brought me a copy of ACADIENSIS which I hope will broaden out and have a long and very successful future.”—*H. C. Read, Sackville, N. B.*

“The subjects treated of in your magazine are very interesting to me, and I enclose you \$1.00 for a year’s subscription.”—*William Clark, Sackville, N. B.*

“We would ask you to put our Society on your subscription list to ACADIENSIS.”—*Wm. P. Greenlaw, New England Historic Genealogical Society, Boston, Mass.*

“I have ready an article about ACADIENSIS, to be printed for our review. I should be very glad if you can lend to me the block of the *Ex-Libris* of ——— which appears in your number two. Then, if possible, send it directly, and it shall be back quickly to you. Receive, I pray, our thanks and believe me.”—*Sec’y Societe F’sse Des Collectionneurs d’ Ex-Libris, Paris, France.*

"I am a subscriber to ACADIENSIS, but did not get the July number. I got the January and April numbers O. K. As I don't want to miss any of them, if you have not sent it, please send one."—*Norman McLeod, Sunset Mine, No. 1, B. C.*

"I have perused the third number of ACADIENSIS with great pleasure and found it most interesting, particularly as a great part carried me back to my younger days. I was much interested in the sketch of Judge Robie, as we knew him so well. The sketch of his Lordship Bishop Medley quite took me back to former days. The first time that I saw him was that day that he landed at Halifax, when he came to my father's house. He was indeed a model Bishop and well calculated to take the position he was called upon to do. Wishing you every success to ACADIENSIS, etc."—*Mrs. Richard Uniacke, Halifax, N. S.*

"Last number of ACADIENSIS (No. 3) has arrived, and I think that it is the best yet. I met J. V. Ellis, jr., here the other day. He is a newspaper man, city editor of *Milwaukee Journal*. * * * Hope that the magazine will continue to improve in the future as in the past."—*Arthur W. Akerley, M. D., Milwaukee, Wis.*

"ACADIENSIS for April, 1901, has just been received by us."—*Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"Although not a native born Canadian, having lived the first nineteen years of my life in Scotland, I shall take great pleasure in looking carefully into the contents of ACADIENSIS."—*David R. Forgan, Vice-president First National Bank, Chicago.*

"I must say that I admire the determination and public spirit which attach your conduct in the ACADIENSIS matter, in carrying it on at such a loss and making such efforts as you do to continue and improve it, and I shall make greater efforts henceforth to render any assistance I can. I agree with you that the abundant illustrations are a good feature, and if you can keep up the standard, it is bound to succeed even though its progress will be slow."—*Prof. W. F. Ganong, Smith College, Northampton, Mass.*

"I have duly received the numbers published of ACADIENSIS, and I find the publication very interesting. Go on."—*N. E. Dionne, Bibliotheque de la Legislature, Quebec.*

"I wish to thank you for your courtesy in sending me number three of ACADIENSIS. I found it most delightful reading, and I have instructed my agents, Messrs. Henry J. King & Co., Pall Mall, London, to remit you the amount of my subscription for the

current year, and I will beg of you, on receipt, to be so good as to forward me numbers one, two and four. If they are as good as number three, I will continue the subscription for next year. I take much interest for many reasons in the part of the world with which your publication deals."—*Col. W. F. Prideaux, C. S. I., Ramsgate, England.*

"I regret to say that I will be unable to comply with your wish and send you the steel plate of my bookplate until my return to Vancouver, B. C., about the first of April next. I was much pleased with the copy of ACADIENSIS you so kindly sent me."—*Sir Chas. Tupper, K. C. M. G., etc., etc., Hurst House, Abbeywood, Kent, England.*

"Are you a collector of bookplates? I have been at it for 45 years. I very foolishly gave my collection of 10,000 rare plates away 25 years ago to a friend to publish some. He got lost on a steamship, plates, etc., so I mourn him and my plates."—*J. Douglas Scott, Hydepark, Mass.*

"In receipt of your favor of the 5th, I have the honor to inform you that I am interested in a new quarterly of your Journal, and I beg you will place my name upon the list of subscribers."—*Dr. Rudolph Newman, Reichenberg.*

"Your favor of the 25th inst., came duly to hand and was followed by the four numbers of ACADIENSIS. I enclose \$1.00 covering the bill. I sent for these pamphlets for Mr. ———, of Regent Park, London, England, who is quite interested in bookplates, and saw a copy of ACADIENSIS in London."—*Percy S. Mallet, New York.*

"I desire to congratulate you upon the excellence of the current issue of your magazine. It shows a great deal of patient care and persistent energy on your part, and it deserves well at the hands of your literary and historical friends of the Maritime Provinces. The quality of your Journal is certainly equal to anything published in Canada. Of course I can say this fairly and frankly to you seeing that our spheres are so different."—*John A. Cooper, Editor of the Canadian Magazine, Toronto.*

"There is nothing that I would not do to oblige you. I have a large collection of electrotypes, and some of them might be very useful to you. * * * I will look through my collection of electrotypes, photographs, engravings and portraits, and see what I can do for you. I am suffering severely from la grippe and am dictating this letter from my bed. I hope to be able to go to

New York about Dec. 17th; write to me to jog my memory. I have five large rooms full of such things here and in New York."—*Gen. J. Watts dePeyster, Brigadier-General and Brevet Major-General, U. S. A., M. A., Litt. D., Ph. D., LL. D., Tivoli, Duchess Co., N. J.*

"I send you the following of my historical publications, all that I can find at present. * * * "The Historical Gleanings" were checked in the bud by the fire at Windsor some three years ago, all but two or three proof copies being burned. During the winter I may turn up some other papers which will interest you, and if so shall not fail to send them."—*Henry Youle Hind, Principal Church School for Girls, Windsor, N. S.*

"I am directed by the Minister of Education to request you to place the Department upon the subscription list of ACADIENSIS, and to supply all the back numbers."—*The Deputy Minister, Education Department, Toronto.*

"I am sure that we have not said anything in the *Presbyterian Witness* about your work that was not richly deserved. I have some idea of the toil and care involved in such a work."—*Rev. Robert Murray, Editor of the Presbyterian Witness, Halifax, N. S.*

"Enclosed please find my subscription for ACADIENSIS for two years. I have been too busy to prepare my promised paper. * * * I hope to do so at an early date."—*A. H. MacKay, Supt. of Education, Halifax, N. S.*

"I received, with many thanks, your kind letter and the *Ex-Libris* you enclosed. I received also the copy of your beautiful magazine ACADIENSIS, and I should be glad to become a subscriber."—*Prof. Carl G. F. Langenscheidt, Berlin.*

"I shall be glad to aid you in every way that I can."—*Henry C. Hunter, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Sec'y of the Canadian Society of New York.*

"Enclosed I beg to hand you two dollars, my subscription to ACADIENSIS. I may say that I am very much interested in the Province of New Brunswick, as my grandfather, Capt. Archibald MacLean, was an officer in the Loyalist corps, the New York Volunteers. When the rebellion was over he came to New Brunswick and settled on the Nashwaak, where he died. His son is still on the old place."—*A. MacLean Howard, Toronto.*

"I enclose \$1.00 subscription for ACADIENSIS. I happened to take it up * * * and liked its make-up so well that I want it, and will take the back numbers, too, if you have them on sale."
—*R. R. McLeod, Author, etc., Brookfield, Queens Co., N. S.*

"I enclose names of several subscribers for ACADIENSIS. I have met with but one refusal, Mr. —, who is suffering from a severe affection of the eyes."—*From our Halifax Special Agent.*

"I hope that you have received sufficient support to justify your continuation of ACADIENSIS. Enclosed etc., etc."—*Rev. Neil McKendrick, Placentia, Newfoundland.*

"I wish ACADIENSIS continued success, and trust that your subscription list may receive many new names for the new year."
—*Miss M. R. Hicks, Noroton Heights, Conn.*

"Noticing a paragraph regarding your quarterly in the *Editor*, of Franklin, Ohio, I would ask you to be kind enough to send me a sample copy."—*Anna Bishard, Altoona, Iowa.*

"I enclose one year's subscription to your magazine, which is undoubtedly an undertaking deserving of the hearty support of the people of the Maritime Provinces."—*W. B. Wallace, Judge of the County Court, Halifax, N. S.*

"I have just seen the last number of your magazine, ACADIENSIS, and will be much obliged if you will send me the numbers which have already been issued. I am particularly interested in your article on Acadian Book-Plates."—*Joseph Murphy, Toronto, April, 1901*







Thobaldt

Haliburton's "English in America."



MUCH has been done in the past fifteen years to revive interest in that versatile writer and thinker, Thomas Chandler Haliburton, who was not only the greatest Nova Scotian litterateur, but the greatest author as yet produced by British North America. The Haliburton Club was formed at King's College, Windsor, in 1884, largely through the initiative of Mr. H. Percy Scott. Mr. Scott afterwards contributed a critique of Haliburton as a humorist and descriptive writer to a memorial publication issued by the Club in 1897. This "Centenary Chaplet," as it is called, also contains a most interesting sketch of the Life and Times of Judge Haliburton, by his son, Robert Grant Haliburton, who died not long since; and a Character Study by Mr. F. Blake Crofton, of Halifax, the scope of which may be fairly inferred from its title, "The Man and the Writer."

I shall not attempt to go over the ground so admirably covered by these gentlemen, my principal object being to draw attention to that one of Judge Haliburton's works which had perhaps the most limited circulation and the least popularity, but cost the most labor and research. "Rule and Misrule of the English in America," though written more especially for English readers, was published at New York by Harper & Brothers in 1851. While there may be found scattered through Sam Slick's humorous sketches numerous opinions on political topics, and much practical philosophy, these are not necessarily in all cases the author's own sentiments. But in the dedication the author expressly says that "this book will show you that my political views are unchanged" and we can doubt-

less feel a like assurance as to the other ideas embodied in this work. According to Mr. Crofton, "Judge Haliburton was an Epicurean philosopher, modified a little, for the better by Christianity, and for the worse by practical politics." This has all of the glitter and probably much of the accuracy of the average generality. It may fairly summarize the every day philosophy of Sam Slick, but it scarcely does justice to the strongly asserted principles of "Rule and Misrule."

The frame-work of the book is the colonial policy of England, and the development of English colonies and colonial institutions in America during the seventeenth, eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth century. One of the objects of the work was to show where and by whom republicanism was introduced into this continent, and this is conclusively traced not to the great statesmen who formed the Federal Constitution, but to the Puritan colonists who founded a *de facto* republic at Boston in 1630. To the revocation, half a century later, of the charter which permitted so much practical republicanism, is attributed that "intense hatred of the imperial government" that finally led to the overthrow of British rule,—a hatred which, at the present day, finds expression among the "tail-twisters" of the American Senate, much to the astonishment of the modern Englishman. The institutions organized at that early date, and the democratic principles then disseminated, were subsequently adopted by the American provinces generally. Thus Independence, though precipitated in 1776 by the folly of the British government, was only the realization of a long-cherished and traditional principle.

Haliburton draws attention to the essential republicanism of early New England, both in church and state, the former being purely congregational, and both alike based on the supreme sovereignty of the people. They held the maxim, *vox populi, vox Dei*, to be equally true in politics

and religion. Public opinion, he adds in this connection, "when rightly understood, exercises a most salutary and necessary influence over the officers of government; but if it be so closely applied as to absorb all independence, it ceases to be a check and degenerates into tyranny." In a subsequent passage he describes Democracy as the last resort, because it is the least natural form of government, and may end in military despotism. "The people, instead of being content with a few masters, whom they could always conciliate or control, submit themselves to that many-headed monster a majority, and become alternately tyrants or slaves." There is a prophetic suggestion here of our modern party system in Canada. In another place our author contrasts democracy with monarchy, and pays to the latter a tribute as eloquent and ingenious as that of Lord Beaconsfield to the allied institution of aristocracy. These passages are among the most profound observations in the entire book, but are too lengthy for quotation here.

Haliburton devotes much space to the New England Puritans whose character and conduct have been so variously estimated. "The annals of colonization," he writes, "may be searched in vain for an effort so distinguished for courage, industry, perseverance, frugality and intelligence." So, too, he finds solidity back of the sophistry that they called in aid of their claim to independence. "The right of Europeans to America will not bear a very close investigation, but the pioneers who settled it under the circumstances mentioned might well be excused if they thought their pretensions quite equal to those who had first sailed along the coast, and called it their own." On the other hand he touches on their glaring inconsistencies. "They did not think it scriptural to call Apostles saints, who were unlettered men like congregationalists (with no other possible advantage but the accidental one of being inspired) but they thought it by no means superstitious to appropriate the designation to themselves, or to regard old

women as witches, and consistent with religion to execute them. . . . They maintained the right of private judgment, but they hanged Quakers ; for it was manifest that they who differed from them had no judgment whatever." Whether Collier was right in stating that the Puritan emigration "drained England of her best blood," nothing but a stretch of poetic license could justify Mrs. Hemans in saying of the immigrants that

" They left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God."

Lack of space prevents allusion to Judge Haliburton's religious views which were eminently well-informed and orthodox, his theories of government, and his character sketches of political parties. Responsible government and the policy of concession to the French Canadians are discussed in a way that was then prophetic, but has since become of present day interest and anxiety. But we must pass by these and also Haliburton's philosophy, tempting as it is to stop and listen to the stories that illustrate such apothegms as "Men more easily forgive an injury than an insult;" "ridicule eludes the grasp long after argument is vanquished"; and "the lessons of history, like experience, are of little use to any but the immediate actors." But, perhaps, these brief references and extracts give sufficient glimpses at the literary, political and philosophical treasures of this book. My own copy of it is dry enough looking, both as to cover and to internal workmanship. But few who read it, and at the same time possess some acquaintance with his other and more popular writings, will question its author's right to the first place when the time comes to launch a series of "Canadian Men of Letters."

C. E. A. SIMONDS.



Lieut.-Colonel Harry Ormond,
30th Regiment.

From a photograph taken in 1861 by George E. Perley, Esq.

Colonel Harry Ormond.

THE CAREER OF A NEW BRUNSWICK SOLDIER.



IN a previous contribution to the pages of *ACADIENSIS** brief reference was made to Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Ormond, commander of the 30th Regiment, and as the career of that New Brunswick soldier deserved a more extended account than was then possible, it will form a fitting sequel to the romantic story of the McDonells of Glengarry, and the Macdonalds of Glenaladale.

Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Smith Ormond was born at Maugerville, Sunbury county, New Brunswick, September 10th, 1784, and was the eldest son of Lieutenant George Ormond, adjutant of the Queen's Rangers, Colonel Graves Simcoe's famous loyalist corps of the American revolution. The Ormonds were a race of soldiers, and direct descendants of the celebrated Duke of Ormond, lord lieutenant of Ireland in the reign of Charles I. During the Commonwealth the Ormonds were exiled from England, and again after the expulsion of the Stuarts. Lieutenant Ormond was born at Gramont, in French Flanders. He was in America at the breaking out of the revolutionary war, and in 1777 received a commission in the Rangers, sharing with Colonel Simcoe the disasters of the war. In 1783, with the survivors of the corps, he came to New Brunswick and received a grant of 500 acres of land in the parish of Queensbury, York county, but made his home at Maugerville, where two of his children were born. About 1790 Lieutenant Ormond removed with his family to Upper Canada, induced thither by his old commander,

*A Monument and its Story. *ACADIENSIS*, vol. 1, p. 136.

Colonel Simcoe, who had been appointed first governor of that province, and who entertained a deep affection for his old officers of the Queen's Rangers. But Lieutenant Ormond did not remain long in the new province, for the record of the third birth in his family is at Elizabeth Castle, Isle of Jersey, on May 18th, 1793. On the 6th of September, 1795, a fourth son was born at Elizabeth Castle, and christened George Richard Ormond, who became in after years paymaster of the 86th Royal Sussex Regiment of Foot, and saw a great deal of service during the wars of the early part of the century. From records preserved by his descendants it would appear that Lieut. Ormond had received a military appointment on the Isle of Jersey, where his children were educated.

Colonel Ormond received his commission as ensign November 8th, 1799, and entered the Forty-ninth Regiment when but fifteen years of age. He was in the detachment of the regiment that served as marines on his majesty's ship "Glatten" at the battle of Copenhagen in 1801, and commanded the guard of honor that received Lord Nelson when he visited the "Glatten" after the engagement. On the 28th of August, 1801, Colonel Ormond was promoted lieutenant, and on the 24th of September of the same year, captain.

In June, 1802, the Forty-ninth regiment sailed for Quebec, where they arrived after a long voyage. Under its gallant colonel, Sir Isaac Brock, the regiment was destined to fill an important and historic chapter in the early military history of Canada. The sergeant-major of the Forty-ninth was James FitzGibbon,* a gallant Irishman, who had shared with young Ormond the perils of Nelson's victory at Copenhagen, and whose name, with that of Laura Secord, is interwoven in one of the most heroic stories of the war of 1812.

* A Veteran of 1812, by Miss Agnes FitzGibbon, p. 50.

During the ten years that followed, the Forty-ninth regiment garrisoned the principal forts on the frontiers of Canada, and when war was declared by the United States against England in 1812, was not at its strength, and only remained efficient through the moral influence of Colonel Brock. But, though weak in numbers, the regiment proved a rallying force for the provincial corps and militia regiments that quickly responded to Brock's call, and dispelled the dream of easy conquest that had been indulged by American statesmen.

With his regiment Colonel Ormond served in the campaigns on the Canadian frontiers during 1812 and 1814, and participated in the battles of Lundy's Lane, Chippewa, Chrystler's Farm, and Stony Creek, and he led the grenadiers of the Forty-ninth at the storming of Queenston Heights under Sir Isaac Brock.

As mementoes of the campaigns in Upper Canada, Colonel Ormond preserved two pieces of the old colors of the Forty-ninth that had been carried through the battles of the war, and which are now in possession of his daughter, Mrs. Charlotte E. Perley, of St. John.

After the close of the war with America the Forty-ninth returned to England, having been stationed in Upper Canada seventeen years.

Colonel Ormond also served in India, and at the Cape of Good Hope from 1825 to 1835, where his regiment was actively engaged against the native tribes. He was one of the first British officers who made friendly intercourse with the Kaffir chiefs possible, and instituted fairs at the British posts, which proved of great service to the Kaffir race, and the peaceable settlement of the English among these warlike tribes. Colonel Ormond named his third son, born at Fort Wiltshire, Kaffirland, for the celebrated Kaffir chieftain, Gaika, to commemorate the friendship he had established.

In 1829, after retaining the rank of captain for twenty-eight years, Colonel Ormond was promoted major, with the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel, and appointed aide-de-camp to Princess Charlotte of Wales, daughter of George IV and Queen Caroline. The Forty-ninth was known as Princess Charlotte of Wales' Regiment of Foot. On the 14th of September, 1842, Colonel Ormond arrived at St. John and assumed command of the 30th Regiment, then in garrison in that city, and the following year, with the regiment, returned to England. In 1844, after an honorable service of forty-five years, he retired from the army.

While stationed at St. John, Eliza, Colonel Ormond's eldest daughter, formed a friendship with the late Hon. John H. Gray, then a handsome and eloquent young barrister. In 1845 Mr. Gray sailed for Dublin, where Colonel Ormond resided, and in that city met Miss Ormond, where they were married. Mr. Gray, with his bride, returned to St. John and he became prominent in provincial politics, and was one of the founders of the Canadian Confederacy. Captain Scott Gray, a distinguished officer of the Royal Navy, is a son of Mr. Gray, and was born at St. John.

In 1853 Colonel Ormond returned to New Brunswick, and the latter years of a long and eventful life were passed in his native province, where he died on the third of May, 1864, at the residence of his son-in-law, George H. Perley, in Lincoln, Sunbury county, but a short distance from his birthplace, at the venerable age of 81

* "Hon. John H. Gray was the grandson of Joseph Gray, a Loyalist who settled in Halifax, N. S. His father was William Gray, many years British Consul at Norfolk, Virginia. John H. Gray was born at St. Georges, Bermuda, in 1814, his parents wishing their child to be born a British subject removed there before his birth. In 1872 he was appointed a judge in British Columbia, and afterwards became chief justice of that province. Died at Victoria, B. C., June 4, 1889. Some years before his death Mr. Gray wrote a history of the various conferences that led to the formation of the Dominion of Canada."—CLARENCE WARD.

years. He was the last surviving officer of the Forty-ninth regiment who was with Lord Nelson at the taking of Copenhagen, and was awarded two medals and four clasps for gallant services.

Although a strict disciplinarian, Colonel Ormond was a man of generous impulses, and, during his long service in the army, gained the friendship of the Duke of Wellington, commander-in-chief, and many of the leading military men of the nation. In South Africa, during his service there, his efforts were ever on the side of peace, and just treatment marked his intercourse with the natives.

Colonel Ormond participated in many historic events that have made the name of England great, but in whatever position it was his fortune to be placed, acquitted himself with credit, and his life, from his birth among the sturdy and devoted Loyalists to his death in his native county in New Brunswick, was an honorable as well as remarkable career.

The portrait of Colonel Ormond in ACADIENSIS is from a photograph taken in 1859 by his son-in-law, the late George H. Perley, who was an amateur photographer of merit at a time when the art was in its infancy. Mr. Perley was the son of Moses H. Perley, a gentleman whose name as an author and scientist will live in the annals of our country.

JONAS HOWE.



Literature and Nature.



English-speaking folk are in the habit of expanding or contracting the meaning of words, and, although hardly in consonance with the canons of art or science, the method or lack of method is, at least, convenient, provided the intention is made entirely clear.

When we think or speak of nature, we very commonly have a vague conception of out of doors; and, if pressed for a definition, would declare that the term includes everything but God, and man and his works. I am, of course, assuming the presence of some figments of old fashioned orthodoxy, but I do not forget that there are some who include God, others who comprise everything within the word.

Nature, and the love of nature are so remote in their origin and have been so steadily persistent in their existence, that it does not seem strange that the English should not, like some other languages if my information is correct, embrace all the ideas which nature and love and their relation to each other suggest.

Love of nature may, with some reservation, be regarded as an instinct, and be designated a barbaric virtue. It is not stifled, but it is often in part suppressed by enlightenment, so called, and has to be coaxed back to vitality in the midst of the triumphs of civilization.

I may be heterodox, but I cannot persuade myself that the Greeks were nature lovers of anything like Thoreau's type, and here I am not considering his mental and intellectual equipment, but only his affection. They loved nature indeed but with limitations, and intense manifesta-

tions of their favor seem to be somewhat sporadic. After naming Homer, Aeschylus and Aristotle, an epic poet, a dramatist and a many sided philosopher, one has to pause and ponder before making a list of Greek hierophants of the beautiful cult.

When you place Virgil, Horace, with some questioning, and Ovid on a like list for the Romans, you certainly will not be embarrassed by the number of aspirants for place entitled to serious consideration.

Hebrew and Asiatic literature seem to me to be far richer in proof of the existence of a profound interest in living things lower in the scale than man, and elementary forces and appearances, than in anything obtained from Greece or Rome. We are, or should be, fairly familiar with Biblical illustrations of the truth of this, and every year the same kind of illustrations reach us from Oriental sources other than Hebrew, though largely through Occidental hands and brains. These results are due to various conditions, of which two may be mentioned.

Persons leading nomadic or eremitic lives are for reasons, many of which are obvious, charmed into the choicest friendship with nature. The Arabs read the sky as the face of a friend; the Arab's steed was as his child. In Mrs. Steel's "On the Face of the Waters" an incident is related of an Indian saint and recluse. His disciple, who had passed many days in silent meditation in a garden, fed a wild squirrel with food which she had induced it to take from her hand. The master presented to her a bunch of flowers, and told her that she had learned all that he could teach. This reminds us of the gentle Saint Francis and his little brothers the birds.

Many have observed with wonder and regret that the boy, tractable and well intentioned when alone, as one of a herd becomes a demon of rebellion, and unrest, and more or less malignant mischief. It is commonly assumed that the boy is in this exceptional, but, in truth, although by

reason of his youth he may be more susceptible to evil influence than an adult, when he becomes a man, if he is not a solitary, his comrades in society will help to drag him down. How sad it is that the mass insists upon the unit descending from the heights, the clouds and the sparkling waters, to seek pleasure with Circe on the dead levels. It is not surprising that now and then some soul longs, with the sweet singer, for the wings of a dove, to fly far away and remain in the wilderness at rest.

How absurdly and pathetically untrue were the sylvan and pastoral masques of the Stuart times, and the ideal of sylvan and pastoral life for a far longer period. The word-builders, who may be regarded as reliable, give us other conceptions of shepherds and peasants in communities. The pagans were the people living in the village round the *Paga* spring; the heathen were the folks of the heath. How pregnant with contempt in certain uses are the words rustic, bucolic, boor and boorish, nor can we forget the descent of villain from villa.

The memory of that idyllic tale of Baskett's "At You-Alls House" of "Fishing Jimmy" and some other recent and nearly all American literary products, suggests a reference to the modifications and exceptions which might be urged to aspersions directed against a useful and important class. It is indeed probable that the farmer and his family of today are very different from those of even twenty-five years gone by. But I cannot quite forget some countrymen of my youth who never talked or thought to any important purpose, who seemed almost wholly devoid of sentiment, and who forced me, in every way save that of physical violence, to swallow each morning, shuddering, a jorum of gin and worm wood.

In some sections of Northern, Southern and in other parts of Europe, the inhabitants, in general, are lovers of nature. There must be reasons for the existence of the characteristic, but they are not very obvious, and,

to the best of my knowledge, no expert has, as yet, seriously attempted to tabulate, enumerate or even discover them.

The English seem to me to be less affected by the charms of flowers, birds, beasts, clouds, skies and waters, and of other objects out of doors, than the Irish or the people of Scotland. And yet England has produced some notable lovers of nature, whose thoughts and their expressions are admirable. Chaucer has many of them, and then he helps to add to their importance by telling, not of mere birds and fowls, but of byrdes and fowles. All glory to the occasional Bluenose or New Englander who, when he mentions his cow, makes her dissyllabic. The following was writ by some one nigh Chaucer's day and it has somewhat of the quality sought.

“ When he came to the grene wode,
 In a mery morninge,
 There he heard the notes small
 Of byrdes mery singynge.
 It is ferre gone sayd Robyn
 That I was last here ;
 Me lyste a lytell for to shote
 At the donne deer.”

Caxton's edition of Mallory's *Morte d'Arthur* has many passages of the character indicated, and reference to other works contemporary and somewhat later would probably give the same result. With Marlowe we sit—

“ By shallow rivers to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.”

But no one surpasses Herrick in the selection and treatment of an out of doors topic in the exquisite verses *Corinna's Maying*. Every illustration and almost every thought are suggested by plant life. “Rise and put on your foliage,” he exclaims to the maid, and bids her note—

“ There's not a *budding* boy, or girl, this day,
 But is got up and gone to bring in May.”

I might make voluminous extracts from Shakespear, but content myself with a single reference. It would be hard to name a poem of a stanza containing so much action, comprehensiveness, and beauty, both grand and tender, as "Hark! Hark! The lark at Heaven's gate sings." A flutter of pinions in the cool, calm air beneath the waning stars; a bird's glad song before the glorious portals; the stately opening of the gates; the issuance, in splendid brightness, of Don Phoebus, his chariot and steeds; the moistening of quivering nostrils in sweet and blushing flower cups filled with sparkling dew; the "merry buds," conscious of the breath but hardly of the presence of the god, "winking, to ope their golden eyes." Need I ask whether this does not more satisfactorily bring day opening before us than gaping milkmaids and hinds rubbing knuckles in their orbits.

The Classicists and Romanticists, not always in one manner and degree, largely monopolized the selection and pursuit of such studies as were unconnected with theology and moral philosophy until well nigh the close of the eighteenth century. This is only one way of stating that it was not often that a writer or reader could be found in England who was not distinctly under the influence of classicism and not improbably of romanticism during the period indicated. Now as the ideas involved in these two terms were based upon antiquity more or less remote, were formally stated, and were required to be accepted without amendment or protest, they were emphatically antagonistic to that which claimed absolute freedom for subjects and methods of investigation, and proposed to deal, at least primarily, with present and existing matters from an original and unbiassed point of view. During the several intervening centuries an occasional student of some branch of natural history might be discovered; but the existing knowledge of the subject selected was very meagre, based to a large extent on uncertain report or even bare conject-

ure, and rarely received useful additions through his research and cogitation. For a long time natural science was regarded as occult and hence became an object of suspicion if not of malediction. Opposition from this latter point of view was only partially, slowly and gradually withdrawn, nor did it quite cease to exist until a comparatively recent date.

It cannot be alleged that naturalism, and an earnest longing for the true, achieved substantial conquest over artificialism and slavish adherence to ill conceived or obsolete tradition until some decades of the nineteenth century had expired. Ruskin may well be regarded as the most definite, fluent and persuasive of the apostles of the new creed, but he was well supported. Carlyle, Darwin, Turner, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Morris, George Elliot, Hammerton, in different vocations, were excellent propogandists, but their names are selected almost haphazard, and a large addition might be made to the list. I should be disposed to include the name of Leigh Hunt, had not his didactic uses been greatly impaired after he was made to pose as Harold Skimpole.

My references to the poets and poetical interpretation, and to the natural sciences and their position in popular estimation, on the assumption of close relationship between them, may at first seem odd. If it invites criticism, the fault is not mine, but the incomplete terminology to which I have adverted. The worker in Nature's domain, now in my mind's eye, must be both poetic and scientific, although it might be well for him to note that the former term applies properly not to a merely meditative but to a distinctly productive quality. He should of course be a quick, close and accurate observer, but he must not be discouraged if his organs of sense are insufficient at first, for, with constant and zealous use, they will, at least in the absence of serious organic defect, almost certainly serve him better. He will be to some extent a specialist, but I

hold a very firm opinion that the extent of his accumulation of general knowledge should always be considered an index of the specialist's probable success; and, notwithstanding my previous strictures, that, at the outset, he should know as much of Latin and Greek as can be obtained in an ordinary college course in arts.

You must not, however, be deceived by my *ex-cathedra* style and regard as a master a fairly humble and but poorly equipped disciple. The obtrusion of a fragment of autobiography will give an idea of my opportunities, but you must take my word, which I now give, that they were not wholly neglected. In 1844, when my age was but twelve months, my father and his family went to reside in a newly erected dwelling on land now within the city of St. John, then in its immediate vicinity. The holding, originally including some three acres, was a few years afterwards doubled in area by acquisition of adjacent property, and consisted, as to one half, of gardens, lawn and grass land, as to the other half, of intensely picturesque rocks with a deposit in places of peat, or of not over rich leaf mould. In this firs, spruces, tamaracks, birches, ash trees and cone shaped and symmetrical trees, known locally as cedars but really of the cypress family, flourished, with many berry-bearing shrubs and vines and flowering plants of many kinds, and ferns. The house stood and still stands on a plateau with an inclined field and part of the lawn between it and the highway, and behind is a cliff some hundred feet high and the natural wood. My father was successful as a gardener and as an arboriculturist, and before the lapse of many years there was an abundance of foliage, of bloom, and also of nutritious vegetation in fruit, crisp leaf, and stalk and root. A stream of no great dimensions was used to feed a pond which was at the same time of convenience and ornament. This was my beautiful and happy home until twenty-one years ago, and the dwelling place of very many living creatures besides myself. It would be difficult to find elsewhere, so near a populous

center as this, an enclosure of the same dimensions so redundant in various forms of untamed life. Among occasional visitants were foxes, raccoons, not greatly welcomed skunks, porcupines, squirrels, minks and common weasels, kangaroo mice and star nosed moles, partridges so-called, wood-cock, teal, snipe, plover of several kinds, herons, bitterns, and even passenger pigeons, varieties of the hawk and owls. On one occasion the appearance of a scarlet tanager so attracted members of the family on a Sunday morning that they reached the parish church long after service had commenced; on another a stormy petrel was found in a bed of herbs after a heavy blow from the sea. The place was used annually as an ornithological exchange, and flocks of many kinds arrived there from abroad in the spring time and thence departed for winter quarters in the fall, making congregations on such occasions, each with its hundreds. Then scores and scores of them were regular denizens during the mating and nesting seasons; and scores and scores would, from time to time, arrive to pilfer their favorite fruit or berries. I cannot begin to name them all but, among them, were migratory and hermit thrushes (robins); song, fox, and white-throated sparrows, rusty blackbirds, bobolinks, wild canaries, cedar waxwings, cat birds, humming birds, varieties of titmice and grosbeaks and wood-pecker and crows.

That comedian of animated nature the frog was well to the front. Once I counted no less than sixty little fellows in the pond, seated each in the center of a white water lily or, in a few instances, on a floating pad. One summer an old chap, minus a leg regularly came out of the water when a member of the household approached the margin, climbed the bank and waited with inscrutable batrachian blinkings, to be tickled with a stick or straw. Among my reptilian reminiscences is one not as pleasing as the experience was, to my very youthful mind, in a loathing way exciting. One bright spring day the nurse-maid took my

little sisters and myself to the top of the cliff, where we seated ourselves in the sunshine on leafless branches and withered grass. Before long there was a rustling and a squirming beneath us, and, to our horror, there appeared a family of snakes. Many insects crept and fluttered over the grounds, or wriggled in the pond ; some of evil repute and little loved, or despised or hated ; others assumed to be inoffensive, and when beautiful, as several were, even superlatively, greatly prized. Once I encountered a procession of scarabei on the gravel walk attending to the obsequies of a defunct mole.

To illustrate the character of this model suburban retreat, I may mention that for several nights in succession, during one winter, I could, with perfect ease, have shot from my bedroom window a partridge roosting on a branch with the moon in the back ground, or should I write back sky ?

My studies with strict and formal text-books as aids, in the field of natural science, were confined mainly to botany and the rudiments of geology and zoology. Many forms and varieties of life were therefore familiar to my eyes in youth whose names were wholly unknown to me. The boy or girl of to-day, armed with a profusely and correctly illustrated manual, has far less difficulty in identifying the bird, the fish, the insect, or the flower than had his grandfather. But, even assuming that you fail in the matter of nomenclature, there is no reason why you should not be able to identify. Learning to observe intelligently is indeed half the battle, and I am greatly inclined to think that neglect to employ the means of observation provided for our use often, perhaps generally, results in their ceasing to be of service. Of the correctness of this conclusion there can scarcely be a doubt : it is certainly sustained by the reported experiences of others, and very strongly by my own personal experiences in many instances, from which the following selection is made : About ten years ago, when spending a day in Fredericton, the charming capital

of New Brunswick, a friend was persuaded to join me in a stroll. It was in October, and the temperature was warm, though bracing, the sky unclouded, the air wholly undisturbed and intensely clear, the light, as if after passing through amber tissue it was reflected from golden shields. At our feet, and on every side, the insects were making music with legs, wings, wing-covers, or otherwise: it was not unlike the sound produced from the sharpening of a scythe, and may be likened to the interminable prolongation of the word *sing* on a shrill, upper note. To my friend, however, notwithstanding his most strenuous efforts to hear, it was wholly inaudible. On the evening of the same day I called upon another friend, and, when bidding him good-bye on the lawn in front of his portico, I observed that the same concert was still in progress in the warm, windless night, under a full and splendid moon, and told him of the incident related, to discover that he, too, could not hear a sound from the minute musicians. It only remains to be stated that my two friends were exceptionally intelligent and well-informed, and that neither of them was regarded as in the least defective in his power of hearing.

In the days of my youth there were books, exceedingly popular with boys, which had a direct influence in leading them to regard with favor life in wild places and among wild things. Robinson Crusoe was one of these, of course, and so was that impossible fiction, The Swiss Family Robinson, but three prime favorites were Masterman Ready and the Settlers in Canada, by Captain Marryat, and The Children of the New Forest, also, I think, the product of his prolific pen. There were besides the tales of Captain Mayne Reid and Cooper, well recognized sources of delight to many of all ages and of either sex. I look back; however, with grateful and pleasant thoughts to the perusal of the Rollo books and the Franconia or Beechnut stories by Abbott. They were, perhaps, not so brilliant

as some of the others mentioned, but they were certainly fascinating to the half-grown New Englander or British North American, and almost certain to lead to increased interest in the realms of nature. To mature minds in even partial sympathy with his conceptions, Thoreau was, is, and ever will be a real prophet. But let lovers of nature not forget how much they owe to his immediate literary friends who were brought under his influence and could not do otherwise than accept much of his teaching. It would indeed be a sad day when and if Emerson and Thoreau, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Whittier, Bryant and Longfellow, all typical New Englanders, and representing together big names and hearts, were remembered solely as names. Meanwhile Audubon, Asa Gray and other distinguished specialists deserve our eternal gratitude, not merely for giving us facts, but for presenting them in such a form that the attention and interest of those of artistic as well as those of scientific predilections have been aroused and secured.

The output from the pens of North American writers within but a few years past has been very large in that department of letters which advocates the love of nature and portrays its multitudinous charms. Burroughs, long a distinguished worker in this field, continues to provide for the growing want, and his coadjutors are many and most effective. It is needless to do more than indicate the authors of "Tommy Anne and the Three Hearts," "Fisherman's Luck," "The Foot Pathway," "Wild Animals I Have Known," "Wilderness Ways," "Flowers in the Pave," and "Mooswa and Others of the Boundaries," but there would be no great difficulty in suggesting the addition to these of a goodly number of others of equal, or nearly equal, fame.

And have these writers no mission save to add each a quota to that which is derived from the acquisition and accumulation of knowledge, and forms a by no means

inconsiderable fraction of the sum of human pleasures? Assuredly they have, although it may be that they do not all appreciate its nature, or even, perhaps, suspect its existence. Popular opinion upon any topic is not necessarily the same at all times, and, as a matter of fact, it more generally resembles a pendulum than a fixed pole.

Bearing this in mind it does not seem surprising that our propogandists are inducing city folks to seek pleasant country places which, in by-gone days, were abandoned by those from whom they sprung as stale, unprofitable and wholly devoid of attractions. But yet another thought occurs as to a possible and beneficial result of the pursuit of the studies under discussion. Citizens of the great North American republic in general, and, for that matter, not a few Canadians and Britons, have a professed infinite confidence in the all-sufficiency of their own political and social institutions and conditions, and a corresponding contempt for those of other nations and of other ages. It would be a notable conclusion if, after failing to acquire the quality from the history of humanity, they should recognize and appropriate reverence, under a smokeless sky, in the midst of the bearers of feathers, fur and blossoms. Well might they sing in such event, "Lo, we heard of it at Ephratah. We found it in the fields of the wood." Ps. cxxxii, 6.

I. ALLEN JACK.



Colonel Robert Moodie.

TO THE EDITOR OF ACADIENSIS :

Sir,—If you will refer to my *Sketches of Celebrated Canadians* (Quebec, 1862), you will find there (p. 335) an account of Colonel Robert Moodie, respecting whom enquiry is made, in your last issue, by Mr. C. E. Thomson, President of the York Pioneer Society, Ontario. From this sketch it will be seen that Colonel Moodie was a native of Dunfermline, Fifeshire, Scotland, that he entered the army at an early age, and saw much severe fighting during the Peninsular war. He served in Canada, in the 104th Regiment, of which he became Lieutenant-Colonel, during the war of 1812, and distinguished himself in many sharp affairs with the enemy. He was present at the battle of Queenstown, where he acted with great bravery. About the year 1822, he returned to Scotland, and resided at St. Andrews, for the education of his family. He continued there until 1835, when he again came to Canada, for the purpose of taking possession of a valuable and extensive tract of land, which he had acquired near Toronto, and where he was killed by the insurgents in December, 1838. He left behind his widow, a Canadian lady, of Scottish extraction, two sons and three daughters. The circumstances of his death are fully set forth in Dent's *Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion* (2 vols., Toronto, 1885), who, after briefly noting the facts in his career, adds: "It seemed a fatality that he should pass unscathed through the perils of two hard-fought campaigns in the Peninsula to fall by the bullet of an unknown insurgent in a petty encounter in front of an obscure wayside inn in Upper Canada." The dates of his several commissions in the army are given in the *Royal Military Calendar* as under: Lieutenant, 12th January, 1796; Lieutenant 28th Foot, 20th January, 1796; Captain 11th West India Regiment, 21st March, 1800; Captain 104th Foot, 9th July, 1803; Major, 20th June, 1811; and Lieutenant-Colonel, 27th October, 1814, after which he was placed upon half pay.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY J. MORGAN.

483 Bank St., Ottawa, Nov. 23, 1901.





David Russell Sack

N^o _____

NO. 22.



ARTICLE IV.



SINCE the publication of the third article of this series the writer has received from the author, Mr. George May Elwood, a charming monograph, entitled, "Among My Book-Plates,—A Plea for Fads." This little publication is concise, witty and well written.

Did space permit, the writer would like to incorporate it in this series of articles, but the ethics of magazine writing would scarcely permit such a wholesale absorption of the work of others. He therefore feels that he must content himself with laying before the readers of this sketch a few of the introductory remarks which are quite interesting. It opens as follows :

"Heaven pity the man who hath no fad ; such a one must, as a matter of course, miss much that serves to make life enjoyable, oftentimes enduring. His, indeed, must be a featureless pilgrimage through life—a barren and fruitless existence, whose departing will leave no footprints on the sands of time. To such a one these pages may scarcely chance to come, for it is safe to assume that our readers are found among the initiate, those to whom the voice of art appeals ; upon whom beauty has claims ; who, let us hope, have fads ; who, perchance, collect. It matters little as long as they collect something, collect with patience, with thoughtful, studious care and a discriminating love for their chosen subject, be it prints or etchings, ceramics or old books, scarabei or book-plates. If the latter, then hail ! and thrice hail ! for I venture fearlessly to assert that, of all the fads which come of inoculation with the microbe of collecting, there is none which offers more attractions, is more satisfying, leads to more thoughtful

and profitable study, presents more varied and intrinsic beauties, brings one into more charming contact and correspondence with choice kindred spirits, than does a carefully selected and well arranged collection of book-plates—the works of the masters and past masters of the art of designing and engraving. * * * *
 It is an epitome of the history of nearly five centuries of nations and men. * * * * Again, it brings to one the sense of being almost in personal touch with the originators and first owners of these little paper tokens, whose characteristics, tastes, fancies or whims they voice so eloquently. Especially is this true if the names chance to be found upon the roll of those whom we have learned to honor, venerate, and love.”

No less than six new specimens have been added to the list of Acadian book-plates within the past twelve months, and the writer trusts that this may be but the beginning of what is to follow. Two of those are excellent examples of the engraver's art, and it is hoped that all of them may be laid before the subscribers to ACADIENSIS during the coming year.

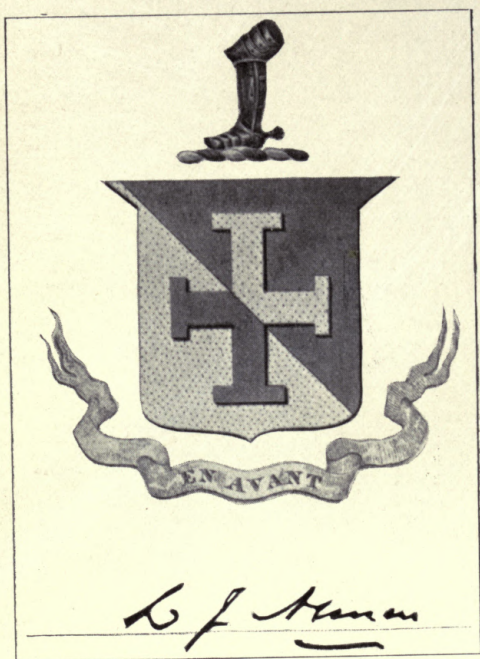
Propos of book-plates, Mr. J. Douglas Scott, of Hyde-park, Mass., in a letter to the writer, relates a rather mournful experience, but nevertheless not without its ludicrous side. He writes :

Are you a collector of book-plates? I have been at it for forty-five years. I, very foolishly, gave my collection of 10,000 rare plates away twenty-five years ago to a friend to publish same. He got lost on a steamship, plates and all, so I mourn him and my plates.

Mr. Scott is an engraver, and judging from two specimens of his work with which he was good enough to favor the writer, he must be an artist of no mean skill.

No. 22.—It has been intended for some time to include in this list of book-plates, the result of the writer's own first effort, aided by local skill, but fearing the keen shaft of satire he has put off the evil day, in the delusive hope that some inconspicuous corner might be found in the magazine in which it might be inserted without attracting an undue amount of attention. Alas! He now realizes





NO. 23.

that he has indeed made a serious mistake, and that the proper place for it would have been No. 1 of the first article. Then it could not have suffered so severely by contrast with the work of more experienced heads, aided by better skill than the writer at the time was able to command. Had it appeared at an earlier stage it might have passed almost unnoticed. The writer feels that with all its defects, most of which he now fully realizes, he is bound to produce it as an example of Acadian art, but trusts that at a later date he may be able to show something more creditable both to the designer and the owner.

No. 23.—Mr. Lewis J. Almon is the owner of a neat and effective book-plate, bearing the arms of the Almon family, a copy of which, with the owner's autograph attached, is reproduced herewith. Mr. Almon is of Loyalist and old American Colonial lineage, he being descended on the paternal side from William James Almon, a surgeon in the Royal Artillery, who, coming to New York in 1776, served with the army there until the close of the Revolutionary War, and then settled in Halifax, N. S. Upon the maternal side Mr. Almon is descended from Rev. John Cotton, who emigrated from England to Boston, Mass., in 1633. He is a son of the late Hon. William Almon, M.L.C., of Nova Scotia. Mr. Almon married a daughter of the late Hon. John Robertson, and occupies a lovely home, which overlooks the broad Kennebecasis Bay, a tributary of the River Saint John, at Rothesay, Kings County, N. B.

No. 24.—The late Hon. William Johnson Almon, M. D., was born at Halifax, N. S., January 27th, 1816, and was educated at King's College, Windsor, N. S., where he was a fellow student of Major-General Sir J. E. U. Inglis, the hero of Lucknow. He studied medicine at Edinburgh and Glasgow, and became a medical doctor in 1838. He was a member of the Canadian House of Commons from 1872 until 1874, and was called to the Senate by the Marquis of Lorne, April 15th, 1879.

He was one of the founders of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, and always took a deep interest in historical study and research. He married, in 1840, Elizabeth Lichtenstein, daughter of Judge Ritchie of Annapolis, and a sister of the late Chief Justice, Sir William Johnstone Ritchie of the Supreme Court of Canada.

He was the owner of a remarkably fine library, which contained many rare and remarkable books, including the copy of Pope's translation of Homer's *Odyssey* presented to Rev. Mather Byles, D. D., the noted clerical wit of Boston, Mass.

His collection also contained numerous letters written by Dr. Byles, his portrait in oil by Copley, his family Bible, the signature of Queen Anne and George the Third to various documents, and many other mementoes of the olden time.

He died in March, 1901, his end being hastened by injuries received as the result of a fall. The *Ottawa Evening Journal* states that he "continued to the day of his death to represent the old New York Tory Loyalist phase of opinion, and historical investigation has strengthened that view, even in the minds of American historians."

The book-plate used by the late Dr. Almon is identical with that used by his brother, Mr. L. J. Almon, of St. John, which is reproduced herewith.

No. 25.—Sir John C. Allen, LL. D., D. C. L., was a man who commanded the life-long respect of all who knew him, a fine example of the style of man whom even princes delight to honor. His integrity was without a flaw, and his record after many years at the bar and upon the bench of the Province of New Brunswick, of which province he was chief justice, was such that few, if any, equalled it, while certainly none excelled.

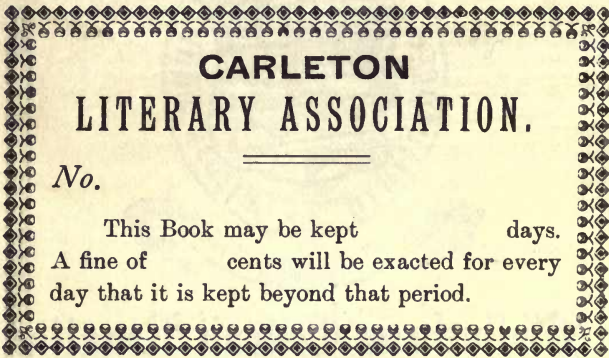


No. 25.

He was of Loyalist descent. His grandfather, Isaac Allen, practised as a lawyer at Trenton, New Jersey, until the outbreak of the Revolution. At the close of the war, and after having rendered valuable military service to the cause which he espoused, he removed to New Brunswick, and was appointed one of the first judges of the Supreme Court, and a member of the Legislative Council of this province.

It is our intention to publish at an early date a steel-plate portrait of Sir John Allen, accompanied by a sketch of his career, from which such of our readers as may so desire, may obtain much interesting information.

No. 26.—The Carleton Literary Association, whose label is here reproduced, was organized about the 1st of July,



No. 26.

1867, by members of the Carleton Union Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons. The library, which consisted of between 400 and 500 volumes, was first contained in the Masonic lodge rooms on King street, Carleton, where the members of the Literary Society were accustomed to meet. Afterwards the library was removed to a room on the ground floor of what is known as the Carleton City Hall, in Market Place. The management of the library was in the

Carleton lodge, which was distasteful to some of its patrons, and led ultimately to the disruption of the association.

About the year 1880 the entire library was donated to the Free Public Library of St. John, being the first contribution after the establishment of that useful institution.

No. 27.—King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, from which the late Chief Justice Allen, just alluded to, as well as many other Acadians of note obtained their degrees, is



**Bibliothecæ Collegii Regalis
apud Windsorum**

dono dedit

No. 27.

charmingly situated near the town of Windsor, and is one of the oldest institutions of learning now extant in the Acadian Provinces. Upon its staff will be found the names of men of ability, to more than one of whom we are indebted for assistance, as has been before remarked, in

the work of conducting this magazine. There is much that is interesting, quaint and instructive in and about old Kings College, and although the writer has been more than once a visitor within its gates. he has often regretted that circumstances have not been propitious for more frequent inspection of its library, museum and other interesting features.

The original plate actually in use by the college is an engraving on steel plate, but the difficulty and expense of printing from it for the purposes of this sketch were such that we decided to provide the reproduction which accompanies this article. A few impressions from the original steel plate are in the possession of the writer, and in case any collectors who may peruse this article should care to exchange a copy for another of equal value, he will be pleased to accede to their desire.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

(To be continued.)



Old Nova Scotia in 1783.

FRAGMENTS OF AN UNPUBLISHED HISTORY.



N the ancient town of Rowley, near the north-east corner of the old Province of Massachusetts Bay, there was born, in the year 1731, a boy who was destined to experience more vicissitudes of fortune than fall to the lot of ordinary mortals. His name was Jacob Bailey.

The surroundings of his childhood were not inspiring. He writes :

When I had completed my tenth year, I found myself an inhabitant of a place remarkable for its ignorance, narrowness of mind and bigotry. An uniform mode of thinking and acting prevailed, and nothing could be more criminal than for one person to be more learned, religious or polite than another. * * Every man planted as many acres of Indian corn and sowed the same number with rye; he ploughed with as many oxen, hoed it as often, and gathered in his crop on the same day with his grandfather. He salted down the same quantity of beef and pork, wore the same kind of stockings, and at table sat and said grace with his wife and children around him, just as his predecessors had done before him.

Rev. Jedediah Jewett, pastor of the Congregational church in Rowley, was the friend and patron of young Jacob Bailey, and is entitled to the credit of taking an almost friendless young man from his obscurity and placing within his reach the opportunity of acquiring a college education. He entered Harvard in 1751, at the age of twenty years. Among his classmates were John Adams, the second president of the United States, and Sir John Wentworth, afterwards governor of New Hampshire, and later of Nova Scotia.

After five years spent as a schoolmaster, Jacob Bailey decided to enter the ministry, and in January, 1760, em-

barked for England, where, after passing a satisfactory examination, he was ordained by the Bishop of Peterborough. The mid-winter voyage, tempestuous as it proved, was not more disagreeable than the presence of "unmannerly, drunken, profane and licentious companions on ship-board." On his return to America, Mr. Bailey at once entered upon his duties as a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel at Pownalborough, on the Kennebeck river. Here he laboured with success for nearly twenty years. Then came the American Revolution, an event that sadly marred the tranquility of his situation. Jacob Bailey was a Tory, and the majority of his neighbors were Whigs. As early as September, 1774, he was insulted and mobbed, and obliged to flee from his house at night to escape the violence of the "Sons of Liberty." This was but the commencement of a series of persecutions. Mr. Bailey quaintly observes: "My neighbors were so zealous for the good of their country that they killed seven of my sheep out of twelve, and shot a fine heifer as she was feeding in my pasture." His necessities were so great in the following winter that he was obliged to dispose of the remainder of his cattle, except one cow.

At length, after repeated attempts had been made upon his life, he yielded to the inevitable necessity of abandoning his home, and sought refuge in Nova Scotia. He arrived at Halifax with his family in June, 1779, cherishing a resolute determination of returning to Pownalborough as soon as the British arms should have triumphantly subdued the "rebellion." Needless to say, the long hoped for day never came. After a sojourn of more than two years at Cornwallis, he removed to Annapolis in the summer of 1782, where he was rector of the parish until his death in 1808.

The Reverend Jacob Bailey's pen was seldom idle, and his writings were of a very miscellaneous character. Much that he wrote has been lost, but enough remains to show

how continuously his early practice of using the pen was followed through life. Among the papers now in possession of the Whitman family in Nova Scotia are some fragments of history of Nova Scotia from which the extracts that follow are taken.*

It appears from statements in several of Mr. Bailey's letters that his manuscript history was written between Christmas, 1783, and the following March. It was undertaken at the instance of Rev. Samuel Peters, D.D., who, in conjunction with Brook Watson, was interested in the preparation of a sketch of the Province of Nova Scotia. Speaking of what he had written, Mr. Bailey observes: "I have spared neither the American rebels nor the curtailers of the British empire."

In a letter to Rev. Dr. Peters, May 7, 1784, he writes:

After I had finished the concise account of Nova Scotia which I transmitted to you, I was persuaded by some gentlemen to enter more largely into the subject. I have already swelled it to the size of our octavo volume. * * I was advised to publish it by subscription, but as I knew you were engaged in an history of this province, I could not consent without being guilty of unpardonable baseness.

It is not improbable that an anonymous pamphlet of 157 pages, printed at Edinburgh in 1786 for well-known London publishers, entitled "An Account of the Present State of Nova Scotia," may be none other than the History of Nova Scotia compiled by Dr. Peters. The pamphlet is dedicated to the Right Honorable Lord John Sheffield. Mr. Bailey in his letter to Rev. Edward Bass, † July 28th, 1784, writes:

Mr. Peters, formerly of Hebron in Connecticut, is made rector of a church in London; he is much caressed at home. His importance is chiefly owing to his singularity and his drollery upon both the rebels and the court. He has written and published a queer

* For the opportunity of examining this manuscript and many others, the writer is greatly indebted to the Honorable Judge Savary of Annapolis Royal.

† Afterwards Bishop of Massachusetts.

and extraordinary History of Connecticut, and he is now engaged with a certain member of parliament [probably Brook Watson] in completing a Description of Nova Scotia, and they have employed your humble servant to collect materials, and I have already furnished them with an ample collection.

This much, by way of introduction, we now proceed to quote Jacob Bailey's description of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia.

THE NATIVE INDIANS.

It naturally occurs to treat first of the Indians, who were the ancient or original proprietors of this country, till European interest and ambition deprived them of the most eligible situations.

1. I am informed that the Mickmacks, who reside on the peninsula of Nova Scotia amount to several hundreds, but were formerly much more numerous, when they were reckoned a powerful tribe, remarkable for their savage disposition and hostility against European invaders. They preserved for many years an ascendancy over the French inhabitants, and treated them with much complaisance. They entered the habitations of the latter without ceremony, and made free with their liquors and provisions. But the present generation are esteemed an inoffensive and harmless set of people, except when under the influence of intoxication. They chiefly support themselves by hunting and fishing. Some few, however, apply themselves to agriculture with success, but are generally poor. They profess the Roman Catholic religion, and are subject to the direction of their spiritual fathers.

2. The tribe of St. Johns on the continent are abundantly more numerous, and according to the best information I could obtain, their numbers cannot be less than fifteen hundred. They have always been considered as a more polished people than the former, and used to denominate the Mickmacks fools and savages. They certainly eye the emigrations from New York with the utmost jealousy and

dislike, and yet are restrained by their fears from committing any acts of hostility.

3. The Passamaquoddy Indians are not so numerous, but have an occasional place of worship on the River St. Croix.

4. The Merrimachees are another considerable tribe ; their numbers, however, uncertain.

They seem to be governed on the continent by princes and chiefs, and though some of them occupy small plantations of vegetables, they delight in roving, and are impatient of being confined to one situation or place of abode.

These Indians of Nova Scotia have been much disaffected to British government since the late contest began. They were advocates for the American cause, rejoiced at their success, and joined the rebels whenever they could engage with the least prospect of safety. And this is really surprising if we recollect on the one hand the contempt and ill-treatment they have received from the people of New England, and on the other the protection, tenderness and generosity of Great Britain.

THE FRENCH INHABITANTS.

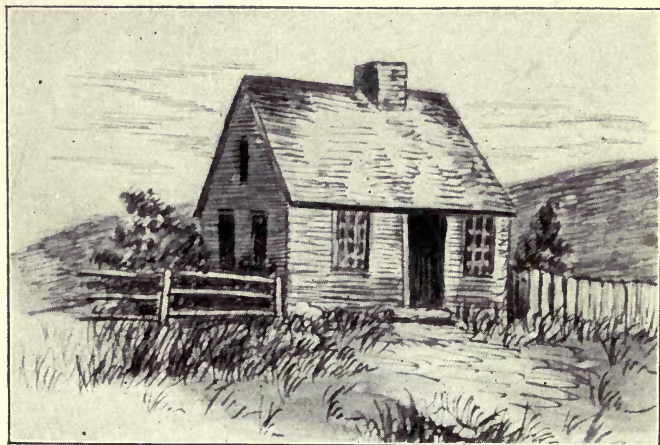
It is certain the natives of France had visited the regions of Nova Scotia before 1580, for we find that in the first voyage of Sir Francis Drake to America five of his soldiers travelled from Mexico to Nova Scotia by land, and from thence to Europe in a French ship.

In 1613 Sir Samuel Argall found the subjects of France established at Port Royal, now Annapolis. Though they sustained frequent molestations, they gradually increased, extending their settlements from Annapolis to Horton, Cornwallis, along the shores of Minas Bason to Cobequid, to Cumberland, or Checkenecto, and other parts till transported by British authority in 1755.

These people were for many years the happiest and most contented of mankind, being separated in a manner from



*your humble servant
Jacob Bailey*



BIRTHPLACE OF JACOB BAILEY,
DISTANT A LONG SUMMER DAY'S RIDE FROM ROWLEY, MASS.

the rest of the world. The tormenting and destructive passions of avarice and ambition were unknown in their rural retreats. They resided in villages along the most fertile and pleasant rivers. Health, cheerfulness and competency were found in their humble habitations. They raised a plenty of wheat, apples and garden herbs. Their flocks of sheep and cattle afforded them milk, butter and clothing, and the waters and the forest furnished them with every luxury they wished to enjoy. Perhaps once in a year they had an opportunity with their fish and their furs to supply themselves with the wines of France and the spirits of New England. These acquisitions enabled them to observe their holidays with festivity, mirth and good humour.

A remarkable equality prevailed among these people; none rose distinguished with opulence and dominion, or felt the distresses of poverty and contempt; for when age, sickness and misfortune reduced any family, their necessities were supplied by the generous assistance of their neighbors. When any young couple were united the inhabitants of the village assembled, and by their joint labor, prepared them both a dwelling and furniture. No other superiority and subordination obtained among them, but such as was established by age, by wisdom and virtue. Their spiritual fathers were their principal guides, both in religion and policy, and by their advice and influence easily composed the little contentions which arose among them, for it is only in countries where opulence and dominion prevail that crimes are committed—though it may be stated, on the other hand, that where these are unknown no splendid and striking virtues appear.

But though these Acadians lived in domestic ease and tranquility, their political situation, between two rival powers, was not so happy. Their natural attachment must have been to the French nation from which they were descended, and being rigid Roman Catholics, those who

had the direction of their consciences, improved every opportunity to confirm their aversion to the English. For almost a whole century they were continually changing masters, being compelled to transfer their allegiance from one dominion to another, and under both crowns they were generally destitute of countenance and protection.

After the peace of Utrecht they were subject to the British Empire without more favorable circumstances of security and encouragement, for they became either neglected and exposed to the insulting violence of the savages, or else were always suspected as traytors, and frequently treated as rebels. Yet, after suffering so many political mutations and embarrassments in their own country, the conclusion of their fate was truly deplorable. They were seduced by their religious guides, in whom they placed the most entire confidence, into error and guilt, and finally fell victims to a barbarous and cruel policy.

In 1755 they were invaded by forces chiefly from New England which completed their destruction. They beheld their possessions demolished by licentious soldiers, their houses, furniture and provisions consumed by the devouring flames, and themselves carried away into captivity and dispersed among a people whose language, manners and religion were extremely different from their own ; a people who imagined they performed an acceptable service to their Maker by treating them with indignity and contempt, where, after being exposed to the curiosity of the idle, the ridicule of the vain, the scorn of the opulent, and the indignation of the bigot, they were committed to the miseries of nakedness and hunger. Some were sent to form plantations in the Southern colonies, where the climate quickly finished their existence. A few returned to the land of their nativity, mortified to find their paternal inheritances in the possession of their enemies, destitute of all property and subjected to servitude for a present subsistence. Some escaped to France, the residence of their remote

ancestors, from whence they were transported by M. Bougainville over an immense tract of ocean to the frozen regions of the South, there to begin a settlement on the Falkland Islands ; but here the same inexorable fate pursued them. Compelled to perpetual migration they were soon again expelled, for the complaisance of France and the timidity of Britain yielded these islands to the haughty dominion of Spain.

But as few destructions are so general that no remnant escapes, so multitudes of the Acadians concealed themselves in the country or retired to Canada till the tempest was over. Several hundred of these people still remain in the province, highly disaffected during the war to the British interest and now, at the conclusion of hostilities, as greatly disgusted with the monarch of France for not restoring them to their former estates.

When the Island of St. Johns was taken by the British forces, in 1759 (if I rightly recollect), above 4,000 of these Acadians were found to have retired from the continent during the invasion from New England, where they had begun new settlements, but they could not escape transportation.

Many of these people, especially about Annapolis, lived to behold a surprizing reverse of fortune. Some of those very persons who, in their younger years, were employed to transport the Acadians from Nova Scotia, have themselves been compelled to take refuge here and to receive the offices of hospitality and neighbourhood from those they had formerly injured and ruined."

[NOTE.] This finishes Mr. Bailey's description of the Acadians : his description of the Loyalists will form the subject of another paper.

In the anonymous pamphlet " An Account of the Present State of Nova Scotia," already mentioned in this article, there is a

statement very like the closing paragraph of Mr. Bailey's history quoted above. It reads :

“These people [the Acadians] descended from the ancient French settlers, had increased to several thousands, clearing large tracts of land and raising numerous herds of cattle, living many years in the most perfect friendship with the native Indians, amongst whom they not infrequently intermarried. Unfortunately for themselves, by engaging in all the quarrels that were agitated from time to time between Great Britain and France, they became an object of resentment to the former, who having caused them to be assembled together under various pretences caused several thousands to be shipped off and transported to the other colonies, where many of them died of grief and vexation. This action, sufficiently cruel in itself, was rendered still more so from having been perpetrated in consequence of positive orders from a nation commonly regarded by its enemies as magnanimous.

Let us attend to the event. The lands from which the Acadians were thus violently torn became a desert, and every attempt to re-people them failed, until a large body of men, inhabiting those very colonies to which the Acadians had been banished, were driven in like manner from their own country for a similar attachment to Great Britain and compelled to cultivate the lands left by the former, as if it was the express intention of Providence in this particular instance to mark in strong colours the injustice of a great nation, as well as to teach mankind a lesson of moderation and humanity.”

W. O. RAYMOND.

Notes and Queries.

WANTED, information of any Ricketsons or Rickersons who lived in New Brunswick, probably in or about Woodstock; also of any descendants of Jordan Ricketson, of Nova Scotia, other than that given by Hon. A. W. Savary in his edition of Calnek's History of Annapolis County, N. S. Also concerning Jordan Ricketson, son of Abednego, son of Timothy, son of Jonothan, son of William. This Jordan Ricketson is supposed to have been an officer in the British navy.—G. W. E.

WANTED, biographical information concerning the following who were owners of book-plates and all of whom appear to have resided at one time in New Brunswick, namely: John Flood, who died at Fredericton, N. B., 16th August, 1821, aged 74 years; Capt. John Saunders; John Simcoe Saunders; Edward Fry, possibly of St. Andrews, N. B.

Was Ross Flood, Adj. 74th Regt., who married, 2nd, Eliza, second daughter of Hon. Judge Saunders, any relation to John Flood mentioned above?—D. R. J.

WANTED, information of any old Loyalist or pre-Loyalist silver at present in existence in the Acadian Provinces. Information concerning old silver, largely Church silver brought from Boston by Dr. Caner, who was rector of King's Chapel in that city would be particularly appreciated.—J. H. B.

A statement has recently appeared in a local newspaper to the effect that Sir Edmund Head, when Governor of New Brunswick, owned a tame moose which drew a sled from Fredericton to St. John in seven hours, distancing a span of horses owned by Lord Hill. Can any reader of ACADIENSIS cite any contemporary newspaper or other account of this animal and its performances, especially the race against the horses of Lord Hill.—W. F. G.

Indian Legends of Acadia.

As Told by that Strange Solitary of the Forest Known as
"The Woodranger."



OW'S me, lads, there be many strange tales hanging o'er these scenes. It is true they may be mere fancy work o' the plumed pagan's cunning brain, and yet the wisest may not say there be not many truths in them."

Checking, as he spoke, his swift and silent movements of his paddle, we gladly rested with our grey-headed companion, while his keen blue eyes swept the surrounding view, the waters of the silvery bay, the wooded shore, the far-reaching marshes in the distance, and almost overhead Blow-me-down's bare breast. Between the setting sun and the Eden-land twilight had hung a transparent curtain of gold, deepening into bronze and brown, while along the bright rim of Minas Basin the greenwood had flung a wide fringe of dusky hue, which was growing wider and darker each moment.

"Tell us the story, Woodranger," we said together, knowing well the fascination of his inimitable tales of wood-lore.

"It be an old tale, lads, trailed by many a tongue afore mine, but stories seldom lose by a new telling. The Indians were great story-tellers, and nothing pleased their vanity more than to listen to the tales o' strangers, all o' which they stored away in their minds to become a part of their own stock. The wilder and more weird the story the more they were pleased. To them, each plant trailed the great mystery o' life, and to plant, as well as animal, they attributed a soul. They peopled the valleys and hillsides with

elves and fairies of amazing beauty, while they habitated every rocky peak and mountain-top with gods and spirits of wildest fancy. The thunder of the cataract was the voice of the great beaver who had built this mighty dam to protect his home, and the song o' the laughing cascade the revelation o' some love romance. Some day, when the last redskin shall have been gathered to the hosts o' the happy hunting-grounds, will some one be asking why all this bewitching fancy-work has been allowed to fade away with its weavers."

THE MYTH OF CREATION.

No longer allowing his gaze to wander over the wide expanse of water, and the still broader expanse of forest, the Woodranger began the following legend :

"It was natural the lives o' the redskins, living always in the shadows o' the wildwood, should partake o' the sadness, for the forest is ever sad. There is a depth o' feeling found within its green walls which is not known in the open country. Hast never noticed how the heart bounds and the mind expands upon leaving the woods for the plains? The woods lock within their inner bodies their lightness o' heart, keeping to themselves their joys and sorrows, but the plains have no secrets. The creatures that prowl there must do it in sight o' friends and enemies alike, but in the forests there are many paths, and all are hidden. The redskins lived so much in this mysterious silence and solitude that it was but Natur's teaching that they should partake o' its gloom.

"But, hear me running off into this sarmonizing, when lighter tales are on my tongue. Among the pretty conceits held by the Indians was one which claimed that in the beginning there were two worlds. One of these was a world of light—an open plain, as it were. The other was a world of darkness—the forests, as it might be said. Gods that were above the prevication of the great truth,

and goddesses that were fair to look upon, reigned in the world of light, and roamed at will the free plains. Of course there was only harmony and happiness.

“In the world of darkness, half-concealed by its caverns, and rendered more hideous by their secret hiding places, from which they might spring at any moment without warning, abided demons and creatures of hideous and doubtful forms.

“Well, this state o’ things, if we are to believe the red brother, went on for a long time without causing any disturbance outside o’ the elements in which the primeval inhabitants lived. If one monster ate another there were enough to take its place, and in the world of light the gods and their companions, the goddesses, passed their happy days. But one hungers at a continued feast, and an endless round o’ pleasure brings weariness and discontent at last. I cannot dissemble, for the truth of this is only conjecture to me. I do know the woods cannot always hold their charms over a man, and I opine it is so with the open country, though I must confess I have less reason to know if this be the great truth. At any rate, in the course of ages, one of the goddesses begun to wonder what lay in the thick o’ the darkness below her. Was the sunless region peopled? If so, who and what were its people? Were they fair to look upon, or were they ugly? The more she pondered on this the greater became her desire to solve the problem for herself. It is true the Great Spirit had forbidden any god or goddess to wander beyond a certain limit. But to tell a woman that she mustn’t proves that she will, and I mean no disrespect to woman nor goddess. How I do previcate my subject!

“Aweel, this curious goddess watched her opportunity, and one day she went beyond the limits o’ her kingdom, a strange power seeming to move her feet on, faster and faster the farther she went. She had expected, from the strange tales which had been told to her, o’ meeting with

an unsurmountable wall o' darkness. Instead she seemed to see continually before a curtain of twilight, growing darker as she advanced, it is true, but scurcely nearer. So intent was she on watching this that she did not mind the pitfall at her feet, and the first she knew she stumbled, and then she sank rapidly downward, until consciousness left her and she lost the trail.

"Now a strange discovery was made by one o' the demons in the world o' darkness, as he was feasting on the carcass o' a monster he had just killed. This was nothing less than a halo of light, descending upon him like a huge ball o' fire piercing the black roof o' their abode. Entering he sought some o' his companions, and huddled together in alarm the two watched and waited, while the bright spot grew brighter and nearer. At last it was seen to be a creature o' such beauty that the demons were frightened and knew not what to do.

"They at once began to talk with one another, for the animals had the power o' speech, and they debated as to what they should do. Never having seen a woman before, or any creature so beautiful, monsters as they were, they felt that they must do something great for her. Finally an enormous turtle, for turtles then were as big as the meadows o' Grand Pre, said he would receive the goddess on his back, as the most fitting place for her to alight. This suited the others so well that they began to make the turtle's back a more becoming a retreat for the goddess. They began to gather bits o' earth found on the seashore, and they pounded into powder, rocks, until the turtle's back was covered with earth. As strange as it may seem as the goddess came nearer, the light growing brighter all the time, strange flowers and plants and trees sprang up on the turtle garden, until it was a most lovely spot, fit for any queen.

"Years passed while this was taking place, so slow was the descent of the runaway goddess, and farther and far-

ther penetrated the light she had brought, until it entered the dark nooks and crannies o' the black world, amazing the monsters with the miracle. They flocked around her on her fairy-like island, and grew docile under the magnetism of her influence.

"If, at first, the goddess was pleased with the flattery showered upon her, she finally grew very tired o' it, and heartily wished herself back in the realm o' light. But she knew she had disobeyed and could not rise to her old home. In this loneliness she was amused by a one o' the inhabitants o' this world o' darkness, lighted considerably by her presence, and finally she fell in love with him and they were married.

"Two children were born to this couple, and as unlike as their parents. One was very beautiful, and as good and perfect as he was handsome. The other was a prince o' darkness. And they quarreled between themselves, until the prince o' light which aptly represents education and Christianity, became too powerful for the other, and he drove him into the region o' darkness beyond the light o' the goddess. The prince o' light then went to work creating the creatures o' the earth, all that are useful and loved by man. He showed his wisdom by creating first o' all the game animals, and the people were delighted. But the prince of darkness he went to work making the animals which worry and trouble men. When the dark prince was driven out these did not all go with him, but have ever since remained to pester man.

"When the prince o' light had created the many animals which are good, he made a giant in his own image, and when he was nearly done, the black prince, angered that his brother had outdone him, spat in the face o' the man, which accounts for the evil in the human heart. Thereupon the other rose in his might and drove him into the regions o' darkness, where he has been ever since, though

two and two o' all the creatures he made staid to increase and multiply on the earth.

"From these beginnings was begun the population o' the world, the good and evil, man-kind and animal-kind."

LEGEND OF FUNDY.

"Naturally the legends o' this vicinity partook o' the majestic and gigantic. They were peopled with giants, that had wonderful strength, as well as size. This is not surprising. Everything about nature here is sublime and suggests the mighty and remarkable. There is something about the very fogs o' this locality which magnifies objects and makes trees into walking men o' great size. I have witnessed this myself, and can easily understand, how in the mystical past, before the enlightening influence o' the white men were felt, how natural it was for the simple red man to see in each bush, moved by the breeze, a strange creature, in the cloud-swept pine and beech a figure o' giant form, and hear in the ceaseless thunder o' old Fundy the voice o' a mighty and mysterious power calling unto them.

"But tales o' these class were not often told to the pale-faces, but were repeated in whispers or low tones around the camp fires, where none but the sons of the dusky brotherhood were about to listen.

"A long time since there lived in these parts a man and his wife, who had several children, but were very poor. Once, when on a fishing expedition, this couple got lost in the fog. While vainly trying to find their way home, they were surprised by the sound of mighty paddles and the thunder of ponderous voices. Frightened by the cries, they soon discovered a big canoe come rushing through the water, and they knew they were near a party of giants who had come down that way.

"These giants had seen the poor Indians and asked them who they were and what they were doing. Upon being

told that the man and his wife were lost in the fog, the chief of the party invited them to accompany them to their home, where they should be treated kindly.

"The big people seemed as pleased as a little Indian boy would have been at finding a flying squirrel. So the man and his wife consented to accompany the giants to their home. The journey was long, but at last the couple beheld with awe a semi-circle o' wigwams as high as mountains. They were met by a chief taller than the taller o' the twain with them, and, upon seeing the visitors, who must have looked exceedingly small to him, he laughed, which though done in a very low tone, could have been heard a hundred miles away.

" 'Bring the visitors to my wigwam, son,' said the chieftain, when one of the giants took the small canoe containing the little couple in the palm o' his hand, with the Indian and his wife sitting therein, and took all into the wigwam, placing it near the eaves about five hundred feet above the ground, so it was within easy reach. Supper was brought them, and they were invited to eat and make merry. Everywhere good nature seemed to prevail.

"But the little Micmacs soon learned that these big people had troubles as well as small folk. When they came to go out on the trail for game they found no wild creatures o' the forest o' appropriate size to give zest to the chase. And they were forced to come back laden with a few dozen caribou hanging from their belts the same as the Micmacs would have brought in as many squirrels. Swinging them by the hind legs as we might a pair o' rabbits, they brought a comple o' moose, while one dangled under his arm a bear. Still game was very plenty, so they made up in number what was lacking in size, and they seemed to get along purty well.

"One morning the old chief came in where the Micmacs were resting and said he must stop up their ears and roll them in thick blankets, as some o' their enemies were com-

ing to give them battle, and the sound he was afraid might kill them.

“The Micmacs could do no better than to submit to this, and as they lay there swathed in blankets and robes there suddenly came a terrific noise, which seemed to rack the very earth, and the ground shook as if he was being hurled from its support. For a time the outcries were such as to threaten to kill them, but by and by they stopped, and a little later the old chief returned saying he and his sons had had a terrific battle with their old-time enemy Chenoo, that they had been sorely pressed but that they had finally got the old fellow under their knee and choked him to death.

“A few days after this the old man’s son came in where the Micmacs were and said he must bundle the little folk up, as he and his brothers, led by their father, was going on the warpath to meet the old foe, Worwees, the biggest old scamp that ever breathed the nor’-west blast or warmed his fingers by the burning mount. They might be gone several days, as they had a long tramp, and Chenoo, who was recovering from his recent chastisement, would lay all sorts of pitfalls for their footsteps. Chenoo, being the north wind, would blow in their faces, and do everything he could to make their journey hard. So again the Micmacs were bundled up from head to feet, and left alone.

“As they had learned to love their big friends, they waited long and earnestly, anxiously, to hear some sound of them. On the fourth day their ears were greeted with such a terrible sound that it was half an hour before their echoes died away so they could make themselves heard one with the other, and they knew the giants had met their enemy. Other sounds followed, with the groaning and twisting o’ the earth, until the noises gradually grew less violent, and they knew that either their friends had gained a victory or been defeated.

“Their return was slower than their departure, so the Micmacs began to get uneasy before the giants appeared, their lower limbs covered with blood and many severe scratches and wounds. These they soon found had been caused by the fight taking place in a forest and these big fir trees, pines and hemlocks had been to them as same as for us to fight in a briar swamp. The enemy had held them hard this time, said the old chief, as he pulled big pines and oaks out of his legs like so many great slivers, and the fight had not been kicking the wind, but they had vanquished the foe, though one o’ his sons had been brought home dead. It would require a full day’s incantation to bring him back to life, and as the days were six months long that meant no little task.

“But the giants set themselves to work, and by another dawn the dead opened his eyes and breathed again. His father asked him what he was laying there for and he said he was dead. Then the old man told him to get up and look after the preparations for the next hunt, and he went about his work as if nothing unusual had happened.

“Seeing many strange doings, but treated kindly all the time, the two Micmacs staid with the giants seven years, when one morning the old chap asked him in a whisper which could be heard a hundred miles away if they wouldn’t like to go home. They said they would, and when the woman had promised that she would remain silent during the journey, preparations were made for the trip. A canoe was brought out, and the man was told to get into the stern, while his wife took the bow. A dog then jumped in amid boat and pointed with his nose the way for them to go. The man paddled, and away they sped at an amazing rate. It is said the dogs o’ the Eskimos, from whom this legend comes in part, have a remarkable instinct for scenting land, and can do it for many miles.

“ Well, no mishap happened to mar this journey home, and at the end of seven days the Micmac and his wife greeted their overjoyed children. His duty performed, the dog started and trotted off toward home, just as if he was running on the land instead of walking on the water. But the Micmacs had seen so many wonders that they didn't give this a second thought.

“ They found their children as poor as ever, but from the day o' their arrival home their ill fortune changed to good. Every time he dropped his line into the sea the biggest fish quickly bit at his bait ; the fattest moose was easily bagged ; geese came to him in the season o' difficult hunting, and so he had the fat o' the land. His feet never wearied o' the chase, and he became known as the mightiest o' the Micmacs, for to these simple people personal power was the one thing desired. To be a great hunter, able to entice the wild animals into his nets, to run like the wind, to be crafty in war and to have prophetic dreams, these were the qualities most sought after by the simple Indian. And our Micmac had all o' these.

“ So after seven years o' this kind o' happy life he dreamed a strange dream. He thought he saw a mouse in a little house, but when he ran after the mouse it suddenly seemed to fill the entire building and became a mighty creature, which he could not and dare not overpower. He felt moisture on his nose and eyes, and he awoke fancying that some creature was licking his face.

“ When he told this dream to his wife she was frightened, and could not understand it. But he told her it was a good omen, and that he was going to be a bigger man than ever. But more than that he could not explain to her. That day, sure enough, the strange dog o' the giants was seen walking on the water, and when he came ashore he came up and licked the Micmac's face, his ears and eyes. That part o' the dream had come true. While these features were still moist the dog looked at the man


and then looked wistfully away from whence he had come. The Micmac fancied he understood, and he said :

“ ‘I will come after three years,’ whereupon the dog barked joyously and sprang away towards his home in the northland.

“ You will notice that the Micmac always mentions three years or seven years, which goes to prove that these numbers bore a charm with them. At the end o’ the time he went into his canoe without any fear, and he rode away into the northland, until at the close o’ one day he saw in the distance the mighty wigwam o’ the giants. But, instead o’ all the party coming down to meet him, only the old chief appeared to greet him. Not a word said he o’ his sons until the new-comer had broken his fast, and he had brought out the clothes o’ one o’ his sons, when he told that they had fallen victims to the sorcery o’ the shark. That he was ready to join them in his own kingdom where the magic o’ earthly creatures could not reach. He bade the Micmac put on the clothes, which was like asking a mouse to put on a house, and then the Micmac recalled his dream. But like the mouse, as he pulled on the big garments, he grew until he filled them in every part. He was a giant o’ giant land. A chieftain, too, for when he looked about him the old fellow had disappeared. So it came about that the poor Micmac became ruler o’ the great northland, and wisdom coming with the clothes, he was as wise as he was mighty in size. So much for this ancient tale o’ the Micmac, which to him varied in the ways o’ the red brother, has many beautiful mysteries. So it was when they spoke o’ the white bear, always some magic was hinted at.”

G. WALDO BROWNE.

Bluenose.

S to the origin of this word and its early application to the people of this province, I would refer to my note in Vol. I of the New Brunswick Magazine, p. 380. My authority for the statement there made is to be found in the N. S. letters of the Rev. Jacob Bailey, the noted Loyalist Rector of Annapolis. The struggle for political supremacy between the Loyalist and pre-loyalist inhabitants of Western Nova Scotia in the provincial elections of 1785, and the special election held in this county in the following year in consequence of the unseating of the successful Loyalist candidates, was marked by surpassing acerbity and virulence. Perhaps in this respect it has never been exceeded in this province, the later contests being shortened, and the excitement mitigated by the simultaneous polling, unknown in the eighteenth century. Mr. Bailey's feelings were warmly enlisted in the cause of his fellow Loyalists, and he makes frequent mention of the struggle and its incidents. To his friend, Peter Fry, Esq., at Halifax, on November 18th, 1785, he writes of the pre-loyalist party, "The Bluenoses, to use a vulgar appellation, who had address sufficient to divide the Loyalists, exerted themselves to the utmost of their power and cunning. They seem to have adopted the resolution of Queen Juno: *Flectere si nequeo superos Acheronta movebo.*"

On July 6th, 1786, writing to Rev. Dr. Peters, in London, he mentions several deplorable conditions of life in Nova Scotia, among them; "Violent contentions between the Loyalists and the old inhabitants called Bluenoses."

Unlike the term "copperhead," applied in the north to northern sympathizers with the southern cause during the

American Civil war, the nickname seems to be a harmless one, not carrying any moral reproach, or sinister suggestion ; and one is almost disposed to suspect that the pre-loyalist settlers had been already called Bluenoses by the people of the more southern colonies, perhaps in sarcastic allusion to the supposed effect of our colder winters on the human complexion, and that the Loyalists brought the word with them and used it as a convenient and disrespectful designation for the old settlers. But this is mere conjecture, and against it is the fact that Mr. Bailey deemed it necessary to explain it to these two New England Loyalists. Whatever its origin as the name of a species of potato, I conclude it was first applied to people in the County of Annapolis not earlier than the arrival of the Loyalists. On September 28th, 1787, Mr. Bailey advised Rev. S. Parker, at Boston, of the shipment to him of six barrels of potatoes, of which No. 5 consists of "rose and blue noses."

A. W. SAVARY.



We very much regret that the second article of the series respecting the Wetmore Family, of Charlotte County, N. B., will not appear until the issue of our April number, the receipt of some valuable information at a later date having necessitated the recasting of the second and following articles.—Ed.

The *St. John Sun*, dated February 15th, mentions the death of Joseph Daniels at Somerville, Mass., he being a former well-known resident of Hopewell Hill. It is further stated that he was about 75 years of age, was a son of Joseph Daniels, sr., and a grandson of Wm. Daniels, the original owner of the Daniels grant, one of the first subdivisions into which Hopewell parish was divided. Any information respecting the early members of the family, their origin and their descendants, is respectfully requested.—J. D. M. K.

Book Notices.

WINSLOW PAPERS, A. D. 1777-1826. Printed under the auspices of the New Brunswick Historical Society, edited by Rev. W. O. Raymond, M. A.

This volume, containing, as it does, 732 pages of printed matter, forms one of the largest and most important collections of public and private papers relative to the early history of the Acadian Provinces that has hitherto been published. Some idea of the variety of topics with which the volume deals may be gathered from the fact that it contains about 650 letters and documents written by about 170 different persons, and covering a period of nearly fifty years.

The editor's task in selecting, arranging and annotating such a large collection, in order to render the work valuable, both to the student of local history and the casual reader, must indeed have been a severe one. An important feature of the work is the copious index which has been provided, and which renders the volume particularly valuable for reference purposes.

In his preface the editor relates that having learned of the existence of the collection, he was invited by Mr. Francis E. Winslow, of Chatham, N. B., in whose keeping the greater part of the papers were, to examine them with a view to their preservation in some permanent form. Continuing, the editor states that he found himself almost overwhelmed with the extent and variety of the materials available for historical purposes, and that the greater part of his time for the past two years has been devoted to the task of digesting and arranging them for publication. The book will doubtless be found a veritable mine of information with regard to the circumstances under which the Province of New Brunswick sprang into existence. Copies may be obtained from Barnes & Co., St. John, N. B.

THE ST. JOHN RIVER, IN MAINE, QUEBEC AND NEW BRUNSWICK, by J. Whitman Bailey, printed at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., 1894.

Of the many rivers of Northwestern America it would be difficult to find one which, in the diversity of its natural features, the facilities afforded for sportsmen, and the interesting history of its colonization, is more worthy of mention than the St. John. Yet singularly enough, this river, possessing as it does, such a wealth and variety of scenery, such historical associations, navigable as it is for steamers for 200 miles, and for canoes and boats of slight draft for an additional 200 miles, and forming, for a considerable distance, the boundary between two vast territories, peopled by those who speak a similar tongue, but are of a different nationality, has never, viewed in its entirety, formed the subject of any published work. Mr. Bailey has treated his subject in a careful and interesting manner, and to the tourist and many others, the work will prove a veritable encyclopedia, regarding the region about which it deals.

MALISEET VOCABULARY, by Montague Chamberlain, with an introduction by William F. Ganong, Ph. D., Professor of Botany at Smith College, Northampton, Mass., for sale by the Harvard Co-operative Society of Cambridge, Mass., 1899, pp. 94. Bound in paper.

Both the author of the above work and the writer of the introduction are so well known within the sphere of this magazine that it will require no assurance from us to convince the public that the work is both interesting and valuable. Prof. Ganong has been a valued contributor to the pages of this magazine, while from the author himself an interesting sketch is at hand, and will appear in our next number.

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS' ASSOCIATION OF ONTARIO, ANNUAL TRANSACTIONS, MARCH 10th, 1898. Paper, pp. 74. Price 20 cents. Printed by the Hunter Rose Co., Limited, Toronto.

A copy of this report has been sent us by Mr. Allan McLean Howard, one of the vice-presidents of the Association. In addition to the Revised Constitution and Bye-Laws of the Association, and the list of officers and members, it contains several very interesting historical and biographical sketches, among which the following are included: the late Hon. John Beverley Robinson, by Dr. Ryerson, President of the Society: The Sufferings of the U. E. Loyalists, by Allan MacLean Howard; The Pre-Loyalists and U. E. Loyalists of the Maritime Provinces (1760 to 1783) by Sir John G. Bourinot, K. C. M. G., LL. D., D. C. L., D. S.

THE BAILEY-BAYLEY FAMILY ASSOCIATION, being an account of the third annual gathering of this family, held at Groveland, Mass., August 15th, 1895.

For a copy of this interesting pamphlet of 50 pages we are indebted to Mr. Hollis R. Bailey, of Boston, Mass. It contains, among other interesting memoirs, information concerning the life of Rev. Jacob Bailey, a sketch of whom appears in the current number of this magazine, from the pen of Rev. W. O. Raymond, M.A.

IN THE ACADIAN LAND, Nature Studies, by Robert R. McLeod, of Brookfield, Queens County, N. S. 1899. Cloth; pp. 166.

This book possesses an interest, a charm and a delicacy which are delightful to persons who love and study nature for the beauties which are to be discovered in the pursuit of that study and all that appertains thereto.

The introduction, which is short and simply written, reads as follows:

"It has pleased my fancy and suited my purpose to locate the following chapters on the Molegar Road. To find it one must go to the northern district of Queens County, Nova Scotia. It connects a small gold-mining community with other villages. Only a distance of six miles through barren are brush, and meadow, past fringes of old wood, and swamps of spruce and maple, over ledges, two brooks and a river. A very commonplace stretch of new road, but in passing over it several thousand times, in all

seasons and all weathers, it became more charming, more to be seen, and learned and admired. It would be a pleasant employment for me to fill volumes with the unwritten diaries of these journeys. However, I celebrate them with this little book, in the hope that some readers will become interested, and thereby life enlarged and curiosity stimulated to know more of the wonderful world so easily accessible to all dwellers in the country, and that, too, without money and without price."

OVER THE GREAT NAVAJO TRAIL, by Carl Erickemeyer, author of "Among the Pueblo Indians," Life Member of the American Museum of Natural History, New York; and Member of the American Folk-Lore Society. Pp. 270; bound in linen; boards. Published in New York, 1900. Price, \$2.00. Sent post-paid to any address upon application to the author at Yonkers, N. Y.

This work is not only a book of travel, but is also of value to the students of ethnology and folk-lore, and to all who are interested in western frontier life, and in the American Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. The book is handsomely printed in large type, widely spaced on heavy enamel paper, and is a fine specimen of an artistic publication.

So well has the work of the pen and of the kodak been harmonized, full-page illustrations alternating with almost every leaf of well written descriptive matter, that the reader can scarcely decide upon which to fix his attention.

The illustrations are all from photographs taken by the author, and the cover decoration consists of a *fac-simile* of a Navajo silver belt.

SCHOOLROOM DECORATIONS. An Address to Historical Societies, by J. George Hodgins, M. A., LL. D., Librarian and Historiographer of the Education Department for Ontario. Pp. 26. Paper. Printed by Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Toronto, 1900.

This booklet is amply illustrated and should be in the hands of all members of historical societies, school teachers and members of school boards, throughout the length and breadth of our Dominion. Among other suggestions made are the decoration of schoolrooms with patriotic pictures, illustrative of our national and provincial histories, and that instead of placing in our schools a picture of Paul Revere's Famous Ride, we should have Mrs. Laura Secord's notable walk through the woods and past the sentries to warn Col. Fitzgibbon of the coming enemy; for the "surrender of Burgoyne" and Cornwallis, we might have a picture of the Surrender of Hull at Detroit, or of the Defence at the mouth of the River St. John, New Brunswick, by Madame La Tour, etc., etc. The Editor of ACADIENSIS has suggested to more than one painter as a subject the heroic defence by Madame La Tour of her husband's fort, during his temporary absence, and the gallant and successful, though only temporary, defeat of the wily Charnisay. The book-plate of Dr. Hodgins, a well engraved steel plate, which accompanies the copy of his work, is gratefully accepted.

LOUISBOURG, AN HISTORICAL SKETCH, by Major Joseph Plimoll Edwards, of Londonderry, N. S., read before the Nova Scotia Historical Society, 27th November, 1894, published at Halifax. Pp. 62. Paper.

This valuable sketch was received prior to the publication of our fourth number, but owing to the pressure of other matter, we were unable, much to our regret, to do more than make the briefest mention of its receipt. In this sketch, which contains the description of many episodes, which were both interesting and romantic, in connection with this famous fortress, the writer has followed the lines of historical accuracy with great care, and personal or race feelings seem to have been so carefully eliminated from its pages that it is almost impossible to ascertain, even after a careful perusal of the work, whether his sympathies were with hardy New Englanders, who finally succeeded in destroying the fortress, or with the brave Frenchmen, whose remarkable and gallant defence has long been a matter of history.

THE ACADIANS OF LOUISIANA AND THEIR DIALECT, by Alcée Fortier, Professor of the French Language and Literature in Trilane University, Louisiana, reprinted from the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America.

In this pamphlet of 33 pages, for a copy of which we are indebted to the author, he commences with a bird's-eye view of the history of Acadia, from the settlement of the colony to the dispersion of the inhabitants. This is followed by a description of the settlement of many of their number in Louisiana, more particularly in the vicinity of New Orleans, which had, about two years previous to the arrival of the fugitives, been ceded by the Treaty of Paris to Spain. The Spaniards had not at that time taken possession of the colony, and the unhappy wanderers, some of whom came from the Antilles, while the greater part, in rude boats built by themselves, floated down the streams flowing into the Mississippi reached New Orleans, where they expected to find the white banner of France, but where the French officials, who still remained, received them most kindly. The third part treats of the proverbs, dialects and curious sayings of the French of Louisiana, many examples of which are given.

YEAR BOOK, 1901-2, THE CANADIAN SOCIETY OF NEW YORK. Pp. 89, with stiff paper cover.

We are indebted to Mr. Henry C. Hunter, the Secretary of the Society, for a copy of the latest Year Book. The objects of this Society, as the majority of our readers are probably aware, are the fostering of cordial, social relations between Canadians in New York and vicinity, and the keeping alive of the memories of Canada. Any Canadian, by birth or adoption, is eligible for membership in the Society. In glancing through the list of officers we notice the name of Mr. T. S. Hall, who is a well known native of New Brunswick. The honorary members are the Earl of Minto, Governor-General of Canada; the Earl of Aberdeen, and the Right Honorable Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The membership

of the Society, all classes included, at the time of the publication of the Year Book, would appear to be two hundred and twenty. Informal monthly dinners were held during the winter months, the average attendance at which numbered about fifty. Larger functions, held at Sherry's, also appear to have been included in the past year's entertainment, one of which, held on the evening of April 30th, 1900, was attended by more than seven hundred persons, including representatives from Great Britain and nearly every colony of the Empire. The financial arrangement for the carrying out of such an entertainment must have been carefully planned, for it is stated that upon the settlement of the account of the reception, there was a surplus of \$40, which was sent to Ottawa for the relief of the sufferers from the then recent disastrous fire in that city.

The book contains much information that is valuable to those who are interested in fostering and keeping alive the love of country, in the hearts of Canadians who are residing in the neighbouring republic.



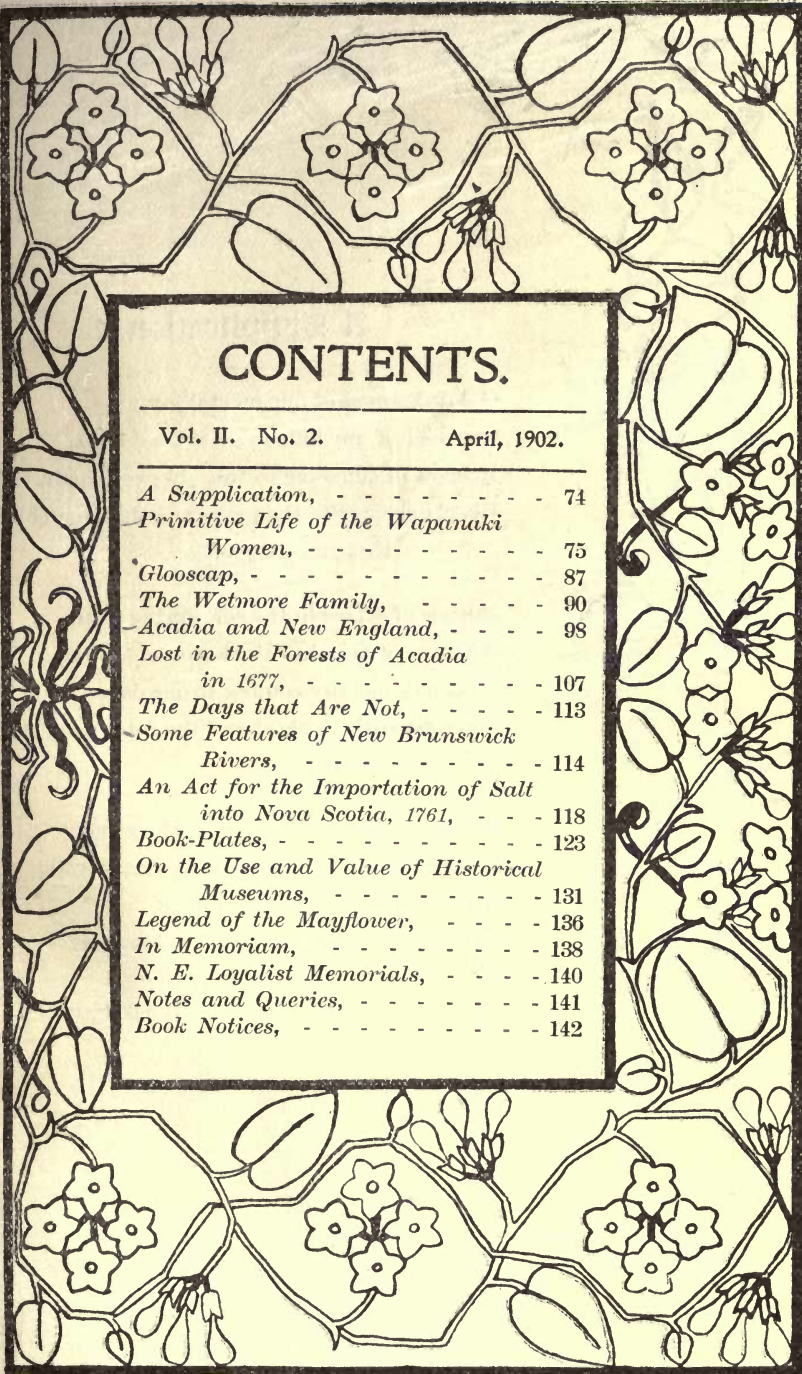
EXCHANGES RECEIVED.

The Book Lover.
Canada Educational Monthly.
Educational Review.
Educational Record.
Prince Edward Island Magazie.
Commonwealth.
Bulletin des Recherches Historiques.
Windsor Tribune.
Kings College Record.
Journal of the Ex-Libris Society.
Historic Quarterly.
N. E. Hist. and Gen. Register.
"Old Northwest" Genealogical Quarterly.
Canadian Magazine.
New York Gen. and Biog. Magazine.
Genealogical Advertiser.
The Jerseyman.
The Argosy.

We regret that owing to the large number of periodicals published in the Acadian Provinces, about one hundred and fifty in all and the very considerable expense in publishing and mailing free copies to each of them as has been our custom heretofore, we shall be obliged to confine our mailing list strictly to such publications as may favor us with an exchange, or to those to which we are indebted for a periodical notice of our magazine.

Our thanks are due to the following for notices of our fourth number.

Journal, Summerside, P. E. I.
 Tribune, Windsor, N. S.
 Acadian Recorder, Halifax, N. S.
 Morning Guardian.
 Post, Sydney, C. B.
 Reporter, Fredericton, N. B.
 Globe, St. John, N. B.
 Messenger and Visitor, St. John, N. B.
 News, Truro, N. S.
 Progress and Enterprise, Lunenburg, N. S.
 Leader, Parrsboro, N. S.
 Record, Sydney, C. B.
 Presbyterian Witness, Halifax, N. S.
 Sentinel, Woodstock, N. B.
 Agriculturist, P. E. I.
 Times, Moncton, N. B.
 Beacon, St. Andrews, N. B.
 Press, Woodstock, N. B.
 Colchester Sun, Truro, N. S.
 Saint Croix Courier, St. Stephen, N. B.
 Colonial Standard, Pictou N. S.
 Sun, St. John, N. B.
 Acadian, Wolfville, N. S.
 Herald, Yarmouth, N. S.
 Brooklyn Daily Eagle, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Free Press, Weymouth, N. S.
 Herald, Fredericton, N. B.

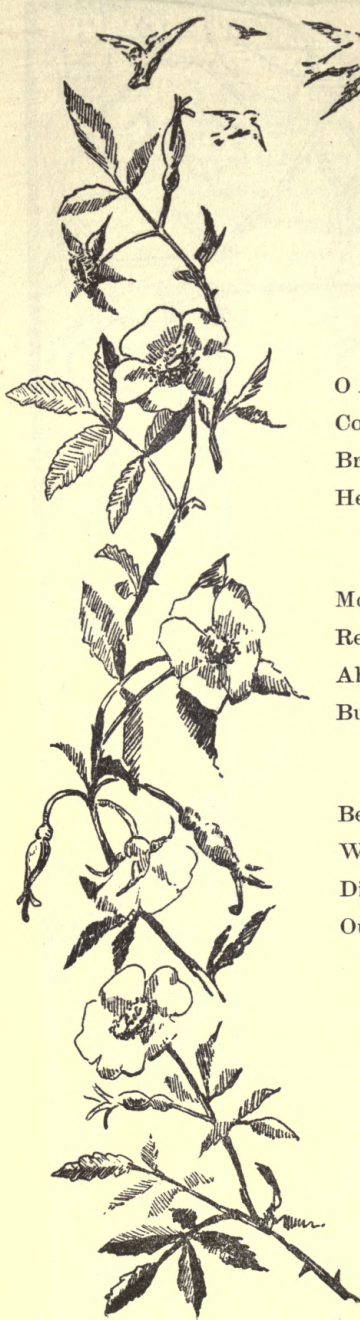


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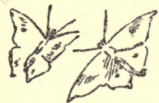
A Supplication.

O April, angel of our mortal joy,
Consoler of our human griefs and fears,
Bringer of sunshine to this old grey earth,
Hear, once again, the prayer of thy lone child,
Return, return !

Mother of solace in the soft spring rain,
Restorer of sane health to wounded souls,
Ah, tarry not thy coming to our doors,
But soon with twilight and the robin's voice,
Return !

Behold, across the borders of the world,
We wait the reappearace with the flowers,
Disconsolate, dispirited, forlorn,
Our only childish and perpetual prayer,
"Return, return !"

BLISS CARMAN.





NI-PA-PAN.

ACADIENSIS

Volume II.

APRIL, 1902.

Number 2.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK, EDITOR.

The Primitive Life of the Wapanaki Women.



WE MUST go to the traditions of these people for a correct idea of their primitive life, though we will be helped somewhat if we make a close study of the characters of those of the race who are with us, as we can then judge of the character which was back of, and was expressed in that life. For these people are not of a plastic nature, and the Indian of to-day differs but little from the Indian of three centuries ago, differs little in characteristics, however much his habits of life and his customs may have changed.

Down to a recent period our notions of Indian customs were based upon the accounts written by the early colonists, but we have discovered that these writers mislead us—not intentionally of course—they, doubtless, meant to be truthful as well as just, but the conditions were against them. There were many phases of the Indian's life about which the earlier writers knew absolutely nothing, and besides, they were too strongly prejudiced against the people to deliver an unbiased judgment on what they did know. Furthermore, we may fairly

assume that the coming of the white man so disturbed the Indian's life, and so filled that life with dread and uncertainty that its normal conditions were seriously altered at a very early period.

At best, the colonists judged the natives upon evidence that was pitifully slight, and, on that evidence, condemned them all as useless savages—quite beyond civilizing influences. Had these severe judges extended their investigations they would have discovered that the Wapanakis, at least, had advanced to a culture stage quite above the plane of mere savagery. It is true that they had retained some savage instincts, like the rest of us, but in their habits and customs, their rites and their plan of life, there was much that was far removed from the grossly barbaric. Their social system was well ordered; their family obligations were faithfully observed; they were honest and just, and enobled their lives by chivalrous acts. The men displayed a manliness, which though rugged, was clean and wholesome, and both men and women were courteous, considerate, generous and kind. They were more inclined to be sedentary than is generally understood, for though they gathered in small communities, as is the habit of hunting people, their villages were permanent homes; and as patience, contentment, friendliness and hospitality are virtues inherent in the race, there must have been little to disturb the harmony of these village homes—excepting always the petty jealousies which probably were, in those early times as they are to-day, the bane of an Indian community.

The position occupied by the women of the Wapanaki League was not, as a rule, that which was accorded to them by the earliest writers. I read an extract from one of these to a group of Indian women, and their good natured derision told plainly of their disapproval. These women considered that the lot of the average Indian wife

was much preferable to that of the white women they had known. "In the old days," said one, "our women did some work about the camps that you consider is men's work; but these women had an easy time of it, while the men had to labor very hard." "Hunting was no mere sport in those days," she continued, "and while the men were out in the woods the women had little to do." The division of labor was well understood by these people, and a woman would have resented any interference with her portion as resolutely as a modern woman would resent her lord's attempt to manage the kitchen or the nursery. She would consider such interference a reflection upon her. The conventionalities which hedged the women of those old days are revealed in their traditions, and the outlines of their lives can be clearly traced from infancy onward.

It may be of interest to state here, parenthetically, that the Wapanaki babe has soft hair of a brownish tint, light brown eyes, and skin of a pale yellowish or olive tinted brown. As the child develops the hair becomes coarse and black and the eyes grow darker, but the change in the color of the skin is slight, for the Wapanakis are among the palest of their race.

Child-life in an Indian community is, in a general way, much like child-life elsewhere. In the olden days the infant during its most tender years was cared for exclusively by the mother. It was wrapped in soft furs and strapped to a cradle which swung, hammock fashion, near where the mother was at work, or hung to the branch of an adjacent tree. When baby cried mother would swing the cradle, and sing some soft sweet lullaby, of which distinctly feminine creations the Wapanakis have many pretty examples.

Graduating from the cradle, the young thing passed to the care of a grandmother; for the older men and women

were, by virtue of their age and experience, the guides and teachers of the village children, though the mother continually assisted in the training of her flock and kept them all close to her heart. At about four years of age the boys were taken in hand by the father or grandfather—usually the latter—for lessons in hunting-craft and for development of strength and courage. From the start both boys and girls were taught obedience and self control, and were taught also to be truthful and brave, respectful to their superiors, and kind and courteous to everyone.

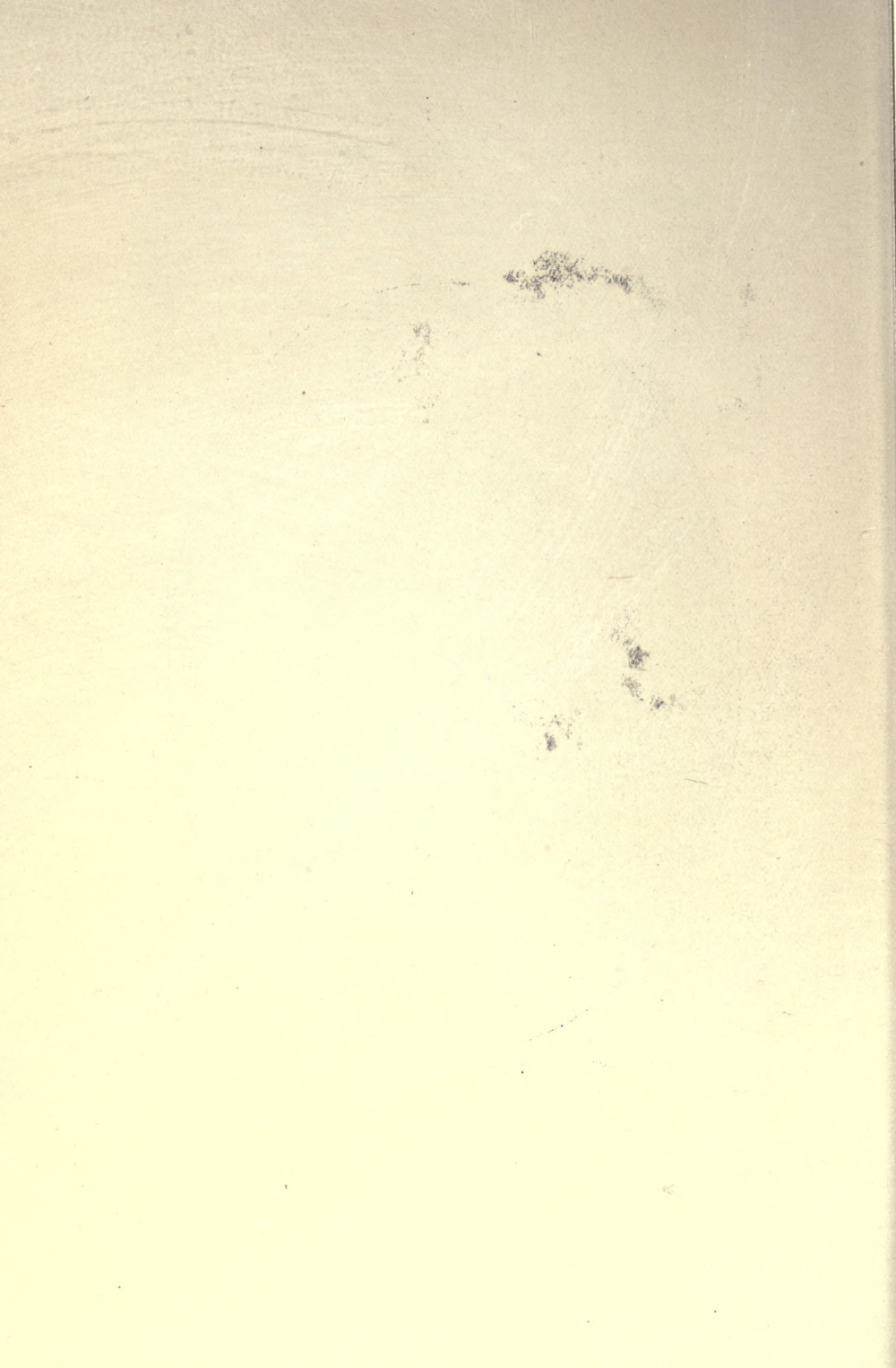
Let me here emphasize this important and interesting fact, that the children of almost all Indian tribes are trained with exceedingly great care, and display, as a rule, as good manners as the best of our own well bred children. The self assertion, impertinent boldness and disrespect, so noticeable in some communities, has no counterpart in an Indian village. These children are rarely whipped or punished severely, but a strict adherence to the Indian idea of propriety is insisted upon.

While the Wapanaki girls were quite young, they were given their first lessons in the rudiments of home making, and from thence on were gradually trained in all the duties of wives and mothers ; so that when confronted with the care of her own wigwam the young wife was well equipped for the task. But while they were taught to be industrious, these maidens were relieved from the drudgery of the camp, that part fell exclusively to the mothers, who were indulgent to their girls, and permitted them to lead a life of comparative ease.

The amusements of the young Indian girls were not unlike the amusements of their civilized sisters. They found their greatest delight in imitating their elders, in dressing up wooden dolls and caring for them as they saw the mothers and grandmothers caring for the younger children. Later they were taught to paddle a canoe, to



MARY RANCO.



shoot with bow and arrows, to swim, and to snowshoe, and practice in these became their pastime. But in these amusements they were kept separate from the young men. The girls never left the shadow of the wigwam without being accompanied by their mother or grandmother; and when taking their walks or when entering upon any pastime, they avoided the young men's playground, generally going to the opposite side of the village. A few games were played with the young men, but these were indoor games, and were played in the presence of the parents. Even in most of their dances, the sexes were separated, the men taking the lead. In one dance only—the snake-dance—the men and women alternated and joined hands; but in this the maidens never took part at public gatherings.

As a people they are fond of dancing and of all sorts of merry making, for they have cheerful, fun-loving dispositions, and when strangers are not present, indulge in lively chat and bandiage. In the old times many evenings were spent in dancing, though the chief amusement was to gather at the camp-fire of some renowned story teller, and listen to the tales of that far-off long ago, to which all Indians turn with reverence and delight.

These forest maidens were fond of dress, and adorned their buckskin garments with fringes and fanciful decorations of dyed moose-hair and porcupine quills. Around their necks and arms they wound bands of wampum and strings of the claws and teeth of wild animals. Their hair fell loose about their shoulders or hung in two large braids. At all festivals they wore a head dress of birds' feathers fastened to a band of buckskin, highly ornamented, which was tied around the head.

As a rule the mother selected the wife for her son. Old Gabe Acquin told me that even in his day this custom obtained, for he had not so much as spoken to his own wife before they met to be married. But this was not an

invariable rule. Sometimes a youth of strong individuality, who had become enamored of a girl, would strive to win her unaided. The fellow must have had a hard time of it, for he had little opportunity to conduct any sort of courtship, the tribal standard of propriety forbade that. Their etiquette demanded that a young man should not address a maiden openly, and a girl's social intercourse even with her own brothers was very limited. But besides these difficulties the young lover had to contend against the extreme bashfulness and modesty which the girls inherited; and when these were overcome he would very probably find himself the victim of a love of coquetry, which these same girls had strangely combined with their shyness, and which developed rapidly under encouragement. With all these difficulties to surmount, this clandestine love-making must have furnished considerable excitement to a young brave who was fond of romantic adventure, though his ingenuity and tact and patience and courage must have been sorely taxed.

However selected, the proposal of marriage was never made directly to the girl, but negotiations were opened through her father, the young man's mother enlisting the services of some friendly chief to fill the office of intermediary. On receiving the proposal, if the girl was of age (they were not allowed to marry in those days before they were twenty-four), the father called together all the mature members of her clan, who after discussing the proposal and dissecting the young man's character, decided by vote if he was eligible—if he was brave and true, and had enough hunting skill to provide for a family. In the old days, the young people always accepted the decision of that court as final but the Wapanaki girl of our day sometimes questions that judgment, and has been known to set it aside, for the clans still continue to vote on proposals of marriage.

The wedding ceremony was, at an early period, a very simple affair—the mere plighting of their troth before wit-



MATRONS.



FLORENCE NICOLA.

nesses, followed by the wedding dance and a feast. Later the ceremony was elaborated to a solemn and impressive rite which was performed at mid-day, and was followed by a dance and feast in the evening. During the dance the bride and groom slipped quietly from the circle and went to the woods for a short honeymoon. On their return the wife at once took up her duties.

The change from the life of a maiden to that of a wife was peculiarly abrupt. There appears to have been three divisions or ranks in Wapanaki womanhood, which may be defined roughly as maiden, matron, and grand-dame or *No-ko-mus*, "My grandmother," as these were called. The lines of demarcation between these ranks were distinctly drawn, and the privileges and duties of each were as distinctly separated. As maidens they indulged their love of dress and of amusement, and lived a rather easy life; but as matrons they were patient, laborious drudges, and devoted themselves exclusively to home and husband.

They were probably vacillating about many things; vacillation is a dominant vice of their race, and in the Wapanaki tribes is most pronounced in the women; but the Indian character is full of contradictions, and mated with this vacillation we find numerous evidences of patient persistence and constancy. In whatever else they may have been inconstant, these women of prehistoric times made faithful, devoted, steadfast wives. Probably in the whole human race there was never a more thoroughly moral people than the primitive Wapanakis. Licentiousness was unknown to them, and few of their women ever erred.

We think of these Indian wives as slaves, but that is our error. The men were affectionately fond of their homes, and treated both wives and children with marked consideration. To this day, you will rarely hear an Indian using abusive language to his wife, and I have never heard one use foul or obscene words before the women of his tribe, unless he was under the influence of liquor. I have

been struck with this upon my visits to the Maliseet village at St. Mary's and to the Penobscot village near Oldtown. The contrast between the bits of conversation you hear while passing through the village street, and those which fall on your ear after you have crossed the river into the white man's town, is very marked, and is all in favor of the Indians.

Another mistake we make is in thinking that these Indian women had no influence. My experience has taught me that if a man wants to gain any favor from an Indian community he must first make sure that he has the women on his side, for if he has not he will probably fail in his mission. Under the ancient regime a vote of the tribe was taken upon all matters of importance, and though the women did not vote on many questions they did vote when war was to be decided, and then their votes counted the same as the men's. If the women of the tribe were opposed to the war, the men were obliged to yield.

Her first babe brought to the Wapanaki woman, with other new duties, that of offering a new prayer. She had prayed before for herself—sometimes to her guardian spirit for protection, or to the good spirits for some coveted thing, though more frequently her prayers had been addressed to the Manitou, the spirits of evil, that they would keep from her the demons of disease and all harm. But now, for *unskwasewe*, the first born, she must make a new prayer. In the early dawn, she wrapped the little thing in a soft fur robe, and, unattended, carried it out beyond the confines of the village to a spot from which the eastern horizon could be seen. There, amid the forest solitude, in the calm and quiet of the opening day, she awaited the coming of the sun.

To her people had come no revelation of a supreme being—an almighty and all pervading God—but nature had taught them that in the unseen world there was a power far greater than their own, a power from which their



WA-TA-WES-SO.

Reproduced from a crayon drawing by
Mr. Francis West, of Boston.

world derived both existence and strength, and which revealed itself in all physical phenomena. This power was, they believed, divided among numerous spirits who controlled all mundane affairs. The spirit who dwelt in the sun was, in their minds, the mother of life; and the mother's heart in the Indian woman told her that such a spirit would possess mercy and compassion and tender love. As the shining orb rose into view the woman knelt on the ground, and, holding her babe toward the sun, implored the spirit to look with pity upon her helpless child; to bless it with abundant strength, and to send an angel to attend the child, that it might be guided and guarded from all peril. Thus were these Indian children baptized—with sunshine.

If she had no children to demand her attention, a hunter's wife would accompany her husband on his summer outings, and at times both wife and children were taken. But more generally the women remained at home to look after the little ones, and to do the planting, which came within her sphere. It was her duty also to make and mend the garments, and with the rude instruments of her day, these took much time and patience. At nightfall she told stories to her young brood, and watched over them as they slept.

The return of a successful hunting party was an occasion of considerable excitement. It brought the women some drudgery, but that was their portion, and they went about it cheerfully. Meat was to be dried, fish to be smoked, skins to be tanned and dressed, and a hundred and one occupations filled the Indian woman's day. But in the evening the general merriment made her heart glad, and she forgot the drudgery.

Every year the entire tribe had one or more grand gatherings which entailed some additional labor upon the matrons, but brought delight to all. Feasts were essential features at such gatherings, and these were prepared by the matrons, who served them also—serving first any

strangers who might be present, then the older men, after these the young men and young girls, each group separately, and lastly themselves. During the festivals—they often extended over several days—the old and young men were usually found in separate groups, while the maidens kept by themselves. They were separated also in the circle which was formed about the dancers, or for any public ceremony. The sachem sat at the middle of one side of the circle, with his council on each side of him, and next to these sat the older men, while the young men were together on the opposite side of the circle. The matrons and old women sat behind the men, and the children stood behind their mothers. (The men crossed their legs when they sat on the ground, but the women rested upon their right side with their feet to left.)

At these festivals the day time was occupied by the formal ceremonies, with games in the intervals, while the evenings were devoted to feasting and dancing. These days afforded the women an opportunity to indulge their love of dress and of gossip, while the men discussed tribal polity or swapped hunting yarns, and the young people enjoyed life.

There came days, occasional days, of enthusiasm and eager expectancy, when the braves started on the war path; and following these came other days when cries of woe mingled with shouts of exultation. But these occasions were not numerous, for the Wapanakis were not warlike—they never went to battle for the mere zest of fighting or for the glory of it.

The wail of the Indian woman in the first hours of her grief is loud and wild, and piteously pathetic. At such times the child-like simplicity of her nature betrays itself, and carries her into passionate and uncontrolled excess. But inherent pride and early training soon assert themselves; the tumult ceases; self-control returns, and placidly she takes up the part assigned her. In the old



¹
PA-SA-KWE.

H. P.

days the woman's badges of mourning were stripes of black paint on the cheeks and a cap of black fur. The paint was removed the day after the burial, but the cap was worn for a year—or for a shorter time if the person mourned had been young. A widow cut from the ends of her hair a strip of about an inch in width, and this was deposited with the body. At the end of the period of mourning, the black cap was removed by the woman's relatives with appropriate ceremony, and patches of red paint were put on her cheeks. (In some villages these customs still prevail). When the mourning of a sachem's widow was to be removed the entire tribe gathered for the ceremony, and a feast and dance followed.

Lonely and sorrowful hours came to them as to other people, yet these forest bred daughters of the Wapanaki must have had in their lives as much of sunshine and of general joy as fall to the lot of the average woman. They were dearly fond of their forest home, of family and friends, and of their wild free life. They had few wants, and these were readily supplied. Surely their's must have been happy lives—as lives go.

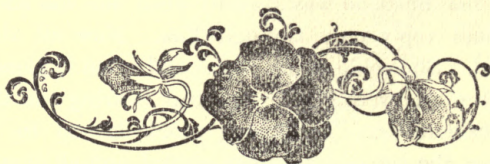
When middle age was passed, the matrons were admitted to the rank of grand-dame or grandmother, which added dignity to their position, and gave them freedom from restraint and also brought to them other privileges denied to younger women. As matron a woman must sit in silence in the Council House, if she were admitted at all ; and if her husband was present when she was addressed, she could reply only through him. Now all that was changed. She could speak where and when it pleased her, and her words were given respectful hearing and thoughtful consideration. The young people looked to her for guidance, the elders sought her counsel, and all dreaded her displeasure. Perhaps superstition had some influence here, for these people were extremely superstitious. They had an unwavering belief in divination and occult power ; and

the hoary locks, the weazen, wrinkled face, and the tremulous, piping voice of old age were to them the insignia of a seer and magician.

A grandmother might rule the camp, were she possessed of a ruling spirit, but there was usually other business that had more attraction for her. She was looked upon as the good angel of the tribe, and passed from camp to camp distributing her blessings. A knowledge of herbs and roots gave her skill in healing the sick, while from her experience and her kind heart she drew consolation for the sad and despondent. She sang to the infants, taught the girls handicrafts and folk-tales, and inspired the braves with stories of the tribe's great dead. And when infirmities increased, and the wearied body refused to longer do her bidding she was still respected and tenderly cared for. Even if she were the last of her clan—her kindred all gone—she was not forsaken; and in her final hour kind friends were near to comfort and support her, and to fold the hands across the tired heart when it was at rest.

MONTAGUE CHAMBERLAIN.

NOTE.—The accompanying illustrations are typical faces of the modern Wapanakis.



Glooscap,

THE FIRST ACADIAN EXILE.

“Weegejiik! kessegook wigwank;
Meskeek oodun ulnoo, kes saak,”
[May you be happy! the old people are encamped.
There was once, long ago, a large Indian village.]

INTRODUCTION TO ANCIENT AHTOOKWOKUN.¹

Mighty in friendship was Glooscap, and mighty in magic.
He who loved Truth as his life,—the one true necromancer.
He was a *kenap*,² *boooiin*,³ a great *malbalaawe*⁴
Yet he stood true to his friends; he was mighty in friendship!

Over the far-heaving sea came the mighty in friendship,
Came from the East, in his *kweedun*,⁵ a small rocky island,
That sped with the swiftness of light at the beck of its
master,
And reached without paddle or sail the wild shores of
Megamagee.⁶

He dwelt many lifetimes in fertile Acadian valleys,
Then passed,—alas that he must, to the land of the sunset.
He cannot come back until men shall speak truth with
their neighbors.
The *Acadie*,⁷ that he has made now knows him no longer.

“*Paalumakik koobetaku*”⁸ Cape Split, and he dug through
at Digby,
And drained the Annapolis Valley, to make it his garden;

1. “Ahtookwokun,” legendary folk lore.
2. “Kenap,” supernatural warrior.
3. “Boooiin,” magician.
4. “Malbalaawe,” physician and surgeon.
5. “Kweedun,” canoe.
6. “Megamagee,” Micmac name for the Maritime Provinces, meaning the home of the true men, the Micmacs.
7. “Acadie,” the place. See Shubenacadie, [Segubun-acadie] the place of the segubun or ground-nuts, cf., also Basloocadie, the landing place, Cape Traverse, P. E. I.
8. “Paalumakik koobetaku,” he cut through the beaver-dam at [Cape Split.]

He counselled great *Kuhkwu*,⁹ the Earthquake, the spirit
of justice ;
And rolled old *Koolpujut*¹⁰ with handspikes in springtime
and Autumn.

He taught all the arts,—even hunting and fishing, and
weaving,
The planting of pumpkins *echkooak*, with corn, *peaskumun*.
As people still plant them to-day, for they love one another.
He taught, too, how homes should be made, though he never
was married.

For he was a demi-god ; his was a love above mortals ;
He loved all the tribe ; and might not tie down his affections
To any fair maiden on earth,—he is married in *Wasoak*,
The home of the faithful, that glows with the glories of
sunset.

Sage *Noogumich*¹¹ ordered his wigwam, assisted by *Marten*,
Called *Uhkeen*¹² in deference, not his cognomen *Abistanaochoch*¹³

These followed their lord when he sojourned in *Ajaaligunuk*¹⁴

Or when he dwelt high in his home on the brow of old
*Blomidon*¹⁵

He shared of his best with the meanest that came to his
wigwam ;
He aided in myriad quests those who sought his assistance ;
Until the *booktaawik*¹⁶ was brought by the thunder-club
traders,
Which dragged down the Micmacs till Glooscap could help
them no longer.

9, 10. These mythical characters were brought to Megamagee by Glooscap, the latter has no bones, and cannot help himself, he has to be rolled over with handspikes,—hence his name. In autumn he is turned toward the west, causing winter, and again in spring to the east, causing the other great change of the seasons which fills the world with life and beautiful sunshine.

11. "Noogumich," used as a term of respect, as we now use "aunt."

12. "Uhkeen," my younger brother.

13. "Abistanaochoch," marten.

14. "Ajaalgunuk," an island not yet identified [possibly P. E. I.], where Glooscap dwelt when not at Blomidon.

15. "Blomidon," the promontory where North Mountains terminate abruptly at the Basin of Minas.

16. "Booktaawik," fire-stuff [booktaa, fire] rum.

He could not endure the deceit of the double-tongued
trader;
He grieved when his people when down like the trees of
the forest
Before the debauchery and greed of the unscrupulous pale-
face,
Who laid on him impious hands,¹⁷ as the heathen on
Samson.

His kettle¹⁸ lies turned upside-down near the base of old
Blomidon;
His dogs are transformed into rocks,¹⁹ where they stood
looking westward
When Glooscap sailed out on the ebb-tide,²⁰ an exile
through falsehood,
To return when his people learn Truth, amidst wildest
rejoicings.²¹

Oh helpless and hopeless indeed were the gods of tradition,
The power of God must come down to uplift what has
fallen,
Or Glooscap can never return to his people who love him.
Our forests are yours, cries the sage, if you give us our
Glooscap.²²

17. Tradition relates how the early French did their utmost to capture Glooscap that they might exhibit him in France. He burst great ropes, and proved his superhuman powers in a hundred ways.

18, 19. These rocks, near the base of Blomidon, are still known to the Micmacs as Glooscap's kettle and dogs.

20. The irresistible ebb-tide carries objects past Cape Split far out into the Bay of Fundy.

21. They also look for a Millennium.

22. See "Legends of the Micmacs," Rand.

JEREMIAH S. CLARK.

Bay View, P. E. I., Nov. 1901.

The Wetmore Family,

OF CHARLOTTE COUNTY, NEW BRUNSWICK.*

PART II.



THE WETMORE family of America is descended from Thomas Whitmore, who came from the west of England to Boston, Mass., in 1635, being the eleventh year of the reign of Charles the First; and was among the early settlers in the Connecticut colony. He was born in England in 1615, and the first mention that is found of him in colonial archives is in the Wethersfield Town records, in 1639-40, as the owner of certain lands upon which he appears to have settled on arriving at the Connecticut river, and from which he subsequently removed to Hartford. He was thrice married, first to Sarah, daughter of John and Ann (Willocke) Hall, as has been previously stated; second, to Mary, daughter of Richard Platt, of Milford, and widow of Luke Atconson (Atkinson?), January 3rd, 1667; third, Katharine Leet, widow of Mr. Robards, October 8th, 1673.

He had in all seventeen children, of whom three were by the first wife, one by the second, and thirteen by the third. *Wow!*

* [Since the publication of the first article of this series, the writer is in receipt of some additional information, and our readers would do well to note the following errata and correct their own copies of that article with pen and ink. Page 247, lines 11 and 12, read, "He beareth argent, on a chief azure; three martlets or. Crest—A Falcon, ppr." Page 248, line 30, read, "Of the last three generations mentioned above, two were Loyalists, namely, James and Josiah." Page 248, last line, read, "the former of whom died unmarried." Page 249, first line, read, "Josiah Wetmore was the ancestor of all the Wetmores of Charlotte County, N. B."]

He died on the 11th of December, 1681, aged 66 years, and a copy of his will may be found in the Probate Court's office in the city of Hartford, Conn.

Izrahiah Whitmore was the tenth child of Thomas Whitmore, and was born in Middletown, March 8th, 1656-7 (March 9, 1656?) On the 13th of May, 1692, Rachel, daughter of Rev. Samuel and Hope (Fletcher) Stow, of Middletown, by whom he had seven children, all sons. He was a magistrate of the town, and a deputy to the General Court from 1721 to 1728 inclusive. Tradition states that he was a man of fine abilities, and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the people of his time. His father-in-law, who was himself rather a remarkable man, speaks of him in the highest terms, and made him the executor of his will. He died at the age of 86 years.

The Rev. James Wetmore, A. M., was the third son of Izrahiah Whitmore, and was born in Middletown, December 31st, 1695 (O. S.) The reader will here observe the change in the spelling of the name from Whitmore to Wetmore, which had been previously alluded to. He was a man of much talent, and very marked religious principles. From him has sprung the most numerous branch of the Wetmore family, including all the Wetmores of New Brunswick. About 140 pages of the Wetmore book are devoted to this man and his descendants. He was a graduate of Yale College, where he took the degree of A. B. in September, 1714, and that of Master of Arts in September, 1717. At an early age James Wetmore studied for the ministry, and, as there were no theological seminaries in those days, students of divinity were obliged to pursue their studies with the various clergymen of the country.

In 1718 he was called to North Haven, Conn., and in the fall of that year he was ordained the first Congregational minister of that place. About four years after his ordination he became involved, in common with several

others, in a rather extraordinary religious controversy, arising out of his uncertainty of mind regarding the validity of their ordination. The controversy caused a great sensation throughout all New England, and eventually became very bitter. Rev. Increase Mather, D. D., and Rev. Cotton Mather, D. D., were appealed to for advice, and in a MS. in the hand-writing of the last named, supposed to have been sent to the brethren in Connecticut, he speaks of "the scandalous conjunction of these unhappy men with the Papists." He also, in the same communication, asks: "How they can lawfully and honestly go on with pastoral ministrations and keep on good terms with the last words in the fourteenth chapter of Romans."

In 1781 a work was published in London, England, entitled, "A General History of Connecticut, by a Gentleman of the Province." This was supposed to have been written by Rev. Samuel Peters, and deals exclusively with the controversy in which Rev. James Wetmore was involved. The compiler of the Wetmore memorial states that "from this same volume we glean the subjoined, which throws some further light upon the circumstances attending Mr. Wetmore's becoming a member of the Established Church, which we think will not only be *interesting* to the Wetmore family, but the casual reader." It will be remembered that Rev. James Wetmore was originally ordained in the Congregationalist Church. This book contains some extraordinary statements and descriptions, among them an account of the Indian pow-wow, which somewhat resembles the custom, until very recently, if not actually now in vogue, among the Indians of the North Shore of the Province of New Brunswick.

An extract from the work attributed to Mr. Peters reads as follows:

"Stratford lies on the west bank of Osootonoc River, having the sea or sound to the south. There are three streets running

north and south, and ten east and west. The best is one mile long. On the centre square stands a meeting house with a steeple and a bell, and a church with a steeple, bell, clock and organ. It is a beautiful place, and from the water has an appearance not inferior to that of Canterbury. Of six parishes contained in it, three are Episcopal. The people are said to be the most polite of any in the colony, owing to the singular moderation of the town in admitting, latterly, Europeans to settle among them. Many persons came also from the islands and southern provinces for the benefit of their health.

“Here was erected the first Episcopal church in Connecticut. A very extraordinary story is told concerning the occasion of it, which I shall give to the reader the particulars of, the people being as sanguine in their belief of it as they are of the ships sailing over New Haven.

“An ancient religious rite called the pow-wow was commonly celebrated by the Indians, and commonly lasted several hours every night for two or three weeks. About 1690 they convened to perform it on Stratford Point, near the town. During the nocturnal ceremony, the English saw, or imagined they saw, devils rise out of the sea, wrapped up in sheets of flame, and flying round the Indian camp, while the Indians were screaming, cutting and prostrating themselves before their fiery gods. In the midst of the tumult, the devils darted in among them, seized several, and mounted into the air. The cries and groans issuing from them quieted the rest. In the morning, the limbs of Indians, all shrivelled, and covered with sulphur, were found in different parts of the town. Astonished and terrified at these spectacles, the people of Stratford began to think the devils would take up their abode among them, and called together all the ministers in the neighbourhood to exorcise and slay them.

“The ministers began, and carried on their warfare with prayers, hymns and adjuration; but the pow-wows continued, and the devils would not obey. The inhabitants were about to quit the town when Mr. Nell spoke and said, “I would to God that Mr. Visey,* the Episcopal minister at New York, was here, for he would expel these evil spirits.” They laughed at his advice; but on his reminding them of the little maid who directed Naaman to a cure for his leprosy, they voted him their permission to bring Mr. Visey at the next pow-wow. Mr. Visey attended accordingly, and as the pow-wow commenced with howlings and

* Rev. Mr. Visey was rector of Trinity Church, New York.

whoops, Mr. Visey read portions of the Holy Scriptures, Litany, etc. The sea was put into great motion. The pow-wows stopped. The Indians dispersed, and never more held pow-wows in Stratford. The inhabitants were struck with wonder at this event, and held a conference to discover the reason why the devils and pow-wowers had obeyed the prayers of one minister, and had paid no regard to those of fifty. Some thought that the reading of the Holy Scripture, others that the Litany and the Lord's Prayer, some again that the Episcopal power of the minister, and others that all united were the means of obtaining the heavenly blessing they received.

“Those who believed that the Holy Scriptures and Litany were effectual against the devil and his legions, declared for the Church of England; while a majority ascribed their deliverance to a complot between the devil and the Episcopal minister, with a view to overthrow Christ's vine, planted in New England. Each party acted with more zeal than prudence. The church, however, increased, though oppressed by more persecutions and calamities than ever experienced by Puritans from bishops and pow-wowers. Even the use of the Bible, the Lord's Prayer, the Litany, or any part of the Prayer Book, was forbidden. Nay, ministers taught from their pulpits, according to the Blue Laws, that the lovers of Zion had better put their ears to the mouth of hell and learn from the whispers of the devil than read the bishop's books, while the churchmen, like Michael the archangel, contending with the devil about the body of Moses, dared not bring against them a railing accusation. But this was not all. When the Episcopalians had collected timber for a church, they found the devils had not left the town, but only changed their habitations—had left the savages and entered into fanatics and wood. In the night, before the church was to be begun, the timber set up a country dance, skipping about and flying in the air, with as much agility and sulphurous stench as ever the devils had exhibited around the camp of the Indians pow-wowers. This alarming circumstance would have ruined the credit of the church, had not the Episcopalians ventured to look into the phenomenon, and found the timber to have been bored with augurs, charged with gunpower, and fired off by matches—a discovery of bad consequence in one respect, it has prevented annalists of New England from publishing this among the rest of their miracles.

About 1720 the patience and sufferings of the Episcopalians, who were then but a handful, procured some friends, even among their persecutors, and these friends condemned the cruelty

exercised over the Churchmen, Quakers, and Anabaptists, in consequence of which they first felt the efforts of those gentle weapons in New England, whisperings and backbitings, and were at length openly stigmatised as Arminians and enemies of the American vine. This conduct of the *Sober Dissenters* increased the grievous sin of moderation ; and near twenty ministers, at the head of which was Dr. Cutler, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Whitmore and Mr. Brown, who repaired to England for orders. Dr. Cutler had the misfortune to spend his life and great abilities in the fanatical, ungrateful, and factious town of Boston, where he went through fiery trials, shining brighter and brighter, till he was delivered from New England persecution, and landed *where the wicked cease from troubling*. Dr. Johnson, from his natural disposition, and not for the sake of gain, took pity on the neglected church of Stratford, where he fought the beast of Ephesus with great success. The doctor was under the bountiful protection of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, incorporated by William the Third, to save from the rage of republicanism, heathenism and fanaticism, all such members of the Church of England as were settled in our American colonies, factories and plantations beyond the sea. To the foresight of that monarch, to the generous care and protection of that society under God, are owing all the loyalty, decency, Christianity, undefiled with blood, which glimmer in New England. Dr. Johnson having settled at Stratford, among a nest of zealots, and not being assassinated, other dissenting ministers were induced to join themselves to the Church of England, among whom were Mr. Beach and Mr. Punderson. These gentlemen could not be wheedled off by the Assembly and Consociation ; they persevered and obtained names among the literati that will never be forgotten.

The compiler of the Wetmore Memorial remarks that :
“ The sentiments of this enthusiastic churchman and loyalist, which we have so extensively quoted, should be read by the *younger* members of the family, with several degrees of allowance.

Mr. Wetmore received his ordination as a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church from the hands of the Right Reverend Edmund Gibson, D.D., Lord Bishop of London, England, whither he had repaired for that purpose.

While in London, he received from the Society for Propagating the Gospel, the appointment of catechist to Trinity Church, New York, in the place of Rev. Mr. Neau. He embarked for America soon after receiving his ordination, and arrived in New York, September 24, 1723.

It appears from the proceedings of the last mentioned Society, that he attended to the catechizing of the blacks every Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evenings, at his own house, besides in the church every Sunday before evening service; and that he had sometimes nearly 200 children and servants to instruct.

In 1726 Mr. Wetmore was called to the parish of Rye, and was installed in his parish duties, June 19th, agreeable to the letters of induction of His Excellency Governor Burnett.

In a very long letter, dated Rye, February 20, 1727-8, Mr. Wetmore gives a most interesting account of the Church at Rye, built "in the year 1706, the materials of which are rough stone from the foundation to the roof," and also of the many and serious disadvantages with which he is compelled to labor. This letter has been preserved in the archives at Fulham, I. 683-694.—Dr. Hawks.

In a letter to the Secretary of the Society, dated April 2, 1752, Mr. Wetmore states that "the party disputes which have run high among us for several years, to my great grief, obstruct the success which I might otherwise hope for, in my endeavors to promote a becoming zeal for piety and reformation of manners among the looser sort of my parishioners, which are too numerous."

"I am glad to hear of more visible success among my brethren, especially in Stamford Parish, which I am told flourishes happily, and increases by the dilligent endeavors of good brother Dibblee, who, nevertheless, finds himself hard put to it, to support a family with so small a salary as he has, and I am afraid the zeal of some young men in New England, to undertake the ministry with such slender

supports, and in expectation of more assistance from the poor people, than they will find, may in the end, prove of bad consequence in bringing contempt upon our order."

The date of Mr. Wetmore's marriage, and whom he married, the writer has not been able to ascertain, further than that he was a man of family during his residence in the city of New York, and that his wife's Christian name was Anne, she surviving him until February 29, 1771. He had issue by her, two sons and four daughters.

He died Thursday, 15th May, 1760, and was buried in the old parish burial ground on the northwest side of Blind brook. A plain monumental stone indicates the place, and bears the following inscription, which we are told, was written by his tried friend and fellow-laborer in his Master's vineyard, the Rev. Samuel Johnson, D.D.

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

The Rev. Mr. James Wetmore,

WORTHY, LEARNED AND FAITHFUL MINISTER OF THE
PARISH OF RYE, FOR ABOVE 30 YEARS.

WHO HAVING STRENUOUSLY DEFENDED THE CHURCH WITH HIS PEN

AND ADORNED IT BY HIS LIFE AND DOCTRINE,

AT LENGTH BEING SEIZED OF THE SMALL-POX,

DEPARTED THIS LIFE MAY 15, 1760

ÆTATIS 65.

*Cujus Memoriae sit in
Benedictione sempiterna.*

If any of the readers of this article can supply the surname of Anne, wife of Rev. James Wetmore, they are requested to communicate with the writer. Some interesting facts regarding Mrs. Wetmore will appear in the next article.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

(To be Continued.)

Acadia and New England.



IN these days of friendly intercourse between New England and the Maritime Provinces, it may not be out of place to look back and consider how the acquaintance began one hundred and fifty years ago. Now we have large and well-equipped steamships running at frequent intervals from Boston to St. John, Yarmouth, Halifax and Cape Breton, and express trains with sleepers, parlor cars and diners running daily from Boston to St. John, Halifax and Sydney.

The summer tourists and sportsmen of New England seeking health and recreation find no more attractive regions than the St. John River, the Annapolis Basin and the Bras D'or Lakes; and the enterprising young men and women of Acadia find their best chances of employment in the cities and towns of Massachusetts Bay.

In those early days the intercourse was different, and the civilities exchanged were of a far different character.

In 1740 Acadia, or Nova Scotia, according to the claim of its inhabitants, embraced not only all the country surrounding the Bay of Fundy, but all the main land as far west as the Kennebec River.

The year 1745 witnessed events which did much to familiarize the Yankee settlers on Massachusetts Bay, not only with the natural beauties, but also with the exceptional features of the harbors and shores of Cape Breton viewed from a military and naval standpoint. I refer to the siege of Louisburg. It is said that the expedition against Louisburg was projected by a tanner, planned by a lawyer and executed by a merchant at the head of a body of husbandmen and mechanics. But to the surprise

of the world it resulted, by reason of a series of fortunate accidents, in a triumphant success. Six hundred and fifteen men in all went from New Hampshire. Massachusetts and Maine sent about 3,300, and Connecticut about 450.

There was hardly a town in New England that was not represented. Andover, Massachusetts, had at least two captains (Captain James Stevens and Captain James Frye), who took part in the siege with the soldiers under them. At least fifteen who went from this town laid down their lives in the King's service. The survivors from Andover and vicinity, with the representatives of those who perished, were granted a township in York County, Maine, as recompense for their services in the expedition against Cape Breton.

For the "famous victory" which cost so much loss of life, great rejoicings were had in New England. In the Old South church in Boston the Rev. Mr. Prince preached a sermon, entitled, "Extraordinary Events in the Doings of God and Marvellous in Pious Eyes."

Now that Boston is largely lighted with gas manufactured from Cape Breton coal, shipped from the harbor of Louisburg, another sermon with the same title would not be out of place in the Old South church in Boston.

The acquaintance of Andover and Andover men with Acadia, which began at Louisburg in 1745, did not end there. When ten years later, in 1755, Major General John Winslow built Fort Halifax and expelled the hapless Acadians from Nova Scotia, he was ably assisted by Major Joseph Frye, of Andover.

The neutrality of the Acadians was viewed with suspicion, being bound, as they were, by ties of blood and religion to the cause of the enemy. Therefore, to prevent all trouble from them, they were taken from their homes, put on board vessels and sent off to all parts of the States to spend in exile a wretched existence. Families were sundered,

children sent to one town, parents to another, according as they chanced to be separated on board the vessels to which they were driven at the point of the bayonet.

After the villagers had been driven out, their houses were set on fire, and as they sailed away they saw the flames of their beloved homes redden the skies.

In the destruction of the Acadian villages, the force under Major Frye, of Andover, took an active part. From all that can be gathered in regard to him, it would seem that this officer was a humane and remarkably tender-hearted man, and his military duty which he was called upon to perform must have been exceedingly repugnant to his feelings.

From the soldiers under his command in the expedition to Acadia, he received a silver tankard as a testimonial of their regard. It is still in the possession of his descendants. It bears the following inscription :

To Joseph Frye, Esq.,

COLONEL AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FORCES

IN THE SERVICE OF THE PROVINCE OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY,

AND LATE

MAJOR OF THE SECOND BATTALION

OF GENERAL SHIRLEY'S PROVINCIAL REGIMENT.

THIS TANKARD

**FROM A JUST SENSE OF HIS CARE AND CONDUCT OF THE
TROOPS WHILE UNDER HIS COMMAND AT NOVA SCOTIA
AND A PROPER RESENTMENT OF HIS PATERNAL REGARD
FOR THEM SINCE THEIR RETURN TO NEW ENGLAND IS**

PRESENTED BY

HIS MOST HUMBLE SERVANTS

THE OFFICERS OF THE SD. BATTALION.

Boston, April 2d, 1757.

The dislike and distrust felt at first towards the poor Acadians thus brought into Massachusetts was very great owing to the prejudice against their nation and their religion. This appears in an address presented to the Governor, deprecating their residence here, especially their being quartered in Boston :

“ The receiving among us so great a number of persons whose gross bigotry to the Roman Catholic religion is notorious, and whose loyalty to his Majesty is suspected, is a thing very disagreeable to us.”

“ Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed ;
Friendless, homeless, hopeless they wandered from city to city.
Friends they sought and homes ; and many, despairing, heart-
broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a
fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the church-
yards.”

The Acadian exiles were sent to the various towns in New England, and the selectmen were ordered to bind out to service all children for whom places could be found. Thus many were torn from their parents and put to serve hard task masters and to perform heavy toils.

In the execution of these (perhaps under the circumstances necessary) orders, instances of great inhumanity occurred, actual violence being used to separate parents and children.

One aged Acadian petitioned the General Court of Massachusetts, stating his suffering at the hands of town officers, that his hands and feet were tied, and he was nearly strangled to prevent his running after and calling out to his children who were carried away.

Some of these Acadians drew up a joint petition to the General Court, praying for a redress of their grievances. It is signed by persons from Chelmsford, Waltham, Oxford, Concord, Worcester and Andover, all in Massachusetts. The signers from Andover were Jacques Esbert and

Joseph Vincent. (See Massachusetts Archives, Volume XXIII, p. 49).

The Andover officials, spelling according to the spoken pronunciation, wrote the name Jacques Esbert, "Jockey Bear," and after a time the Acadians adopted the Anglicized name.

The following is a copy of the petition :

" A Son Excellence Le Gouverneur General de la Province de Massachusetts Bay de la Nouvelle Engleterre et au Honorable Gentilhommes du Conseile :

" Nous avons pris la liberte de vous presenter cette Requete, comme nous sommes en chagrin par Rapart a nos enfans. La perte que nous avons souffris de nos habitations et d'etre amene icy, et nos separations Les un des autres n'est Rien a Compare' a cell que nous trouvon a present, que de prendre nos enfans par force devant nos yeux. La nature mesme ne peut souffrir cela. S' il etait dans notre pouvoir d' avoir notre chois, nous choisirions plustot de prendre nos corps et nos ames que d' etre separe' d' eux. C' est pourquoy nous vour prions en grace et a vous, honours que vous aye' La bonte' d'apaiser cette crueltey. Nous ne Refussons au commencement de travailler pour l'entretienne de nos enfans, moyennant que si c'etait suffert pour nos familles. Vous priant en grace que d' avoir Le bonté d' avoir egart a notre Requete ; ains font ; vous obligerai votre tres humble et tres obeissent serviteurs. "

" at Chelmsford.....Jean Lendrey.
 " at Oxford.....Claude Bennois.
 " at ConcordClaude LeBlanc,
 Charle Daigne,
 Pier LeBlanc.
 " at WorcesterAugustin Blanc.
 " at AndoverJaque Esbert,
 Joseph Vincent.
 " at WalthamAntoine Esbert."

This petition had the effect to procure an order that there should be no more binding out of children, but that houses should be provided for each family that they might "keep together."

In February, 1756, twenty-two of these Acadians were sent to Andover to live. The record of the selectmen (see Massachusetts Archives, Vol. XXIII, p. 44) reads: "Germain Laundry, his wife, seven sons and thirteen daughters, and one born since, making in all twenty-three who came to town."

Another record (see Massachusetts Archives, Vol. XXIV, p. 47), thus gives this account:

"There is twenty-six of the afores'd French which we keep in three Distinck places, that so they might be more constantly employed, the old man German Laundre is an Infirm man and not capable of any Labour, and in the winter time he was confined to his Bedd and needed a Great deal of Tendance more than his wife could perform, and his son Joseph is under such weekly Scorcomstances that we are obliged to support him altogether.

"There is three families that have eleven children, the oldest of them is not above eight years of age, which their Fathers are not Able to support: there is two young men and four young women that for the most part support themselves."

There are several accounts rendered by the selectmen of Andover of their expense in providing for the support of the French neutrals. Provisions, "pork, beef, Indian meal, pease, beans, sider, etc.," are among the things mentioned as furnished. Also, there is an account, October, 1757, for medicine and attendance by Dr. Abiel Abbot, and for sundries delivered to the French by Mr. Isaac Abbot, retailer, and sundries delivered by Mr. Samuel Phillips. To this account is annexed a memorandum: "Germain Laundry & Joseph his son, Jockey Bear (Jacques Esbert) and Charles Bear (Charles Esbert) have been sick, Indisposed ever since the date of the last account." The last account was dated June, 1757.

After a time houses were provided in Andover for the Acadian families there, and most of them became self-supporting. The family of Jacques Esbert and Charles Esbert were placed in a house on the estate of Mr. Jonathan Abbot. The house was at the time empty, Mr. Abbot.

having lately built a new one. It was, however, a great annoyance to the Puritan farmer to have these tenants,—foreigners and Roman Catholics—quartered near his own residence. But, as his descendants relate, the Acadians completely conquered the prejudice of this family and of the community, and gained the good will of all acquaintances. They were industrious and frugal. The women worked in the fields, pulling flax and harvesting. They practised the rites of their religion in an inoffensive manner, and commended it by their good conduct. When they went away from Andover, Mr. Abbot's family parted from them with sincere regret. Two of them sent a souvenir to Mr. Abbot, which the family still keep, a beautifully carved and polished powder horn, made by their own hands. It is inscribed :

Jonathan Abbot,

HIS HORN MADE IN ALENSTOWN,

APRIL YE 5, 1770.

“ I powder with my brother ball,
Most hero-like doth conquer all.”

It is embellished with figures of animals,—a turtle, a deer, a fox, a dolphin, etc., and also with representations of armies fighting, soldiers in uniform with muskets, sabre, bayonet (all the soldiers with hair tied in queues hanging down behind), also artillery men and field pieces.

In the year 1760 some of the Acadians were removed from Andover and “ set off to the County of Hampshire.”

The names of those in Andover, July 20, 1760, as given in the returns, were the following :

Charles Bear.....	age 36
Margaret Bear	age 24
Molly Bear.....	age 4
Charles Bear.....	age 2
Margaret Bear	age 1
Jno. Laundry	age 26 (weakly)

Mary Laundry.....	age 26
Amon Dupee.....	age 30
Mary, his wife.....	age 29
Mary Joseph.....	age 5
Margaret Dupee.....	age 2
Hermon Dupee... ..	age $\frac{3}{4}$

This picture of the Acadian families at Andover will serve to show what the history of many other such families was in other New England towns.

Providence moves in mysterious ways, and it is clear to us now that the sufferings of the Acadian exiles were not in vain. It was time for the New England settlers to learn that most difficult of all lessons, the lesson of religious toleration.

In 1755 the Church of England was grudgingly allowed a place in New England. In 1780, when the constitution of the new commonwealth of Massachusetts was formed, the fullest toleration was accorded to all religious sects, including the Roman Catholics. Who can say that the example of the Acadians and the inoffensive manner in which they practised the rites of their religion did not help to bring about the change in public opinion which resulted in that perfect freedom to worship God, which now happily exists not only in New England, but also throughout so large a part of the entire world.

In closing, brief mention should be made of that other exodus, not of Acadians from Acadia to New England, but of Loyalists from New England to Acadia, which came with the breaking out of the war between the Colonists and the mother country in 1775. It is a singular fact that the family of the principal actor in the tragedy of the expulsion of the hapless Acadians from Nova Scotia in 1755, twenty years later by the force of events, were compelled to seek a refuge as exiles on the very soil from which the Acadians were expelled. I refer to the family of Major General John Winslow, who was in command of the expedition against Nova Scotia in 1755.

Since that exodus of New England Loyalists to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the ties binding the two sections have become stronger and stronger.

No book of genealogy of any New England family can be made complete without a search of the records of St. John and many other places in the Maritime Provinces. The descendants of the Pilgrims and Puritans cannot forget that they belong to one family, whether their present abiding places be east or west of the St. Croix River. May those family ties be ever held sacred, and, as the years go by, may many ties of blood and friendship make firm and lasting the friendly intercourse between New England and Acadia.

HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

NOTE.—Much of the material for the foregoing article has been taken from "Historical Sketches of Andover," by Miss Sarah Loring Bailey.

The Maniac.

Cold as the nether deeps of polar sea,
 And storm-swept as the peak that scrapes the sky,
 His soul glares outward with a wordless cry ;
 His hands, through gratings, grasp immensity !
 Matted and worn and pale—with whelming glee
 He screams to phantoms sweeping wildly by ;
 Phantoms, wolf-eyed—intent to kill or die,
 Or crush the Universe to anarchy !

A piping thrush begins his simple lay,
 And, straightway, gibing apes with clasped hands
 Dance to his music on far, golden sands
 Where shines the summer sun through endless day !
 A chime—from green fields, fragrant, undefiled,
 Lo ! through his grating, smiles a little child !

CHARLES CAMPBELL.

Lost in the Forests of Acadia in 1677.

BY THE LATE EDWARD JACK.



IN A WINTER morning in the year 1677 a party comprising Father Christian LeClerc, M. Henaut de Barbau-cannes, a French gentleman who at that date carried on farming at Nepisiguit, on the Bay of Chaleur, and an Indian with his squaw, who carried a baby in her arms, left the mission at the mouth of that river, the clergyman having been called upon by a deputation of Micmacs from the Miramichi some time previously to visit and instruct them. The provisions which they had prepared for the journey consisted of twenty-four small loaves, five to six pounds of flour, three pounds of butter, and a small barrel made of bark, which contained a little brandy. The father had been provided by the religious ladies, "Hospitalières" of Quebec, with a box of confection of hyacinth, a medicine then much in vogue.

Each of the party took his blanket and loaded himself with his pack, in which was part of the food needed for the journey, the squaw taking only her "papoose," which was indeed load enough, as the sequel will show. This infant Father LeClerc had baptized before leaving, giving him the name of Pierre. Having put on their snow-shoes, they began their journey, continuing it for a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, until the approach of night warned them to prepare a camp, which they did by making a hole in the snow four or five feet deep by means of their snow-shoes. As soon as the earth was reached, the squaw covered it with fir boughs, which she had been gathering

while the others had been digging out the snow. M. Henaut and the Indian cut and gathered wood enough to keep the party warm during the night. After supper was over they were a little disappointed at the loss of their brandy, which had nearly all ran out of a hole in the barrel, although they had taken care to gum it well. The party did not discover their loss until they wanted a glass after their meal.

The little that was left was, however, at once distributed among them, after which they laid down on the boughs, with their blankets around them, and slept well, the bright moon and stars shining directly on them.

After breakfast next morning, and after having adjusted their packs and put on their snow-shoes, they again continued their journey, following the shores of the Nepisiguit to a rapid then known as *Seals Rapid*. From this there were two trails to the Forks of the Miramichi, one which lead through the burnt land being shorter than the other, but more difficult to follow. Father LeClerc being very anxious to reach his new mission field as soon as possible, resolved to take the route which lead through the burnt woods, which district we will allow him to describe in his own words :

“In order that what is meant by the *burnt woods* may be understood, I may tell you that one day, at a time of extraordinary drought, the sky seeming all on fire, full of storms and thunderings, which roared and re-echoed from all parts, the lightning seized upon not only all of the woods and forests between the Miramichi and Nepisiguit rivers, but also burned and destroyed more than one hundred and fifty leagues of the country, so that nothing was to be seen but the blackened trunks of very high trees, whose frightful sterility bore the marks of a general and altogether surprising conflagration. This vast extent of country is, during the winter, always covered by snow, nothing to be seen there but bushes and small shrubs, which seem more like islands two or three leagues distant from each other than the woods or forests of Canada. In a word, this fire was so furious and violent that the flames darted from one bank of the river, seizing upon the other,

whence it happens that the moose and beaver did not make their appearance there until long after this sad accident. The greatest trouble which this gives to voyagers who traverse those burnt woods is that they can neither find a spot to camp in, sheltered from the wind, nor wood suitable to warm one's self with. Yet it was in these sad solitudes, a thousand times more frightful than those of Arabia Petraea, that we were wandering, because we wished to follow the tracks of some Indians who were hunting beaver, and, desiring to examine the turns and detours of these Indians and of these animals, we took a wrong road, and strayed from that which was without doubt the more correct and certain."

For three days the party wandered in this desert until they became nearly exhausted from fatigue and suffering. The next day they continued their route under additional difficulties, owing to a great quantity of snow which had fallen during the preceding night, and in which their snowshoes sank deeply; the fatigue and want of food, having but a morsel of bread to eat each day, the Indian and Father LeClerc became exhausted, while the poor squaw and her little child excited the compassion of all.

M. Henaut was the only one who preserved his courage, breaking the road with his snowshoes through the new fallen snow, the Indian following with his wife and child behind him, Father LeClerc being the last of the troop as one most unused to this life. At this point M. Henaut disclosed to the father that they had been lost for three days, and that the party must now go where it pleased God to conduct them.

It was then snowing, and they had to continue walking until night in order to find a place to camp in. For three days they had eaten only a small morsel of bread in the evening; this failed and they were compelled to have recourse to the flour which the Indian had in his pack, and they were reduced to the necessity of thinning two or three pinches of it in the morning and evening with a kettle full of boiling snow water, which it seemed to whiten rather than to nourish them. M. Henaut consoled Father

LeClerc by telling him that if the worst came he had two pair of Indian moccasins and a piece of old hide, and that they could boil and eat them together.

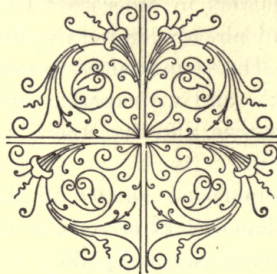
That night there was a cold north wind which pierced them to the heart, and as they could find no wood to warm themselves with during the night, they arose and left their camp before day. Here Father LeClerc says: "I came very near being swallowed up in a deep ditch which was covered with snow, from which I was drawn out with great difficulty. I may, indeed, say that I had been done for had I not, by a singular happiness, encountered a large tree which was across the ditch, and on which I remained awaiting the assistance which was given me to get out of this horrible danger in which I saw myself exposed to within a finger's breadth of death." He had hardly gone a gun shot from this, and was crossing a small river when one of his snowshoes broke and he fell into the water up to his waist, and thus compelling the party to camp in order that he might dry his clothes and prevent his being frozen. Here their flour failing, hunger drove them away at early morning to search for what providence would give them. They walked the whole day making, however, but little progress. Here Father LeClerc was most agreeably startled on hearing a cry of joy and surprise from M. Henaut and the Indian, who had at that moment discovered the fresh track of an Indian's snowshoe which they followed, and although these Indians seldom return on the snow-shoe track which they make in the morning, this one fortunately did it, and although surprised at seeing the new tracks, but observing that the tracks made were those of very tired people, he concluded to follow them up so as to afford as early relief to the sufferers as possible. Here the Father says, "A kind of muffled sound, caused by the shaking of his snow-shoes and the movement of the branches across which he was obliged to walk, compelled me to turn my head so as to discover

from what direction it proceeded. You may judge of the joy which I experienced in seeing this charitable Indian who was coming to us to show us our road by that which you would have experienced yourself under similar circumstances." After making ready a camp for the party, he made them a present of a partridge which he had killed. Shortly after he secured two more at one shot from their roost on the branches of a fir, and the three were put in the kettle for the supper of the whole five. The Indian who had met them was charitable enough in his own way, but yet having an eye to business, so he offered to act as their guide and pilot them out of the forest on condition of receiving two dozen blankets, a barrel of flour, three of Indian corn, a dozen cloaks, ten guns, with powder and lead, besides a variety of other things. The party never passed a more agreeable night, but had to leave next morning without partaking of any food.

"About four o'clock in the afternoon, we fortunately found two large porcupines." In the words of Father LeClerc: "These animals, which very much resemble the hedgehog that one sees in France, were denned in the hollow of a tree whose bark they had eaten, and which had served for their food. Commonly, each has his own den, and the Indian was as much surprised as we were to see them both denning together. The one which was taken first was loaded on my shoulders in order that I might take it to the squaw who had already lighted the fire. We made a good meal of it. The soup seemed to us as savoury as a good "consommé;" and we experienced in reality that the proverb is very true, and that there is no better sauce than a good appetite.

The other porcupine we carried to the camp of our Indian, where we found eight persons, in whose attenuated and fleshless countenances could plainly be seen the effects of the little nourishment which they had taken, and the hunger which these poor unfortunates had suffered during

the month they had been camped on the bank of a river where they had fished trout in very small quantity, having not more than four or five for their whole provision. When we arrived where they were these were placed in the pot with our porcupine which we ate together. Early next morning the party started for the residence of M. de Fronsac at the Forks of the Miramichi, but they had hardly gone more than a mile and a half when Father Le Clerc felt so weak and faint that he had to throw himself down on the snow. A slight rest and some of confection of hyacinth, however, enabled him to go on a short distance further, but at length he became so utterly exhausted that they had to cut some wood and make a fire to warm him. This little rest giving him new force, and after walking a mile and and a half further, they arrived during a heavy fall of snow at the fort and house of M. de Fronsac, who did all that he could to restore and comfort them for the fatigue which they had endured.



The Days That are Not.

The path still winds afar,
Where the wealth of daisies are,
And the tangled grasses bend beneath the breeze ;
The swallows sail, and swing,
And the happy woodlands ring,
With melodies of bird-songs in the trees.

The flowery fields are fair,
And the bounding brook is there,
But the scene has lost its old, peculiar joys ;
From the bending blue has fled
The splendor, that it shed,
When I used to go a-fishing with the boys.

The summer sun has lost
The glory that he tossed
On the waves that rippled 'round the bare brown feet ;
And I sit and sadly dream
By the wayward-wending stream,
Where I wandered with the boys when life was sweet.

A sadness shrouds the heart,
And the floods of sorrow start,
When memory tells her tale of vanished days ;
When the gray of gloaming falls
On the jewelled western walls,
And I walk again the old familiar ways.

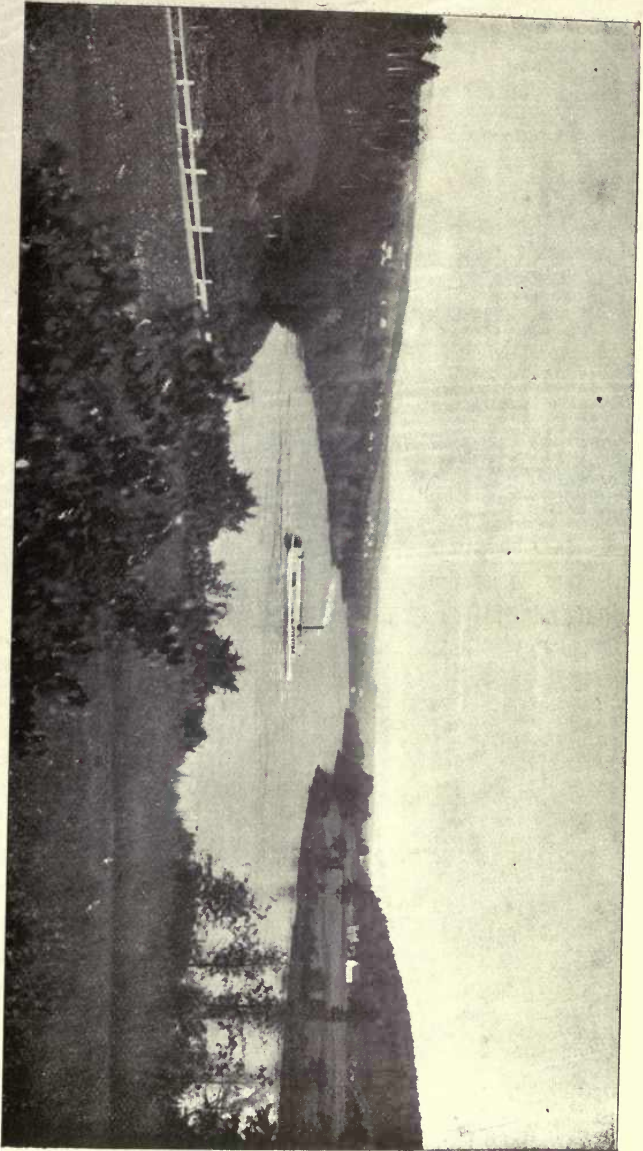
HERBERT L. BREWSTER.

Some Features of New Brunswick Rivers.

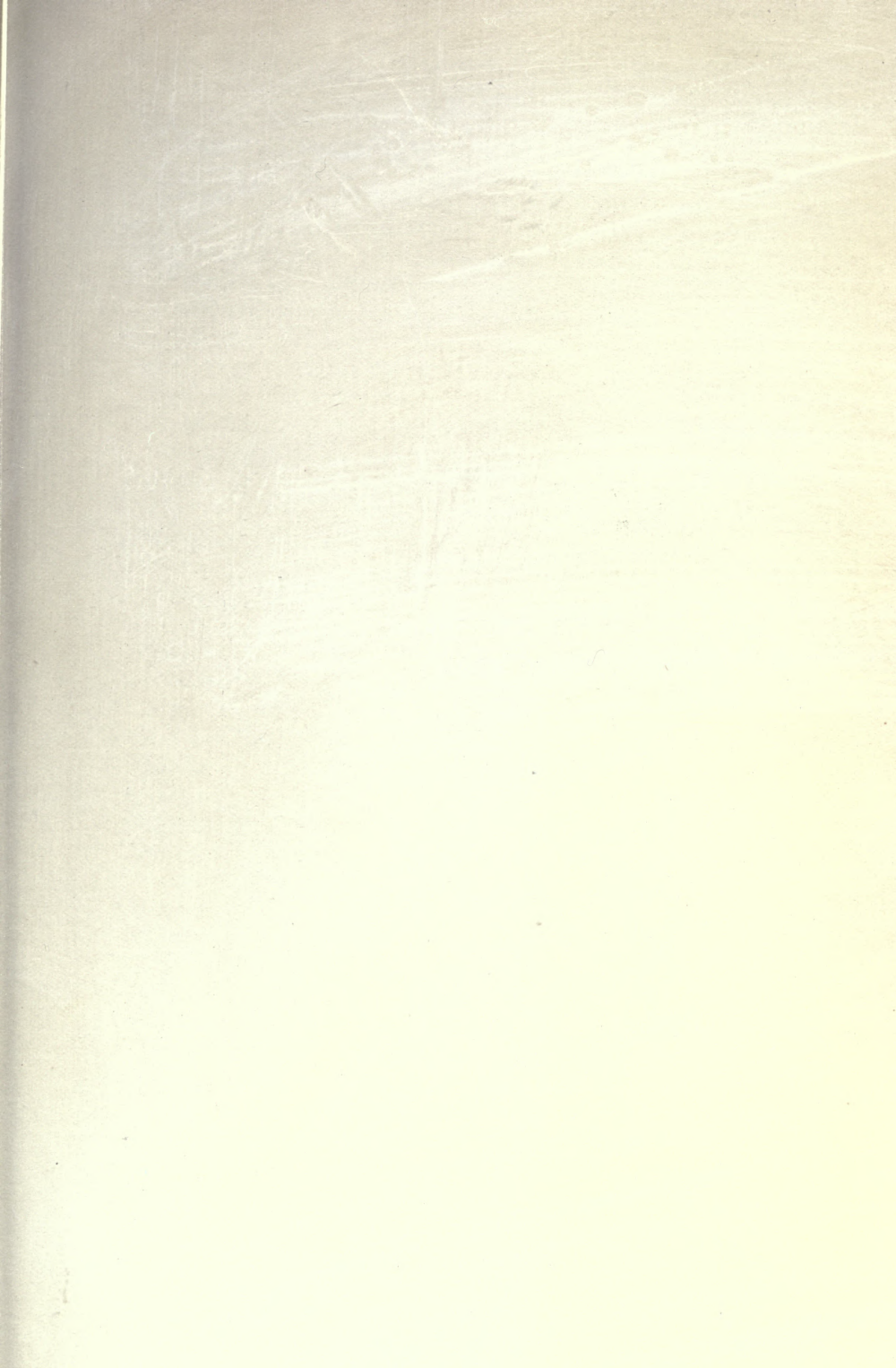


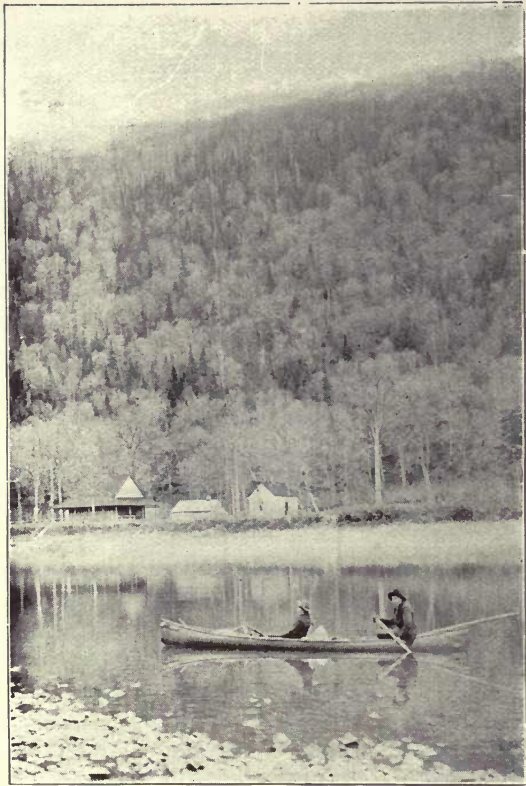
NO NATURAL feature of New Brunswick is more marked or of greater interest than that of its river systems, which, with their countless branches and interlocking sources, water every nook and corner of the province. As a rule, these rivers are much less obstructed by falls and impassible rapids than those of the neighboring regions of Quebec and Maine, and so are more navigable, while affording much less water power. One portage only is made in the whole length of the St. John, while the expert canoeist may descend the Restigouche, Southwest Miramichi, Cains, Salmon, Canaan, Tobique and many other principal streams without a carry. The roughest of all is the Little Southwest Miramichi; the most placid are the lower St. John and its many affluents, such as the Oromocto and Jemseg. How different is this from the vast region of the Laurentides, where, in the entire distance from Labrador to Lake Superior, no large river is found without a series of cataracts and rapids, so wild that no canoe could live a moment in their seething waves and whirlpools. Thus, in descending the Ottawa, thirty-two portages, some of them several miles long, occur between Lac des Quinze and Montreal, while the Saguenay is a mere succession of wild cataracts between Lake St. John and Chicoutimi. All the principal rivers of central and southern Maine, notably the Saco, Androscoggin and Kennebec, contain numerous impediments to navigation.

A closer resemblance to our more rapid native streams is found in many rivers of the Gaspé peninsula, such as the Grand Cascapedia and Bonaventure. In the beautiful clearness of their waters, also, the streams of Northern



SAINT JOHN RIVER, ABOVE FREDERICTON.





ON THE NEPISIGUIT.

New Brunswick and Gaspé contrast most favorably with the dark-hued waters to the west and south. In the pale green pools of the Restigouche and Green River, especially, the fish are seen swimming many feet below the surface. We have no such muddy waters as the lower Ottawa.

Yet New Brunswick rivers, in spite of their normal tranquility, do not lack bits of rugged scenery. Our Grand Falls, while far surpassed by Niagara and the Grand Falls in Labrador, and somewhat inferior to the Shawanegan Falls of the St. Maurice, the High Fall of the Lievre, and possibly one or two other cataracts of the Great Northeast, is yet finer than any fall in New England, while the aspects of its magnificent gorge are varied and impressive. The falls of the Nepisiguit, Pollet River and the Sisson Branch of the Tobique, as also the Tobique Narrows, the Pokiok Fall, and the remarkable tidal fall at St. John, make highly picturesque scenery. Our highest vertical cascade, alone exceeding one hundred feet, that of Fall Brook on the Miramichi, is far inferior in volume and less than half as high as Montmorenci and numerous falls of the Quebec wilderness.

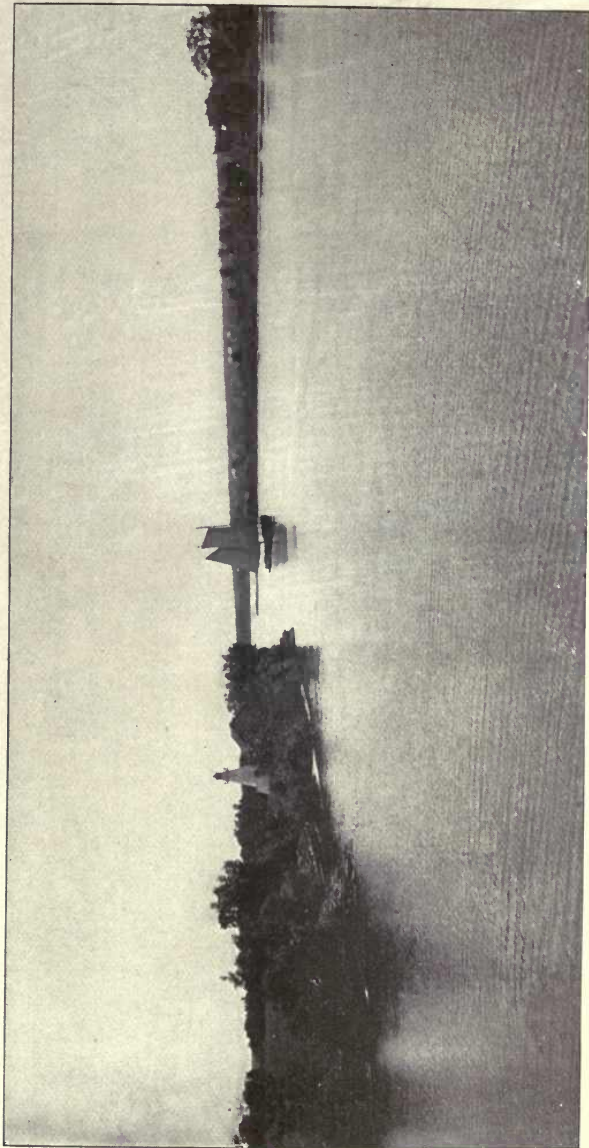
In lake scenery we cannot compare with the Laurentides or the lacustrine regions of central Maine, yet a prettier little water than Nictau Lake, nestling among the forest-clad mountains near the geographical centre of our great northern wilderness, would be hard to find. Others of our central and southern lakes, and the large Chiputneticook Lakes on the border, with their deep bays and boulder-strewn capes, present much fine scenery. None of our lakes have great depth.

In New Brunswick the larger rivers, excepting a few discharging into the Bay of Fundy, have their most rapid descents in the interior wilderness, while in Maine the principal rivers descend rapidly from a central plateau, supporting many large towns by their magnificent water powers. In this respect Quebec more resembles Maine.

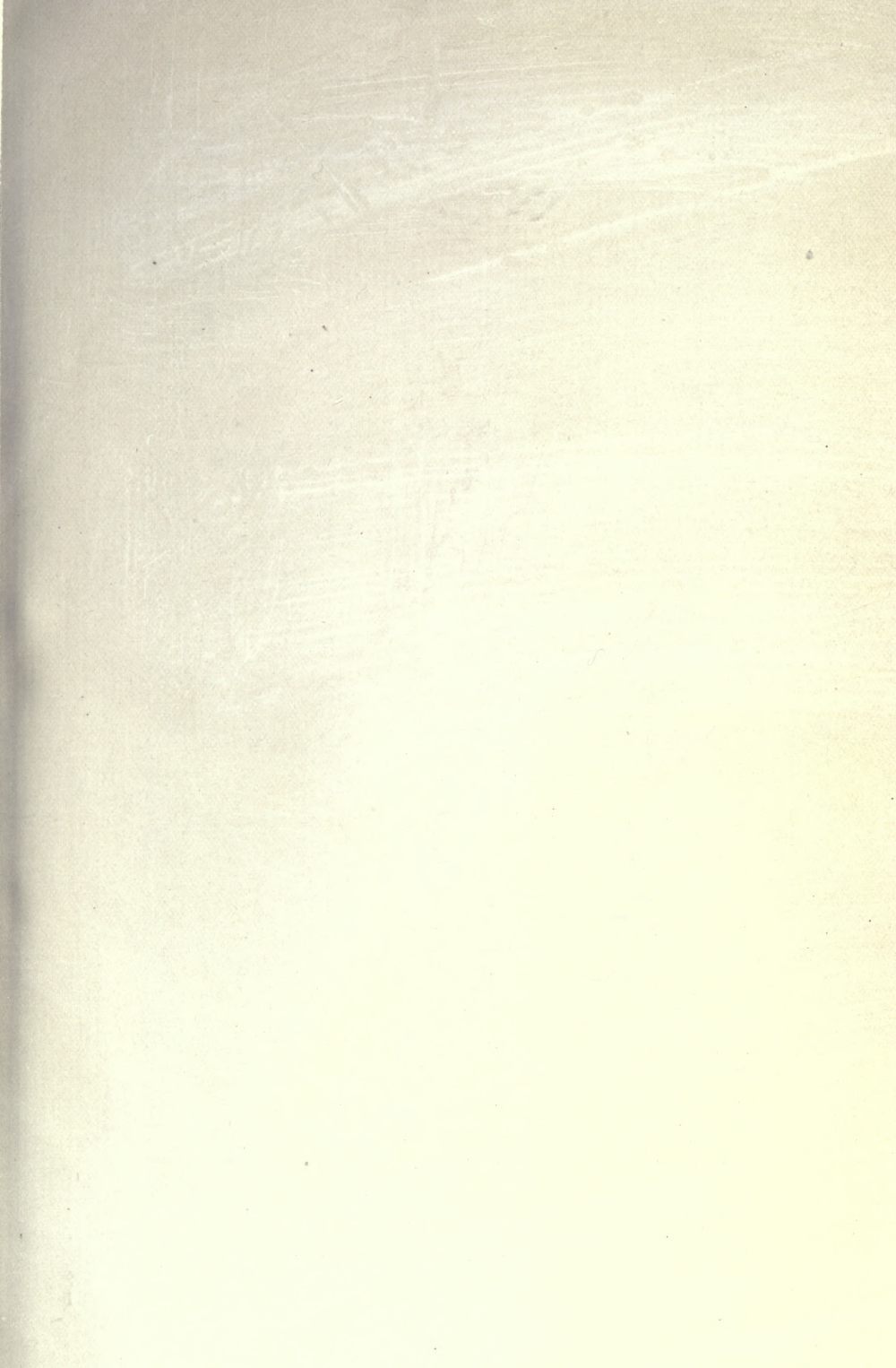
One result is that large game, in Maine, generally seen by the canoeist, as he glides over the myriad ponds and deadwaters, while the game in our province, in hot weather, excepting the lake regions of the Tobique and Little South-west Miramichi, more commonly frequent small isolated ponds. The New Brunswick rivers of greatest average descent per mile are the Right Hand Branch of the Tobique, the Nepisiguit, and certain branches of the Miramichi, all flowing from a common watershed. Green River and the Quatawamkedgwick are also beautiful sparkling waters, with fine mountain and forest scenery.

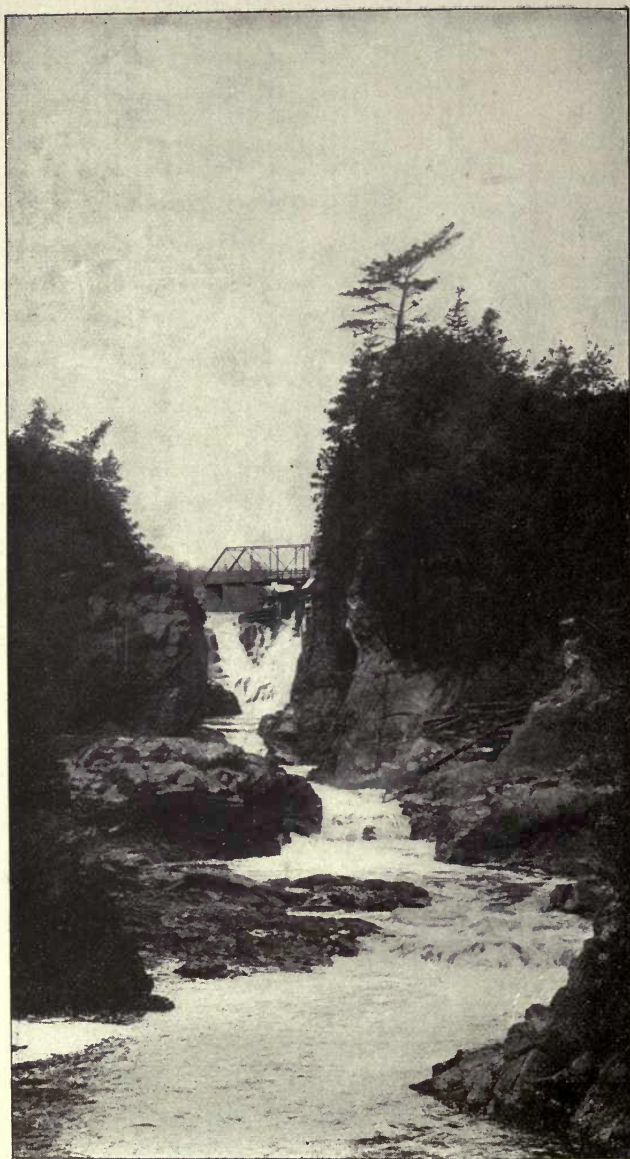
Most streams of rapid flow in central and southern New Brunswick become so low in the late summer that navigation, even by canoe, is difficult or quite impracticable, while the Restigouche, Quatawamkedgwick, Tobique, Green, Madawaska and St. Francis rivers, in the north, have always an ample flow. It remains to be seen how continued forest denudation by fire and pulp mill will still more affect these conditions. Some forty years ago the St. John, which discharges more water into the sea annually than any other river of the Atlantic coast between Nova Scotia and Florida, except the tortuous and many-branched Susquehanna, was navigable for flat-bottomed steamers above Fredericton, except in a few weeks of the very lowest water, whereas now the channel is unnavigable by steam for more than half the summer. Most rapid rivers of New England and Southern Quebec present similar conditions, but the great Laurentian streams, where not obstructed by falls and rapids, usually flow in narrower and deeper channels.

New Brunswick rivers, aside from the extraordinary fiord-like expansions of the lower St. John, flow either in single channels or between sedimentary islands of their own deposit, while the erratic streams of the Laurentides often divide into many parallel channels separated by rocky



SAINT JOHN RIVER, NEAR GAGETOWN.





MAGAGUADAVIC FALLS, SAINT GEORGE.

PHOTO, MR. L. A. GRIFFITHS.

islands, resulting purely from erosion. These channels sometimes flow several hundred miles, as in the case of Rupert's River, before uniting, or they may never unite. In the case of French River, so many intricate channels are formed that the scenery resembles that of the Thousand Islands. No New Brunswick lake, so far as known, discharges by more than one outlet, in spite of the very narrow dividing water-sheds, while in Labrador, Quebec and Ontario this feature is common. Thus a single Quebec lake discharges to the Gatineau and upper Ottawa, the divided flow enclosing an island over six hundred miles in circumference. A yet larger island is formed by the overflow of Lake Temigaming, which reaches both the Ottawa River and Lake Huron. So our native waterfalls are rarely, if ever, divided by islands, while in the Laurentides, the rule is the other way, and the Ottawa makes its famous descent at Les Chats in no less than thirteen independent cataracts, separated by rocky wooded islands.

The Nepisiguit and Magaguadavic are the only streams solely within New Brunswick with falls on their lower courses too high for the ascent of salmon and sea trout, while about half the Quebec rivers are thus obstructed. The romantic gorge and cascades of the Aroostook are not sufficient to arrest the up-stream progress of a few lively salmon, but the Grand Falls is, of course, an effectual bar. The Green River and upper Nepisiguit afford our best angling waters not attainable by sea-going fish. Salmon have quite disappeared from the rivers of Massachusetts, where, in colonial days, they were abundant, are now very scarce in Maine and have ceased to frequent many New Brunswick rivers, most notably the lower branches of the St. John. The progress of settlement on the Miramichi and Restigouche is likely, in time, by the inevitable pollution of the waters, to drive them from these rivers also, until ultimately they will alone resort to where they

are now most plentiful, the many waterways of Northern Quebec and Labrador.

Most of our New Brunswick river scenery, while lacking in grandeur, is yet very charming and reposeful, a panorama of sylvan slopes and alluvial valleys, an alternation of rapid dashes over ledges and sand bars, with pools and eddies, where hide the trout and salmon, while excellent tenting sites, abundant fuel, and numerous cold rivulets and springs, make the province a justly favored resort for naturalist and sportsman.

JOSEPH WHITMAN BAILEY.



An Act for the Importation of Salt Into Nova Scotia, 1761.

The following Act, interesting as material toward a history of colonial trade in Nova Scotia, is reprinted verbatim from a copy of the rare, original printed edition in the New York Public Library. In will be remembered that the then Province of Nova Scotia included the whole of the present Province of New Brunswick, the latter being set off in 1784. On the 16th of August in that year General Thomas Carleton was appointed Governor of the new Province.

VICTOR H. PALTSITS.

Anno Regni
GEORGII III.
REGIS

Magnæ Britannicæ, Franciæ, & Hiberniæ,

SECUNDO.

At the Parliament begun and holden at *Westminster*, the Nineteenth Day of *May*, Anno Dom. 1761, in the First Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord GEORGE the Third, by the Grace of God, of *Great Britain, France, and Ireland*, King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

And from thence continued by several Prorogations to the Third Day of November following; being the First Session of the Twelfth Parliament of Great Britain.



LONDON.

Printed by *Mark Baskett*, Printer to the King's most Excellent Majesty; and by the Assigns of *Robert Baskett*.

1762.

Anno fecundo
Georgii III. Regis.

CAP. XXIV.

An Act for Importing Salt from Europe into the
 Colony of *Nova Scotia* in *America*.

Preamble.



Hereas Doubts have arisen, whether His Majesty's Subjects may lawfully import Salt directly from any Foreign Port in *Europe* into the Colony of *Nova Scotia* in *America* for the Use of the Fishery there, in

like manner as is allowed for the fisheries of *New England* and *Newfoundland*, by virtue of any Act of Parliament made in the Fifteenth Year of the Reign of King *Charles* the Second: And whereas very considerable Establishments have lately been made in the said Colony by Fishermen from different Parts of His Majesty's Dominions, with a View to carry on the Fishery upon the adjacent Banks; In order therefore to remove such Doubts as aforesaid, and for the Encouragement of so valuable a Branch of the Commerce of His Majesty's Subjects, which was one principal Object

of the Settlement of this Colony, and of the Encouragement given by Parliament for the Support of such Settlement, May it please Your most Excellent Majesty that it may be enacted; and be it enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the Authority of the same, That from and after the First of Day of *July*, One thousand seven hundred and sixty two, it shall and may be lawful to and for any of His Majesty's Subjects to carry and import Salt from any Part of *Europe* into the Colony of *Nova Scotia*, in *British Ships* and Vessels, manned and navigated according to the Act of Parliament made in the Twelfth Year of the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, intituled, *An Act for the encouraging and increasing of Shipping and Navigation*; and in the same Manner as Salt may be imported from *Europe* into *New England* and *Newfoundland*, by an Act made in the Fifteenth Year of the Reign of the said King *Charles* the Second, intituled, *An Act for the Encouragement of Trade*; any Law, Statute, Usage, or Custom to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.

*From and after
1 July 1762.
Salt may be im-
ported by His
Majesty's Sub-
jects from any
Part of Europe
into Nova Sco-
tia, in British
Vessels, navi-
gated accord-
ing to Act 12
Car. II. and in
like manner as
Salt may be im-
ported from
Europe into
New England,
&c.*

FINIS.



Book-Plates.



IN a recent article in *The Independent*, entitled, "Book-Plates and the Collecting of Them," Mr. W. G. Bowdoin, the author of "The Rise of the Book-Plate," remarks that "Prior to 1438 no book-plates are known to have been used, and the earliest one of which collectors have knowledge is not older than 1470." This statement is criticised by Mr. John V. Sears in a well-written and illustrated article in the February number of *The International Printer*.

Mr. Sears claims a very remote origin for the book-plate, and, as he has apparently made a pretty strong case, his line of argument is worthy of perusal. Briefly, it is as follows :

Twenty centuries, broadly speaking, before the invention of printing, the book collector of ancient Rome was wont to mark his books with labels, the same in essential features as those in use to-day. The book was then a roll of manuscript, and, a little later, a codex of tablets or papyrus leaves. In the one case it was slipped into a cylindrical covering of leather or of cane, and in the other it was tied between two boards. In either case, if of value, a label was pasted on the outside inscribed, for example, "Ex Libris, M. Aurelius Antonius" — that is "From the books," or the library "of Marcus Aurelius." Later, when Horace addressed a poem to Mæcenas, the latter had the treasured lines copied in "purple and gold," and enclosed in a handsome case, marked "Ex Libris, C. Clinus Mæcenas." Virgil, limited by straitened circumstances to writing on palimpsests, nevertheless had his manuscripts carefully enclosed and marked "Ex Libris,

P. Virgilius Maro." In some instances the warning word "Res-tituo" was added, and the Ex Libris then might be freely held as reading, "From the library of Virgil. Please return."

That is where the phrase "Ex Libris" came from—the libraries of the scholars and booklovers of ancient Rome. The early printers followed in all respects, so far as they could, the moods existing in manuscript books, and among other things which they copied was the identifying label, beginning with the words, "Ex Libris." It is to be remembered, however, that it is a far cry from the Rome of the Cæsars to the Nuremburg of Faust; and in the long dark period of the Middle Ages and even of the early Renaissance, books were of very little account in the affairs of the world. Literature was, for centuries, in a very low estate; so low, indeed, as to be unknown to the active and powerful classes engaged mainly in the business of war. Books were rare and book collectors rarer still; and if some few of the great ones of the earth are known, at long intervals of history, as possessors of books enough to be regarded as a library, with their arms or escutcheons blazoned thereon, it may yet be said that the book-plate, as it is known to our time, was not known at all in the earlier centuries of the Christian era. It happens, therefore, that most writers on this subject assume, as a matter of course, that the book-plate has no history previous to the invention of printing; an assumption which is true enough in so far as "Ex Libris" was a dead and buried phrase during all the long night of the Dark Ages.

In the January issue of the *Century Magazine* will be found a capital article, entitled, "The Appeal of the Book-Plate, Antiquarian and Artistic," by Mr. Charles Dexter Allen, of Hartford, Connecticut, U. S. A. Mr. Allen is the author of a work upon American Book-Plates, and, in addition to being a member of several literary clubs, is the vice-president of the Ex-Libris Society of London, England.

Mr. Allen has made a long and careful study of Ex-Libris, and may therefore be looked upon as a foremost American authority upon that subject. The article named may be considered as reliable, and well worthy of perusal by those whose tastes and inclinations lie along that path.

From it we learn that the Hon. J. B. Leicester Warren,

(the late Lord de Tabley), an English poet and scholar, wrote the first book on book-plates. This was published in 1880, and has had many successors, dealing with the plates of England, America, France, Germany and Sweden ; but it remains the best book on the subject.

The first known collector of book-plates was a lady, so it is stated, Miss Jenkins, of Bath, England. She began her collection eighty years ago, and it eventually passed into the hands of Dr. Joseph Jackson Howard, who has gathered in the last sixty years over one hundred thousand plates. The book-plate collection of the British Museum is reputed to number two hundred thousand.

Mr. Allen mentions several early American engravers of book-plates ; among others Paul Revere, who was a notable man in the history of the country, and engraved book-plates. He was born in Boston, and was brought up to the trade of a goldsmith, but had no instructor in the art of engraving on copper. Not more than half a dozen plates by him are known. Among the plates already listed in this series of articles is one of William Wetmore, which is exactly similar to that of Rev. Robert G. Wetmore, which has been reproduced, except that just beneath the name of Wetmore will be found engraved in tiny letters, "Revere St."

Of the book-plates which we reproduce in this issue of ACADIENSIS, three are printed directly from the original plates, namely those of Miss Lillie Louisa Muriel Phillips, Mr. J. M. Owen, and his wife, Isabella A. Owen.

No. 28.—Miss Lillie Louisa Muriel Phillips, a young lady now resident in Toronto, is of old Loyalist descent, some of her ancestors settling in Acadian territory at the close of the American Revolutionary War. For the privilege of using the original block the writer is indebted to Mr. E. M. Chadwick, of Toronto.

A letter from that gentleman, dated January 28th, 1902, states that Miss Phillips is a great-grand-daughter



No. 28.





No. 29.



No. 30.

of Mr. Charles Dickson Browne, who formerly lived in a brick house, fronting on the southerly side of Queen Square in this city. Mr. Browne, it will be remembered, was a son of Major Thomas Ingersoll Browne, U. E. L., and his wife Rachael, daughter of Col. Thomas Pearson, U. E. L. Elizabeth Gilbert, daughter of Charles Dickson Browne, married Capt. Thomas Edward Jones, of the 97th Regiment, who was for several years Town Major of Halifax, N. S. Louise Helen, daughter of Capt. Jones, married Edmund William Phillips of Toronto, and it is their daughter who is the subject of the present sketch.

Mr. Chadwick further remarks, with regard to this book-plate, that the butterflies, which are its prominent feature, are especially introduced with reference to Miss Phillips' favorite pursuit of entomology, which she developed when a very young child.

Nos. 29 and 30.—Mr. Jacob Miller Owen, of Annapolis Royal, is Judge of Probates for the County of Annapolis, Nova Scotia, and is one of the well-known members of the Bar in that province. Both he and Mrs. Owen are the possessors of a book-plate. These are, without doubt, the best examples of the modern pictorial book-plate which the writer has yet discovered in this field.

Both of these plates were designed by a personal friend of the owners, Mr. David McN. Stauffer, editor and one of the proprietors of *Engineering News*, New York. Mr. Stauffer has designed many plates, among others, one for Mr. Chauncey Depew, and he is considered one of the good American designers.

In Mr. Owen's plate, the arms and motto around the sword of justice are, of course, the Owen arms. The person of regal and decidedly French appearance, who holds the centre of the stage, so to speak, is Thomas M. Littleton, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in the reign of Edward IV, and author of the well-known work on *Tenures*, written in French, which was afterwards annotated

by Sir E. Coke. Upon the seal attached to the roll, lying upon the book shelves, will be observed the arms of Nova Scotia.

In the book-plate of Mrs. Owen, Mr. Stauffer claims to have depicted her hobbies, such as an appreciation for china, prints, silver, furniture, etc., of quaint and rare design. On the old-fashioned fire-screen are portrayed, very cleverly, the Fairish arms in a lozenge, Mrs. Owen having been a Fairish of Yarmouth. The hopeful motto of the Fairish family, *Spero meliora*, is displayed upon a ribbon. Mrs. Owen, it will be remembered, was the writer of the article upon Charlotte Elizabeth which appeared in an earlier number of this magazine, and therefore requires no introduction to our readers.

The four book-plates which follow are all from the city of Fredericton, and were kindly loaned for the purpose of reproduction by Dr. Charles E. Cameron, being part of his large and valuable collection.

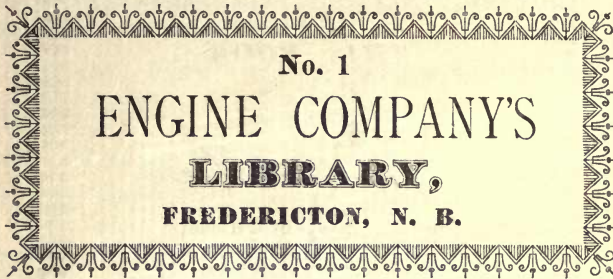
No. 31.—This is evidently a specimen of early local printing, and was, without doubt, designed from a purely utilitarian standpoint. It is poorly printed in black ink upon a cheap blue paper, and in trimming it off for insertion in the volume, care was not even taken that the corners should be cut squarely and evenly. It is without a border and bears the words :

KING'S COLLEGE,



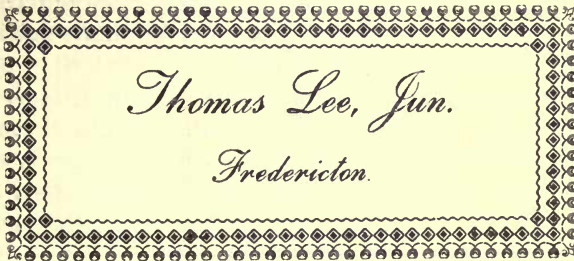
NEW-BRUNSWICK.

No. 32.—The members of No. 1 Engine Company were evidently of a literary disposition, if one may judge from the fact that they owned a library, and took sufficient pride in it to have a neat label, printed on yellow paper, placed in the front of each volume. The writer has not been able to gather much information concerning the



extent of the library or the class of books which it contained. As the company was composed of amateur firemen, it is not at all unlikely that the names of some well-known citizens of Fredericton were upon its roll.

Nos. 33 and 34 were both owned by Thomas Lee, but diligent enquiry among many members of the Lee family has failed to produce any evidence as to the particular individual by whom they were owned. The first of the two examples simply bears the name of the owner, and the locality thus :



The second is more pretentious, and from it one may gather that Mr. Lee was the owner of a modest library, the volume from which the present example is reproduced

being No. 563. It has the further advantage of bearing the owner's autograph, which, like the thumb-print of the Chinese, may yet be the means of identifying its owner.

THIS BOOK

BELONGS TO

Thomas Lee

If thou art borrow'd by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.

Nothing that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
For Books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

—
* * Read slowly, pause frequently, think
seriously, keep clean, return duly, with the
corners of the leaves not turned down.

Should any of our readers be in a position to furnish biographical notes concerning Mr. Lee for future publication, they would be much appreciated.

The present article is curtailed somewhat in order to make room for some very interesting comments upon previous articles, by Mr. E. M. Chadwick, of Toronto, who has given much consideration to book-plates from an heraldic standpoint, and is therefore entitled to speak *ex cathedra*, as it were, upon the subject.

The book-plate of Sir Charles Tupper, a fine example of the armorial plate, as well as several others of interest, will appear in the next article of this series.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

Book-Plates.

The articles published in the ACADIENSIS under the above title are not only interesting in more ways than one, but they are also distinctly valuable as a medium for the recording in the pages of that magazine of personal and genealogical particulars, the value of which will certainly be appreciated in future years, much more than many will at present realize.

From the heraldic point of view, the articles have the further advantage of recording for the information of future generations the armorials of their forefathers, many of which might easily pass out of knowledge if not preserved in some such way. Would it not be possible to extend this department of the magazine beyond the limits of "book-plates," and print the armorials borne by the families of Acadia, so far as it might be practicable to collect them? I have been engaged in a similar work in this province, and have made a very considerable collection—some parts of which have appeared in print—which I hope to dispose of by gift to the provincial, or some other library, so that it shall in future years be public property, and, though in MS., be accessible to all interested.

The armorial book-plates which you have published up to this time are, with two or three exceptions, those of by-gone generations, and are, consequently, all of the Georgian debased period of heraldry. There is, therefore, not one of all those published which is not open to criticism as to the style and manner in which the arms and accessories of ornament are represented. Even some of the more recent ones show the oreilles, or little three-cornered excrescences at the top of the shield, which are a distinguishing mark of the heraldry of that period. Some features of Georgian heraldry survived during a good part of the late queen's reign. I do not expect any engraver to agree with me, but from a heraldic point of view No. 6, William Kenah, if it were relieved of the meaningless wreath, would

be very much the best heraldic work in the whole collection. No. 22 is a neat piece of engraving work, but it omits the helmet, while displaying the mantlings which are an appendage to the helmet and cannot (heraldically) exist without it. The result reminds one of the brim of a hat without the crown, or the strings of a lady's bonnet *sans* the bonnet. No. 8 is stated in the text to be, excepting an error in engraving, an exact reproduction of that of the grandfather of the present user. But (if correctly so described) it contains the non-inheritable arms of the grandfather's wife. This book-plate you justly describe as a fine example of heraldry, and is well worth reproducing in the form proper for the present possessor.

No. 27, King's College, displays a most gross breach of heraldic etiquette, which, indeed, is technically high treason, namely, the assumption of the Royal Arms. It is scarcely conceivable that permission should ever have been given for such assumption, and without it the offence against the Crown is an unpardonable one. Furthermore, King's College can have no right to assume, as a quarter of their arms, the badge of a baronet of Nova Scotia. They should hasten to amend these things, notwithstanding that the errors may have been of long continuance.

. It is hoped that the ACADIENSIS will in later pages have an opportunity of giving its readers some specimens of Victorian heraldic book-plates, of which many beautiful works of art have been of late years, and continue to be, produced in England.

Perhaps I may be permitted to suggest a different origin for the name of Wetmore from that on page 244. On a later page it appears that the name was one of local derivation. "*De Whytemere*, or "of the White Sea or Lake." The name "More" may be of more derivations than one, but ordinarily it is identical with "Moore," and means one dwelling by the moor. Beardmore is of Gaelic derivation, Baird Mor, or the chief or elder bard.

On the Use and Value of Historical Museums.



PROBABLY most of the readers of these lines who have been in the city of Montreal have visited and been charmed by the historical museum in the Chateau Ramezay. Certainly no person interested in the history of Canada should fail to take the first opportunity to see it. Here within the walls of a building, itself replete with historical associations, are gathered together many objects associated with the great persons and events of the country's past. Portraits of the founders and makers of Canada, and other historical pictures, documents, autographs, coats-of-arms, maps, Indian and other antiquities, medals, books, church and other relics, articles from famous historic sites, and many other things of like sort are carefully preserved in proper cases, explained by appropriate labels and a judiciously-arranged catalogue, and accessible every day without cost to all who choose to come. A well-informed and interested custodian is in charge, ready to explain these objects still farther to any earnest inquirer; while in the same building, and readily accessible, is a considerable historical library. Here the thoughtful visitor may feel to the full that charm in the contemplation of historical objects which Crawford so well expressed when he said: "We have an involuntary reverence for all witnesses of History, be they animate or inanimate, men, animals or stones." Wandering at will amid these reminders of his country's past, he finds summoned before him, with a vividness elsewhere impossible, a succession of pictures of the men and the events which have made Canada what she is, a glimpse of the stately procession of a people's march to greatness. It will be strange, indeed,

if he does not thrill with that pride and confidence which are the joy and the strength of patriotism, and if he does not pass from such a building with a better understanding of his duty as a citizen, and a firmer resolve to use every opportunity to promote the public good.

But the Chateau Ramezay, though unquestionably the finest historical museum in Canada, is by no means unique. Most of the larger cities, and many of the smaller towns of the United States possess them. That in the old State House in Boston, and the charming old museum at Deerfield, Massachusetts, are good types. It is, however, as would be expected, in Europe that such museums are best developed and most highly valued. In Germany, for example, they are very numerous, and are developed to a high degree of historical and educational perfection. Usually they are placed in some historical building, and often the highest architectural skill and great sums of money have been lavished to secure a combination of proper arrangements for the display of the objects with a pleasing architectural effect and a retention of the essential historical features of the structure. The great Germanic Museum in the ancient city of Nuremberg, is one of the best types of what such an institution should be. All such museums show certain common characteristics; they are under the control of a local historical society; they contain collections, well-labelled and well-catalogued, which are partly gifts and partly loans; they have, connected with them, an historical library; they are open free to visitors, if not every day, then certain days of each week; they are in charge of experienced custodians who are enthusiasts in such work, and whose desire is to make them as useful as possible to the public. The advantages of such museums are manifest enough. They are, above all, public educators, fostering knowledge of local men and events, thereby stimulating local interest and pride; they are invaluable adjuncts of historical education in the

schools, providing an object lesson far more suggestive and illustrative than any text-book can possibly be ; they stimulate research into local history and an appreciation of the value of historical objects and places ; finally (a consideration not to be despised) they are a great attraction to visitors from other parts of the country and from abroad. Most tourists are interested in the history of the places they visit, and will go, other things being equal, to those places in which the history is made accessible and attractive. The establishment of historical museums is not simply an accompaniment of advancing civilization ; it is also, in a certain way, a measure of it.

Where is New Brunswick's historical museum ?

The history of New Brunswick, though not important from a world stand-point, is extremely varied and attractive from a local point of view. Few of the newer countries can point to annals so replete with human interest. Of all the several periods of her history, many relics are still extant and obtainable, though they are gradually being lost through neglect. Particularly is this true, however, in the case of the most important event in New Brunswick history, the coming and settlement of the Loyalists. If the various Loyalist relics—books, documents, furniture, personal effects, etc.—now scattered through the provinces, could be brought together into one museum (as would be entirely possible, in time, if a properly-managed museum existed), they would form a collection of the greatest possible interest and value, both to the people of the province and also to the many visitors from abroad, for generations to come. It must astonish persons of culture who visit St. John to learn that there is no such museum in the province, that the often and vigorously-expressed pride of the citizen of St. John in his ancestry, and the touching references in the city's tourist literature to the rich historical associations of the place, are mere words not emphasized by deeds. One would

think that the first instinct of a people truly proud of their history and ancestry would be to show their pride in some tangible and visible fashion, to preserve the records and set them forth for their children and all the world to see. But New Brunswick has not done this. Of course her failure to do so is not due entirely to lack of public spirit, for New Brunswick is poor and many other things must be provided ; but neither does poverty alone explain it, for the province has men of fortune as wealthy as many elsewhere who give largely to such public and worthy purposes.

But is the time not ripe, in these years of relative prosperity, and at the turn of the centuries, to establish a Provincial Historical Museum in St. John? The New Brunswick Historical Society is the proper body to initiate a movement to that end. Happily, there is no lack of historical buildings in St. John for this purpose, but there is one singularly adapted both by associations and by position for it, the old Ward Chipman house, undoubtedly the most interesting historical building now standing in the city. If this building could be acquired, modified to suit the new use, made the home of the Historical Society and of the Provincial Museum of New Brunswick History, placed in charge of a proper custodian, kept open and made useful to the public, it would form a great factor in the intellectual development of the province. The situation is charming, and the ground in the vicinity could be laid out as a small park, in which large objects of historical interest, such as cannon, etc., could be placed, and trees and shrubs from historical localities could be planted. Two manifest difficulties occur—one, that such a building is not fire-proof, and hence the collections would be endangered. This is true, and a fire-proof building would be better ; but such a building would be so expensive as hardly to be practicable at present, while on the other hand, with "slow-burning" floors and fire-proof doors, and particular care in

the use of fire, even such a building as the Chipman house could be made fairly fire-proof. The second and most obvious objection is the expense of acquisition, alterations and maintenance. Here is the opportunity for the public-spirited citizen of means, the one, I venture to assert, who would not be found wanting at such a juncture in most of the neighboring states. If the building could thus be acquired by gift, the means for its alteration would, no doubt, be obtainable in part from the citizens of the city, and in part from the province, which might properly contribute to an object of such provincial importance. The city of St. John could well afford to pay for its annual maintenance, partly for its worth as a feature of its educational system, and partly for more material reasons, namely, for the return it would bring to the city through its additional attractiveness to tourists. The tourist associations could not have a better advertisement than this for their circulars, one vastly more effective than the present generalities to which they are confined. Or if the establishment of such a museum in an old building like the Chipman house seemed unwise or impracticable, it might well be arranged in connection with the new Public Library building, which must before long be provided. As to objects for the museum collections, these would not all come immediately, but experience elsewhere shows that when once such a museum is established there is a tendency for historical objects to set towards it, the more especially when the current is aided by the efforts of a persistent and diplomatic committee.

W. F. GANONG.

The Legend of the Mayflower.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS, SPECIAL FLOWER OF NOVA SCOTIA.

From Lays of the True North and Other Canadian Poems.

When the maple wears its tassels and the birch-buds grow
apace,
And the willows gleam out golden in the sunset's tender
grace,
And the ferns, amid the mosses, their curly heads uprear,
Then wakes our wilding blossom, first and fairest of the
year—
The Mayflower—oh, the Mayflower!—sweet of scent and
fair to see,
Tiny, trailing, pink arbutus, chosen flower of Acadie!

Sheltered neath the drooping pine-boughs, see its tendrils
creeping low,
Gleam in fresh and glistening verdure, through the swiftly
melting snow,
Till the pink buds in the sunshine open wide their throats
to fling
From their censors, rarest incense on the balmy air of
spring.—
The Mayflower—oh, the Mayflower!—sweet of scent and
fair to see,
How we hail thee in the spring time, chosen flower of
Acadie!

There's the robin, plaintive fluting in the budding boughs
above,
And the cat-bird sweetly warbling for the pleasure of his
love;
Are they telling the old story, how a gentle Indian maid,
Vainly seeking her lost lover, through the forest tireless
strayed?
The Mayflower—oh, the Mayflower!—sweet of scent and
fair to see,
All the woodland feels thy fragrance, chosen flower of
Acadie!

THE LEGEND OF THE MAYFLOWER 137

Do they tell how —'mid her sorrow for the one she held so
dear —
Every sad and suffering creature still she sought to help
and cheer,
Till there sprang up, in the pathway of her ministering
feet,
The Mayflower's tender blossoms — full of fragrance rare
and sweet?
The Mayflower — oh, the Mayflower! — sweet of scent and
fair to see,
Filled with all the springtime's sweetness, chosen flower of
Acadie!

Passing years bring many changes — joy and sorrow come
and go,
Yet, unchanged, the Mayflower wakens, at the melting of
the snow;
Though unseen, its fragrance breathing through the bud-
ding woodland maze
Brings sweet foretaste of the summer to the changeless
April days.
The Mayflower — oh, the Mayflower! — sweet of scent and
fair to see,
With love's fragrant breath thou'rt laden, chosen flower of
Acadie!

Years have glided into ages and the centuries grow gray,
Still as fresh and sweet as ever does the Mayflower greet
the May;
And the heaviest heart grows lighter as it hails Thy promise
true
Of the love that lives forever, and shall make all old things
new.
The Mayflower — oh, the Mayflower! — sweet of scent and
fair to see,
Shedding spring's divinest fragrance through the woods of
Acadie!

AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

In Memoriam.



EV. T. Watson Smith, D. D., LL. D.
The name of Rev. Dr. Smith has been well and favorably known in Canada for years, not only as a provincial minister of the Methodist Church, but also, to the general public as a scholar of distinction, and as a writer of more than ordinary ability. His sudden death at Halifax, N. S., a few days since, after a week's illness from pneumonia, caused sorrow and regret to his large circle of acquaintances and friends. Dr. Smith was born at Windsor, N. S., about 68 years ago. He became a probationer for the Methodist ministry in 1857, and was ordained four years later. He had preaching appointments in both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick for many years, and was four years in Bermuda. His health broke down while at Bermuda, and he retired from active ministerial work. In 1880 he became editor of the *Wesleyan*, published at Halifax, N. S., and discharged the duties of that position with credit and satisfaction for six years. Although a supernumerary minister of his church, he was by no means idle. His mental activity was great, and his work on behalf of historical study has been comprehensive. His work in two volumes, "Methodism in Eastern British America," is not only prized by the people of his own denomination as a record of Methodism from its inception in the lower provinces to the time of the union with the other Methodist churches of Canada, but is also recognized by men of historical culture as a valuable addition to our provincial literature. His pen, however, was not confined to the history of his own church. He has given valuable contributions to historical study from time to time, and, at the time of his death, was considered one of the leading authorities on the History of the Lower Provinces. His pen was always busy on some article relating to our early history. In recognition of his scholarly attainments and

historical research, the University of Mount Allison conferred on him, a few years ago, the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and Dalhousie University, last year, the degree of Doctor of Laws. He was a valuable contributor to the pages of ACADIENSIS. He was a pleasant, agreeable gentleman to meet, and his death will cause regret to hundreds of friends in different parts of Canada. A. A. S.

ISRAEL LONGWORTH, K. C.

Since our last issue another contributor to our columns has suddenly passed away in the person of Israel Longworth, K. C., of Truro, N. S. Mr. Longworth began the study of law in 1857, the same year his friend, Dr. Watson Smith, began his work as a Methodist minister. He studied with the late Sir Adams G. Archibald, and was admitted to practice in 1861,—since which time he has successfully prosecuted his work as a lawyer at Truro, N. S. Mr. Longworth did not confine his energies to the practice of law. It is true he became eminent in his profession, and through it had acquired a competence. But his sympathies and tastes were wider than mere professional routine and effort. He gave of his time and means to the promotion of the interests of the Methodist church, of which he was a devoted member. He also had a great relish for historical study—especially historical study bearing upon the early history of Nova Scotia. Only two days before his death, which took place suddenly of heart disease on March 19th, ult., he had a communication in a daily newspaper respecting “The Craig Memorial,” showing his deep interest in everything touching the history of the country. From the *Daily News*, Truro, we learn that the deceased gentleman was born at Charlottetown, P. E. I., April 14, 1835. The appreciative words of the editorial above referred to will fittingly close our notice of Mr. Longworth: “Truro will greatly miss and deeply deplore the removal of the quiet man who walked

her streets, saying little to passers by, but living in the friendship and esteem of all. His last public service was the re-organization of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty. His earnest and intelligent utterances on that occasion will not soon be forgotten by those who were present.”

A. A. STOCKTON.



U. E. Loyalist Memorials.

TORONTO, January 28, 1902.

TO THE EDITOR OF ACADIENSIS,

St. John, N. B.

SIR,—On looking over the back numbers of ACADIENSIS, which as a new subscriber I have just received, I observe a reference to the manuscripts of evidence taken by the U. E. Loyalist Commissioners in 1785 and subsequent years, which are deposited in the Congressional Library at Washington. The U. E. Loyalists' Association of Ontario, aided by a grant towards the expense made by the Provincial government, have had a copy made of these manuscripts, which is now in my possession. It is intended to publish these when arrangements can be made and a grant obtained for the purpose from the Provincial Governments of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Ontario. The thirty-five volumes (so called) contain about 1,200 pages. The work of getting this copy made, which was one of considerable difficulty, was undertaken at the suggestion of Mr. James Bain, Librarian of the Toronto Public Library, who himself examined the manuscripts, and, with a great deal of trouble and personal expense, succeeded in making the necessary arrangements.

Your truly,

E. M. CHADWICK.

Notes and Queries.

Can any of the readers of ACADIENSIS furnish any information concerning a work entitled "Six Months Among the Bluenoses," written by one Briskett and published about 1850? It gave an interesting account of the colonial attack upon Louisburg, and was written in rather a humorous vein.—D. R. JACK.

WANTED.—Any information concerning the address of or descendants of James Ricketson, son of Joseph Henry Ricketson. When last heard of, he was living in St. John, N. B. Address Mrs. H. H. Edes, Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Readers of the article on Bluenose, by Hon. A. W. Savary, which appeared in our last issue, will please note the following typographical errors. On the sixth line N. S. appears for MSS, and on the twelfth line, "unseating of the successful Loyalist Candidates," should read, "unseating of one of the successful Loyalist candidates." Only one was unseated out of the two for the county and two for the town.

The first of a series of illustrated articles upon old silver will appear in the next issue of this magazine. In the meantime, any of our readers who can give particulars regarding old silver now owned in the Acadian Provinces, are requested to correspond with the editor of this magazine. Particulars of silver brought by old French or Loyalist families, or of old church silver, are particularly desired.

WANTED.—The *Canadian Magazine* for November, 1900; N. S. and P. E. I. almanacs of any date; N. B. almanacs prior to 1860; a copy of Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia; old pamphlets published in or relating to the Acadian Provinces; copies of Stewart's Quarterly, or the Maritime Monthly; copies of ACADIENSIS, Vol. I, Nos. 2 and 4.—D. R. JACK.

Book Notices.

“The Young Gunbearer, a Tale of the Neutral Ground, Acadia and the Siege of Louisburg,” by G. Waldo Browne, is indeed a tale of thrilling interest. Mr. Browne is a writer who has a wide reputation, particularly as a writer and editor of books and magazines for children. His contribution to the last issue of *ACADIENSIS*, “Indian Legends of Acadia,” was well received.

Mr. Browne, in his forecast, after reciting the incidents which culminated in the siege and fall of Louisburg, concludes as follows :

“My purpose, if he who writes to amuse can claim that dignity, is to portray the causes, in a slight way, which led up to the deportation of the people. We do this with no malice towards the hapless victims, though they may have been peculiarly blind to their unfortunate situation, but rather to show their helplessness between the two mighty powers that were at war with each other, and who, like a pair of huge scissors, were bound to cut whatever came between them, without materially injuring themselves. Several of those who figure so prominently in the adventures of ‘The Young Gunbearer,’ later belonged to that band of exiles. It is well to remember that there were many Gabriels and Evangelines made to suffer. An ancient willow still marks the site of the smithy of Basil and Basque ; a well is still shown as the one where Evangeline and her lover were wont to meet ; the stone that formed the foundation of Father Fafard’s little chapel is yet to be seen ; the rock from which Jean Vallie made his remarkable leap has remained unchanged through all the years ; in fact, while the foot-prints of man have been washed away, the handiwork of nature still retains its ancient grandeur and beauty. Acadia is Acadia still, the richer for its legends and historic interest, its pathos and its religious contentment.”

Published by L. G. Page & Co., 212 Summer Street, Boston ; cloth ; 12 mo. ; illustrated ; 334 pp. Price \$1.00.

“The Craftsman” is a monthly publication devoted to the interests of art allied to labor. Its initial number was issued in October, 1901, and with each successive number it continues to grow in interest and in wealth of illustration and decoration.

“The Craftsman” advocates a reform which shall improve the economic position of the workman, and increase the comfort of the

American home by re-acting against the love of display and the desire to rival and imitate, which are the two most powerful dis-integrating forces now at work in the social system.

The March number of the magazine contains as its chief article a paper upon "The Gothic Revival," a subject which is treated by request, and which is one that conceals beneath an artistic form a vital and present social interest.

Numerous illustrations of artistic interiors, treated according to the lines laid down by the Guild, and of household furnishings of simple but strikingly effective design, produced in the workshops of "The United Crafts," add greatly to the interest of the publication.

The United Crafts, publishers, Eastwood, N. Y. Issued monthly ; subscription price, \$2.00 a year.

Tributes of Loyalty and Love from Canadian Hearts, selected and edited by Miss L. A. Edwards, of Truro, N. S. Tastefully printed and illustrated, with numerous portraits of the writers whose verses are gathered between the covers of this booklet, it forms a fitting memorial of the great sorrow universally felt by the people of Canada at the death of their late Queen. While material for the volume has been gathered from the writings of persons resident in various parts of Canada, not a few of their number will be found within the Acadian Provinces. Cassie Fairbanks, of Halifax, N. S., Helen T. Churchill, of Lockeport, N. S., Minnie J. Weatherbe, of Halifax, N. S., Bessie R. Cogswell, of Wolfville, N. S., Helen C. Wilson, of Lunenburg, N. S., and Lydia Agnes Edwards, of Truro, N. S., are the names of the Acadian contributors. New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island do not appear to be represented upon this roll of honor. A glance through the pages of ACADIENSIS might have suggested more than one name well qualified to contribute to the literary success of this laudable undertaking.

For sale by Miss Edwards, at Truro, N. S. Price 75 cents.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.—There is plenty of food for thought and entertainment in the March *Canadian Magazine*. The famous Indian Juggernaut is described, and some of the popular fallacies concerning this festival are explained away. The making of Pemmican, or Sun-dried Meat, is described and illustrated. Professor John Cox, of McGill, writes on Commercial Education from

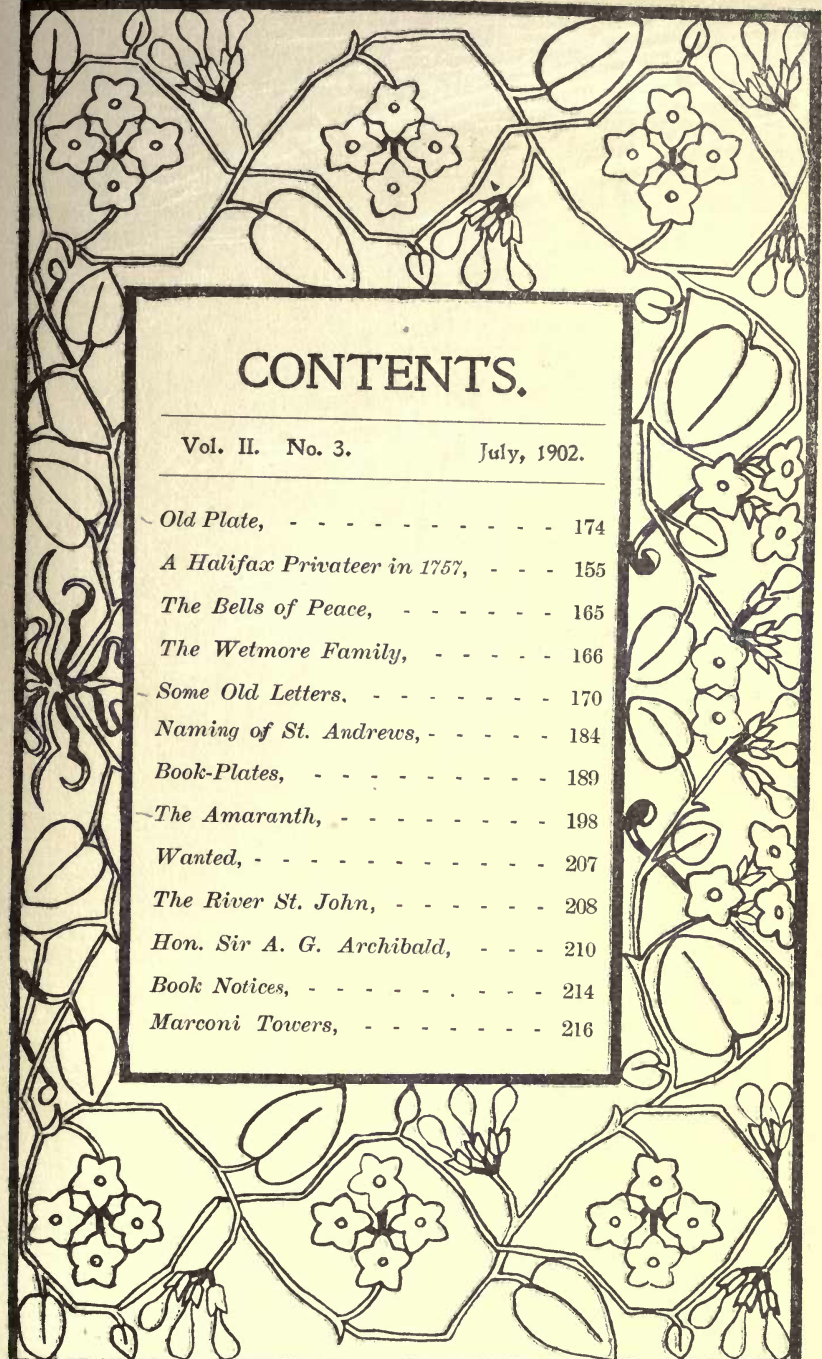
a new point of view, while three writers give their views and much information concerning the movement for Territorial Autonomy. There are the usual bright stories and carefully-edited departments.

The February number was not without interest to readers in the Maritime Provinces. Among the leading articles were A Famous Tidal Bore, by Norman Patterson ; Passenger Carriages, Past and Present, by W. D. McBride ; The Religious Development of Canada, by Hon. J. W. Longley ; and Changing Aspects of Sable Island, with numerous illustrations, by M. O. Scott.

John A. Cooper, Editor, Toronto, Ont.

CANADIAN SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.—The annual meeting of the Canadian Society of Authors was held at Victoria University on Friday, February 14. The following officers were appointed for 1902: Hon. President, Prof. Goldwin Smith, LL. D.; President, Hon. Geo. W. Ross, LL. D.; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Bryce, of Winnipeg, Dr. Drummond, of Montreal, Dr. Frechette, of Montreal, Hon. J. W. Longley, of Halifax, Duncan Campbell Scott, of Ottawa ; Secretary, Prof. Pelham Edgar ; Treasurer, John A. Cooper, B. A. ; Executive Committee, Messrs. James Bain, Jr., Castell Hopkins, B. E. Walker, Bernard McEvoy, Macdonald Oxley, Mayor Howland, J. S. Willison, Prof. Lefroy, Prof. Mavor, Prof. Davidson. A bibliography of the contributions of the members to current literature will be soon ready for distribution in the society.

Hon. J. W. Longley appears to be the sole representative of the Acadian Provinces. Were the annual meeting held occasionally at one of our Acadian centres of learning, it might be conducive to the material prosperity of the society, by adding to its membership the names of not a few Acadians who have made valuable contributions to Canadian literature. The British Association for the Advancement of Science has set a good example in this respect by holding their meetings at various points within the limits of empire. To be thoroughly Canadian, the Society of Authors should be thoroughly representative.

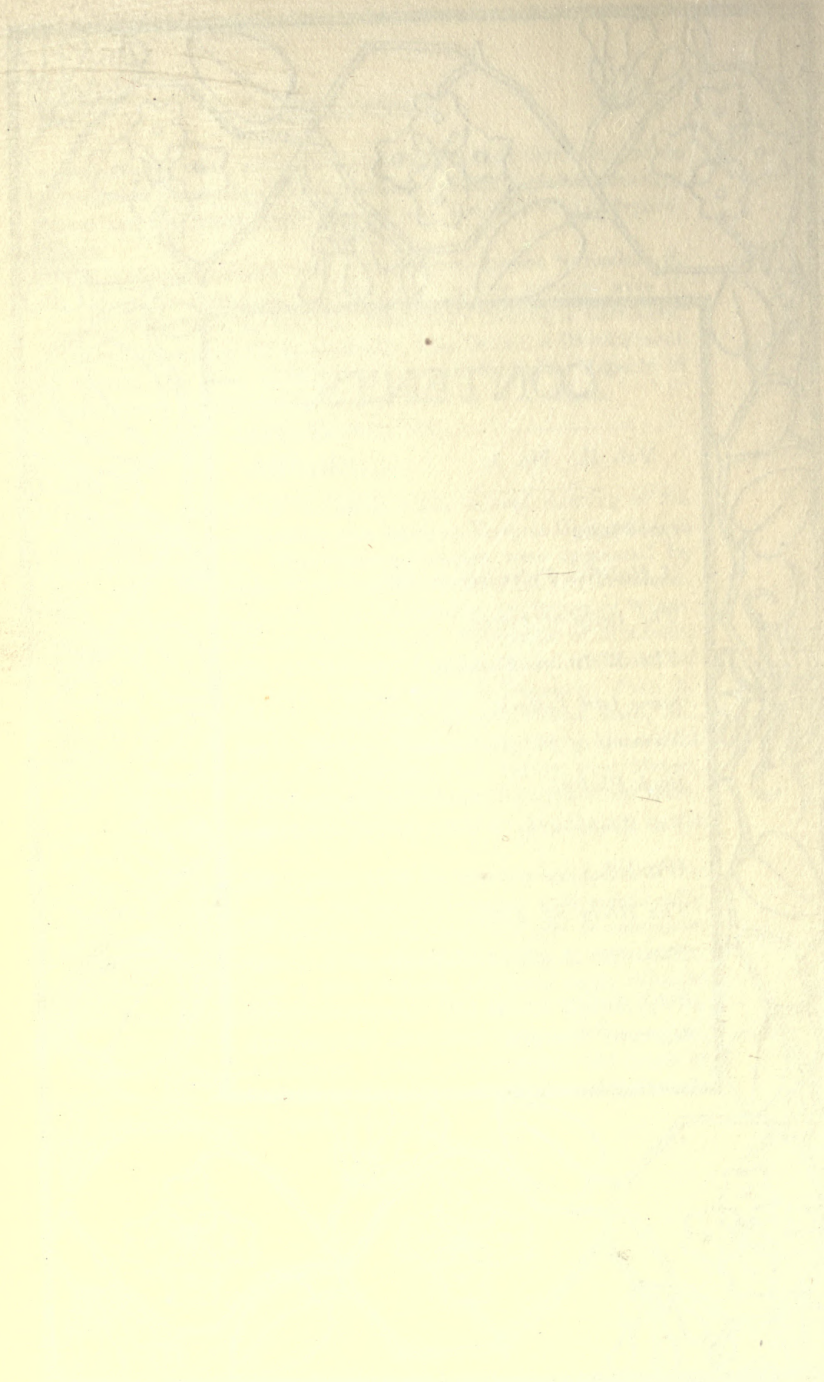


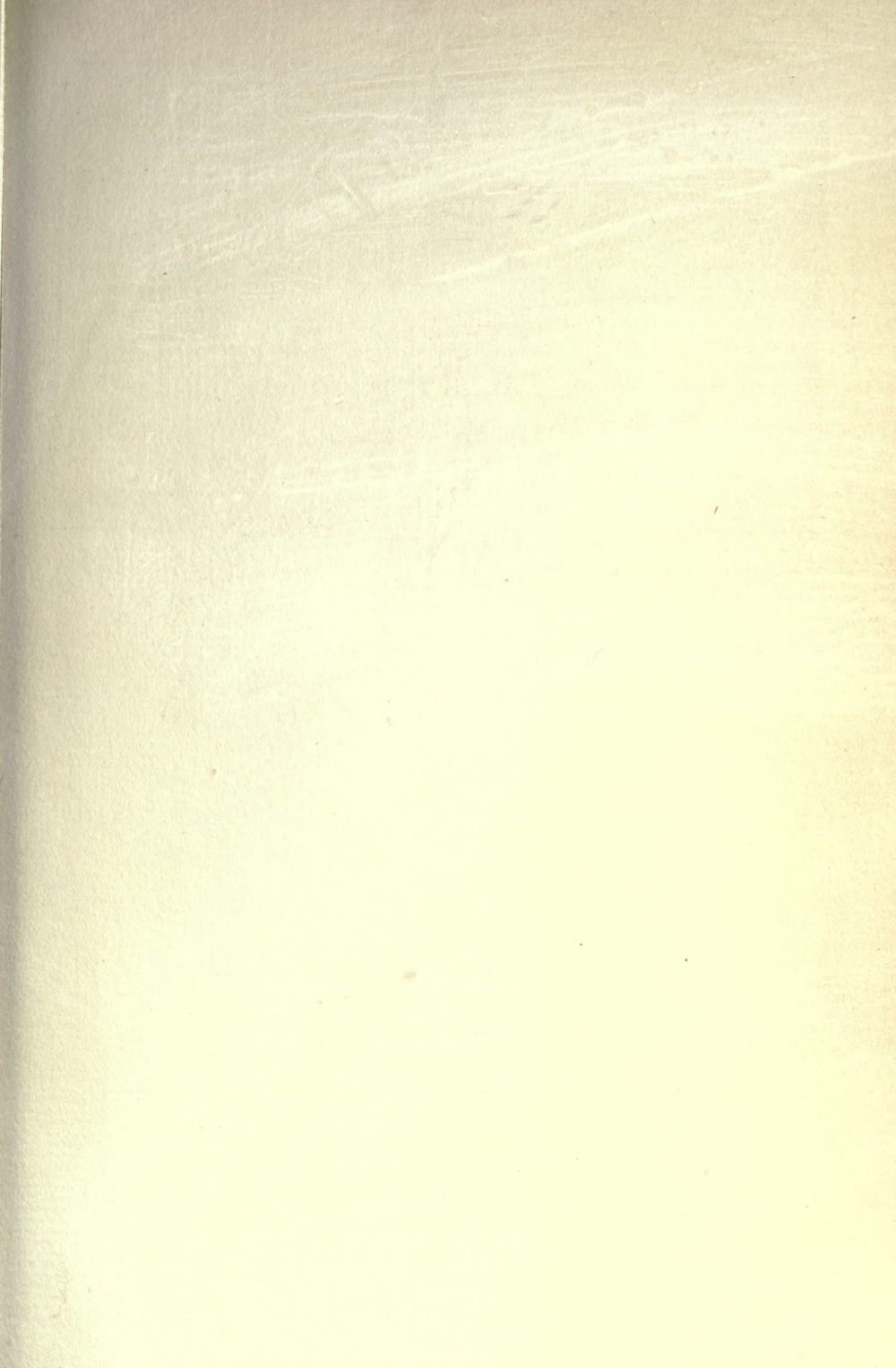
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FROM THE FRENCH OF STANISLAS, CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS.
(A. D. 1737-1815.)

L' AMOUR.

“ LOVE is an elf full of deceit,”
My mother often says to me,
“ Although his air is mild and sweet,
Worse than a viper foul is he.”
But yet I fain myself would know
Of what great ill a child can do
A shepherdess should fearful be.

I yesterday saw Colin go
To Amoret, and in her ear,
Speaking in tones all soft and low,
And with a manner quite sincere,
Praise of a charming god told he:—
It was the very deity
Of whom my mother has such fear!

All my doubts, then, to remove,—
This mystery that plagues me so,—
I'll go with Luke in search of Love,
And will not let my mother know;
Even should he artful wiles employ,
We shall be two against one boy,—
What harm to us, pray, can he do?

W. P. DOLE.

ACADIENSIS

VOL. II.

JULY, 1902.

No. 3.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK,

EDITOR.

Old Plate.



O MANY of our readers have professed an interest in old silver, their attention having been particularly directed thereto by the letter from Mr. J. H. Buck, published in the third number of this magazine, that an occasional article upon that subject has been determined upon.

What constitutes old silver? When would you begin to class silver as old silver? These are probably the first questions which will occur to the minds of many of the readers of this sketch, and they are indeed somewhat difficult to answer, so much depending, as an eminent writer once remarked, upon the point of view adopted.

In a country such as this, only just beginning to grow old, practically as yet only in the early part of the second century of its existence, fifty years might reasonably be regarded as a sufficient period to elapse from the time when such an article as a silver chalice, a teapot or a drinking cup had been made until it might be regarded as beginning to grow old.

A precedent for fixing an arbitrary period such as this will be found in the custom adopted by the genealogical magazines which make a practice of publishing church

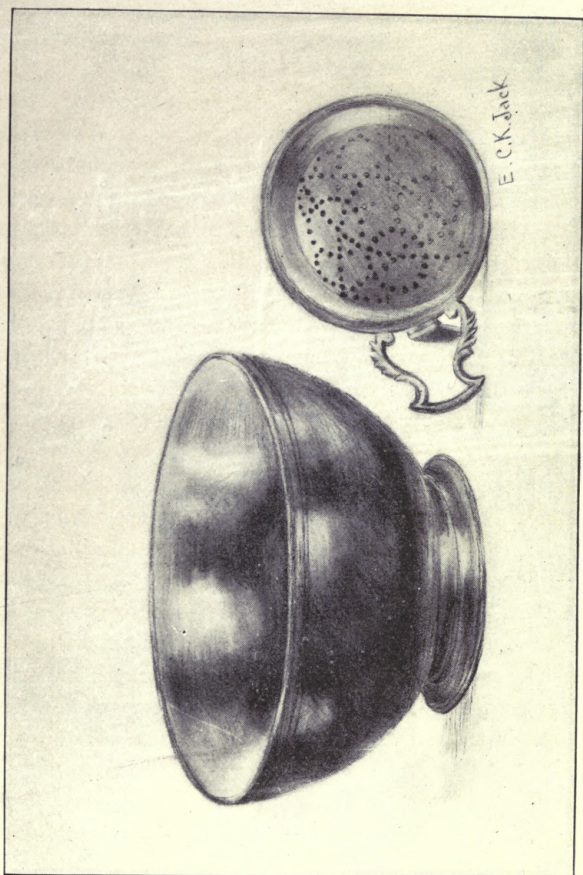
records and graveyard inscriptions. With such periodicals it is customary, in treating these subjects, to eliminate all dates within the period of fifty years from the date of publication.

As in a period of twenty-five years, a new generation is supposed to take the place of those who were active members of a community at the beginning of that period, it may reasonably be admitted that twice that length of time having elapsed, a piece of silverware, a mahogany chair, or even a painting, may in this community be regarded as commencing to grow old.

Some latitude must be allowed, nevertheless, in an article such as the present, and while fifty years will be regarded as the usual limit of age by the writer, this limit will be by no means strictly adhered to. There are many articles of plate in this field, which on account of associations or events connected with them, or of their superior workmanship have become interesting to the student of contemporary history, and it is desirable to leave these columns open to the description of more modern articles, should any examples of sufficient merit be discovered, from time to time, to warrant their being tabulated in the following pages.

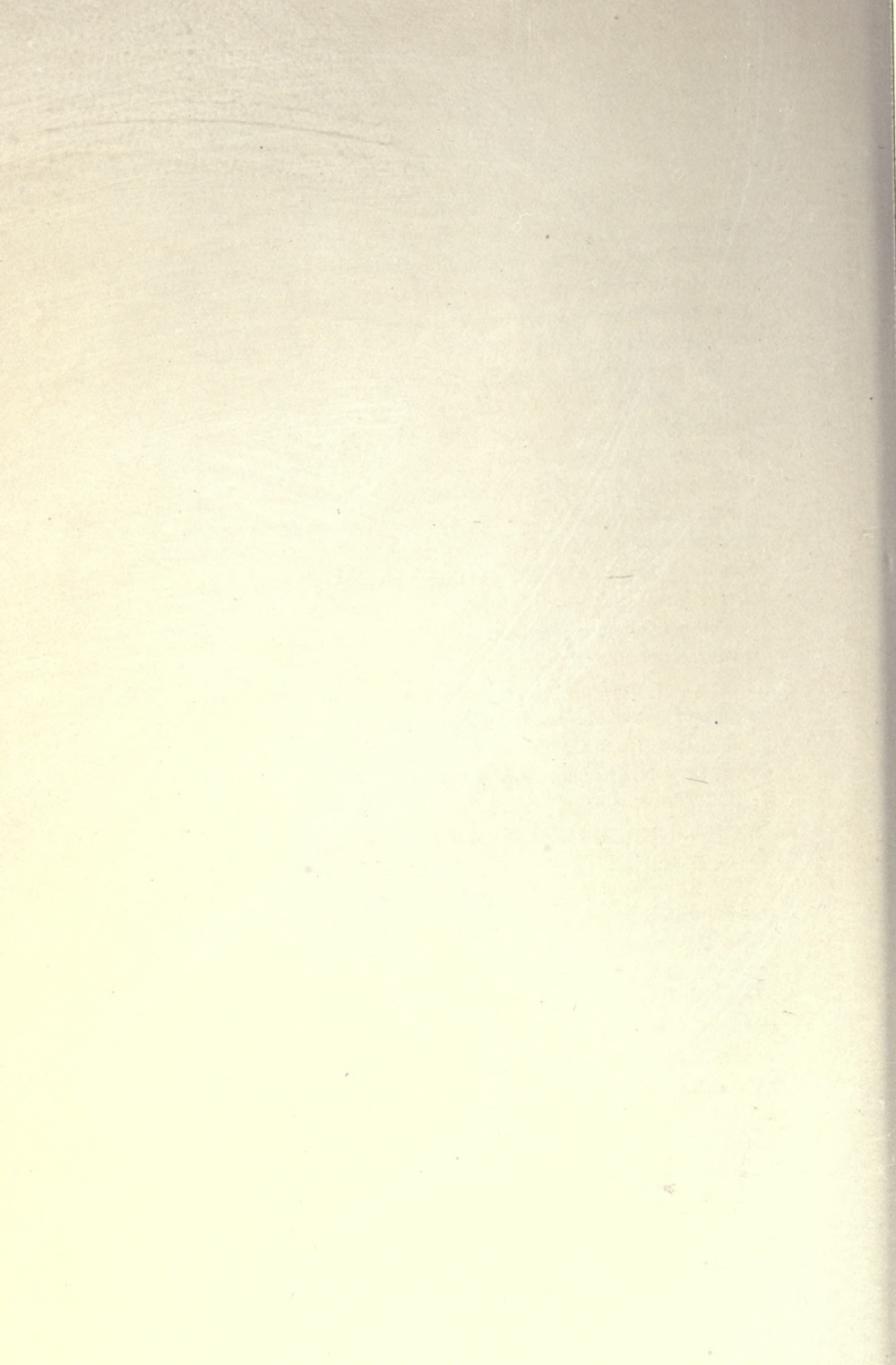
In the case of old silver which has been made in the British Isles, it is usually possible to tell the age, even to a year, owing to the practice of marking plate, which dates from very early times. With silver made in America, the age of an article is not so readily learned, the maker's name being usually the only guide in ascertaining the age of a given article.

Before taking up the subject of old silver and its markings, the writer desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. Buck to whom allusion has more than once been made in the columns of this magazine, and to whom individually, as well as to his very valuable work on "Old Plate," the writer is indebted for much assistance and much of the information which appears in the following pages.



NO. 2—SUGAR BOWL.
Isaac Allen Jack.

NO. 3—PUNCH STRAINER.
Isaac Allen Jack.



The limited space at command prevents a very full explanation of the various plate marks within the scope of this first article, but certain elementary principles will be laid down which the reader, who is desirous of giving to this interesting subject a fair degree of attention, would do well to bear in mind.

The practice of marking plate dates from very early times. As far back as the year A. D. 1180, there was a hall-mark used on genuine gold and silver articles, and in the year 1300, the present hall-mark of a leopard's head was adopted. Later on, what is known as the sovereign's mark was adopted. During the reign of the late Queen Victoria this consisted of a lion *passant*, but very often in former years, it was the custom to stamp the reigning sovereign's head in miniature.

The marks which should be found on silver of British manufacture are as follows :









1. The maker's mark, which consists of the initial letters of his Christian and surname.
2. The leopard's head, for articles which have been assayed at the London Assay Office.
3. The sovereign's mark, which may be either a lion *passant*, a lion erect, or the reigning sovereign's head in miniature.
4. The letter denoting the year in which the plate was made, which letters are explained by the table below.

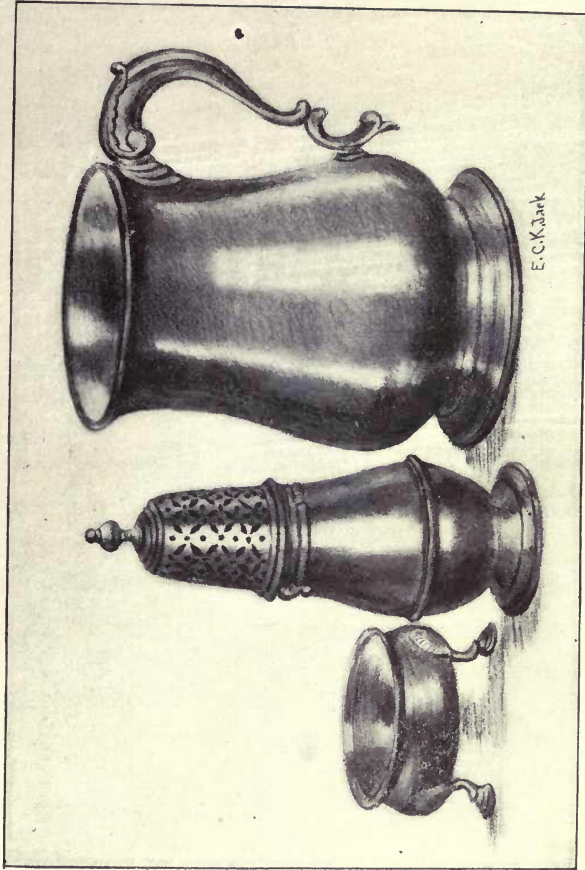
In the twenty-fourth year of the reign of George III., in 1784, the fifth mark was added in order to note the imposition of a duty of sixpence per ounce upon all silver plate, a duty which in 1815 was raised to eighteen pence, at which it now stands.

These marks will all be dealt with more fully in a future article, but for present purposes the very brief outline just given will be sufficient.

By reference to the following table it will be observed that every twenty years the style of the date letter is

changed, that is to say when the Goldsmith's company have settled upon the style of letter to be used for the next twenty years, they begin at the letter "A," and at the end of each year advance one letter of the alphabet. Therefore to discover the age of a piece of silver, the reader must first find among the following letters one which corresponds in style to that on the silver, and then add to the date at which this style of letter was adopted by the Goldsmith's company, a number of years equal to the number of letters of the alphabet that have been used before the letter on the piece of silver. It will be noticed that the letters are engraved upon shields of different shapes, and to the shape of the shield as well as to that of the letter due attention must be paid.
















Lombardic, simple.....	1438-9 to 1457-8	
Lombardic, external cusps.....	1458-9 " 1477-8	
Lombardic, double cusps	1478-9 " 1497-8	
Black letter, small.....	1498-9 " 1517-8	
Lombardic.....	1518-9 " 1537-8	
Roman and other capitals.....	1538-9 " 1557-8	
Black letter, small.....	1558-9 " 1577-8	
Roman letter, capitals.....	1578-9 " 1597-8	



NO. 4—SALT CELLAR. NO. 5—SUGAR SPRINKLER. NO. 6—SILVER MUG.
Isaac Allen Jack.



OLD PLATE

Lombardic, external cusps.....	1598-9 “ 1617-8	
Italic letter, small.....	1618-9 “ 1637-8	
Court hand.....	1638-9 “ 1657-8	
Black letter, capitals.....	1658-9 “ 1677-8	
Black letter, small.....	1678-9 “ 1696-7	
Court hand.....	1696-7 “ 1715-6	
Roman letter, capitals.....	1716-7 “ 1735-6	
Roman letter, small.....	1736-7 “ 1755-6	
Old English, capitals.....	1756-7 “ 1775-6	
Roman letter, small.....	1776-7 “ 1795-6	
Roman letter, capitals.....	1796-7 “ 1815-6	
Roman letter, small.....	1816-7 “ 1835-6	
Old English, capitals.....	1836-7 “ 1855-6	
Old English, small.....	1856-7 “ 1875-6	
Roman letter, capitals.....	1876-7 “ 1895-6	

Several of the articles which are illustrated in this sketch are quite old and of much historic interest. Lack of space prevents a full description in this issue, but the various marks will be as fully treated as possible in the following article.

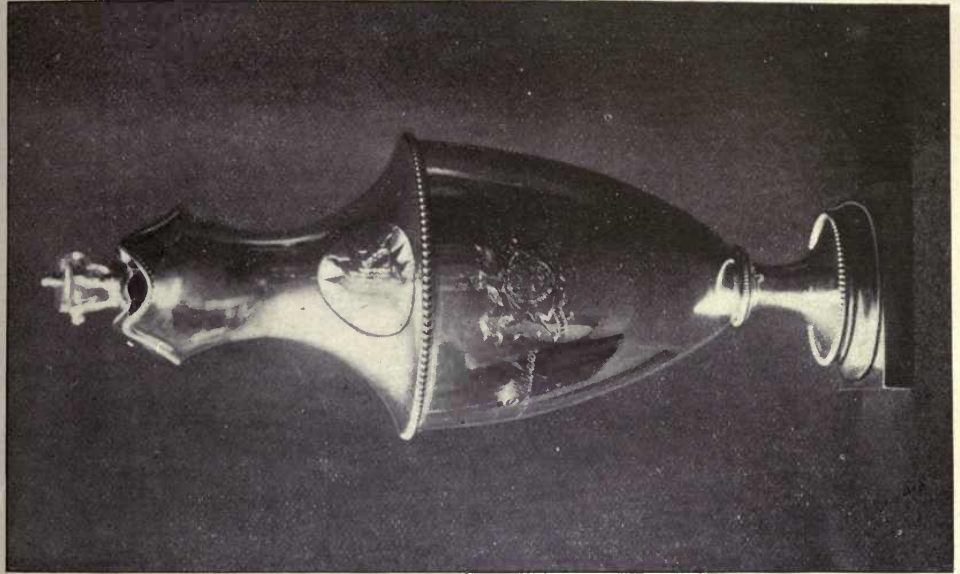
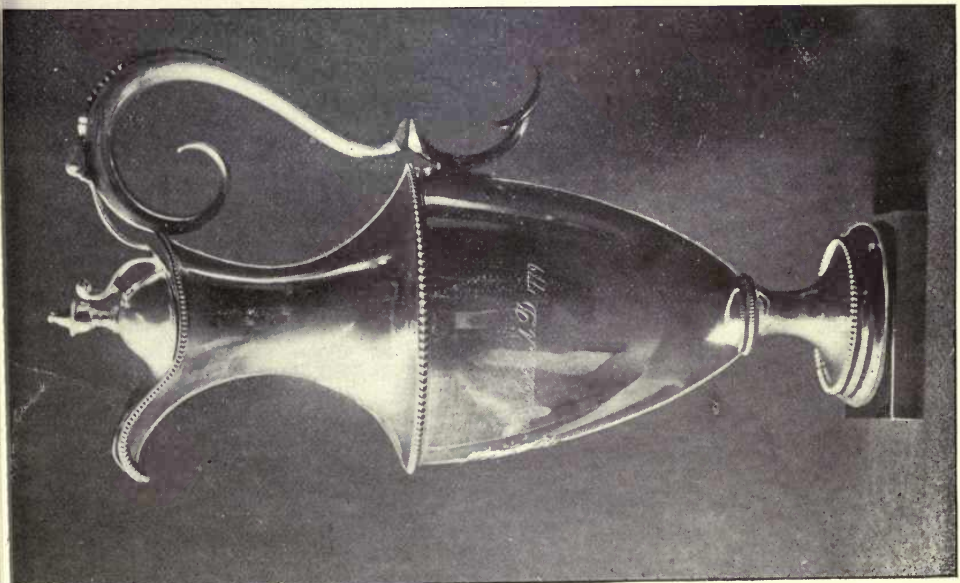
Each article of plate will be numbered in the order of illustration and will be referred to by number in future issues. The co-operation of readers of this magazine is requested by the writer, and any information concerning old plate now in the Acadian Provinces, is earnestly desired. Photographs of articles of plate, together with exact measurements, should be sent, when obtainable, including a full description of the various marks, the coats of arms, if any, and any facts of interest respecting the article described, and its present and former owners.

No. 1.—The spoon, which forms a part of the initial letter design at the commencement of this sketch, is owned by Mr. Isaac Allen Jack, of St. John, and belonged to Judge John Allen, and Hannah (Revil) Allen, his wife. It is what is known as the "rat-tail" variety, from a curious tongue which extends down the back of the bowl. In this form the bowl was more elongated and elliptical than in spoons of older dates, and the extremity of the handle is quite round, turned up at the end, having a high sharp ridge down the middle.

Spoons of this pattern continued to be made as late as 1767, but the example illustrated was probably made about the year 1710.

As several of the articles herein enumerated were owned by the Campbell family, of Philadelphia, and by the Allens, an old and highly respectable Loyalist family, with whom they intermarried, a very brief genealogical sketch of the Allens will doubtless be of interest.

Judge John Allen, the first of the family of whom the writer has any knowledge, was born in England, married



NO. 7-FLAGON.
St. George's Church, Halifax, N. S.

Hannah Revil, and was Judge of the Supreme Court of New Jersey. He left a son John Allen who was born in 1718, and was married in 1738 to Naomi Watson, by whom he had a son Judge Isaac Allen, a lawyer of Trenton, New Jersey. He entered the military service of the crown at the time of the American Revolution, and in 1782, was lieutenant-colonel of the second battalion of New Jersey Volunteers. He had property in Pennsylvania, and the executive council of that state ordered that, unless he should surrender himself and take his trial for treason within a limited time he should stand attainted. He removed to St. John, N. B., at the peace, was one of the grantees of that city, rose to distinction in the Province, had a seat in the Legislative Council, and was Judge of the Supreme Court. He resided at Fredericton, and died there 12th October, 1806, aged sixty-five. Judge Isaac Allen was married on the 20th December, 1762, at Philadelphia, by Rev. Duche to Sarah Campbell, who died on the 19th March, 1808, and by whom he had a son, Colonel John Allen, who was the father of Sir John Campbell Allen, for many years Chief Justice of New Brunswick.

Respecting the Campbell family, it may be remarked that Captain Peter Campbell, father of Sarah Campbell, wife of Judge Isaac Allen, was a son of Thomas and Elizabeth Campbell, of Philadelphia. Thomas Campbell was a prosperous merchant of Philadelphia. His son, Capt. Peter Campbell was of Trenton, New Jersey, and was a captain in the New Jersey Volunteers. He had property in Pennsylvania, was a Loyalist, settled in New Brunswick at the Peace, received half-pay, and died at Maugerville, in 1822. He was buried at Fredericton.

No. 2.—A sugar bowl, bears the initials of Thomas and Elizabeth Campbell.

No. 3.—The punch strainer, which appears in the same illustration, belonged to a silver-rimmed china punch bowl,

in connection with which some very interesting reminiscences are told. It bears the initials "S. C." (Sarah Campbell).

No. 4.—A salt cellar, bears the initials "S. C."

No. 5.—The sugar sprinkler, which appears in the same illustration, bears upon it the initials "S. & M. C.," and the date 1600. It is, without doubt, quite old, and is much worn from long use. It is unique in design, and curious in construction.

No. 6.—A silver mug, bears the initials "S. C."

All of the articles above enumerated are in the possession of Mr. Isaac Allen Jack, a great grandson of Judge Isaac Allen.

Nos. 7, 8, 9 and 10 are the flagon, paton, chalice and alms bason belonging to St. George's Church, Halifax, N. S. Two of these articles bear the date 1779, as will be observed from the illustrations. Unfortunately lack of space prevents a full description of this valuable and interesting Church service, but this may be looked for in the next article of this series.

(To be continued).

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

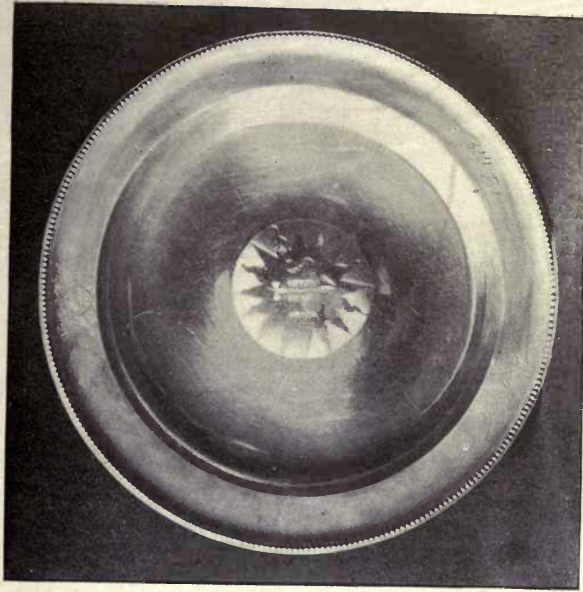




NO. 8—PATON.

NO. 9—CHALICE.

St. George's Church, Halifax, N. S.



NO. 10—ALMS BASON.



A Halifax Privateer in 1757.



It lies before me as I write,—the old log-book of a forgotten eighteenth century privateer. Before Poland disappeared from the map of Europe, before the thirteen colonies became the United States of America, before Quebec fell, and with it, the power of France in the new world, this venerable sea document had been drawn up and laid away. It is curious to look at ; its every appearance suggests the sea. The half quire or so of blank leaves have been stitched into a bit of old sail-cloth, coarse in grain, and of a very “precious” dusty brown colour. Bits of red official wax stick here and there ; for, in the presence of one of his Majesty George II.’s justices of the peace, the keeper of the log made oath that he had kept a true record ; and the log-book was duly sealed and stored up in the archives of Halifax.

A century after, a curious generation appointed a commission which broke these seals, and now anyone may read therein—if he be skilled in palaeography, and patient. The ink is faded, and the straggling writing and frequent blots tell their own tale of the good ship laboring in the heavy seas, as the painful quill of the sailor scribe slowly traced these pages. As one deciphers the meagre entries, an obscure and forgotten chapter in our history is opened to his view ; but though obscure and forgotten, it is both significant and typical. Up to the present time, privateering, though a large part of naval warfare and a legitimate kind of mercantile speculation, has remained unrecorded. Logs and other sources of information were not given to the public ; it was to the interest of all concerned to keep them strictly private. These tattered pages can tell a

remote and peaceful generation what privateering really was. The old log-book has still another interest. It carries the mind back to the great struggle of the Seven Years' War—the struggle that gave scope to the genius of Pitt, of Wolfe, of Carlyle's Frederick,—the struggle which grew from a squabble on the borders of the American wilderness into a conflict as wide as the world, and drew with it the most momentous and far-reaching consequences.

My title may perhaps raise hopes that are doomed to disappointment. The log-book of a privateer suggests Smollett, Marryatt and Clark Russell; but I have no lengthened tale of desperate encounters at long odds, of hairbreadth escapes and rich prizes. The record consists of some half dozen folio pages, comparatively barren in events, and couched in the very plain phrase of an unromantic Jack Tar. But in this very plainness lies its chief attraction; for the curt, unpretending jottings deal with fact and reveal to us the privateersman's everyday life more eloquently than the novelist's most labored narrative. By piecing out the various entries with information derived from other sources, it is possible to reconstruct, in part at least, the story of this particular cruise.

On November 16th, 1756, six months after the declaration of war, Robert Saunderson and Malachy Salter, merchants of Halifax, obtained a letter of marque for the hundred-ton schooner *Lawrence*, which they owned and had fitted out as a "private vessel of war." A letter of marque empowered a vessel to make war on her own account for the benefit of her owners; and this was only issued after Malachy Salter, Robert Saunderson and Captain Rous had given a bailbond for fifteen hundred pounds, good English money, to guarantee the fulfilment of the conditions on which the letter of marque was granted. The *Lawrence* was to bring all her prizes to Halifax to be adjudged in the Vice-Admiralty court, was to report all information as to the enemy's movements, and to keep an accurate log. On November 16th, the privateer was ready for sea.

The *Lawrence* was named probably out of compliment to the governor of the province, under whose hand and seal her license to carry on private war was issued. She was victualled for six months and carried a crew of about one hundred men. Her armament consisted of fourteen little carronades, throwing a four-pound ball, and twenty swivels. These last were small pieces of ordnance, in some cases no larger than a good-sized blunderbuss. Sometimes they were provided with flare mouths to make the charge spread, and were mounted on light carriages that could be easily trundled about the decks. They were perched on the bulwark sometimes, and even in the tops. Like the various machine-guns of the present day, they were intended for use at close quarters to repel boarders or to cover the rush of their attack. There was besides, "furniture and ammunition in proportion for a six months' cruise."

The officers of our licensed pirate were Captain Joseph Rous; Robinson Ford, Lieutenant; and Andrew Gardner, mate. Gardner kept the log-book. He was evidently a plain seaman, more familiar with the cutlass-hilt and the rope's end than the pen and the mysteries of the spelling-book. Dr. Johnson's dictionary had been published only the year before, and it is quite unlikely that the great lexicographer's two stout quartos formed part of the little *Lawrence's* "furniture for the six months' cruise." The honest sailor's grammar is unfettered by pedantic rules. His spelling is phonetic and never tamely consistent. His handwriting is none of the best when his vessel is at anchor, but when she is bucketing about in a storm, his hieroglyphics require a second Champollion. Of Lieutenant Robinson Ford, I have no facts to communicate. The records are dumb concerning him. The commander, Rous, belongs apparently to a breed of sea-dogs, of whom our early records make frequent mention. Captain John Rous was a man of mark in his time. From being the com-

mander of a colonial privateer, he rose to the rank of captain in the Royal Navy. He was present at the first capture of Louisbourg in 1745, carried the news of that brilliant exploit to England and received speedy promotion for his gallant services. When Halifax was founded, he was Cornwallis's right hand. Any particularly difficult job was given to Rous. He assisted in the second capture of Louisbourg in 1757, and in the more famous taking of Quebec in 1759. It was from his ship that Wolfe issued his last order. Rous himself died the next year at Halifax.

I do not think that I am mistaken in seeing likeness between his career and that of Joseph Rous, commander of the *Laurence*. His name also occurs in documents relating to the founding of Halifax. He was agent for the Lunenburg settlers, held various commands, and, in his old age apparently was made keeper of the lighthouse at Sambro and Captain of the Port. It would seem, then, that his services had been appreciated, but that his cruises had not made him a wealthy man. In the entries of these appointments, he is styled "gentleman" and "senior." A junior Joseph Rous appears as captain of the pilot schooner *Dolphin*, in 1753. Unless he is the son of Joseph Rous, sr., the distinction would be meaningless. Even a fourth of the name, one William, crops up as commander of the *Anson* schooner, in 1750. It would seem to be a safe inference that the Rous family took naturally to sea-faring and were men of ability and trust.

Thus victualled, armed and officered, the *Laurence* sailed out of Halifax harbor some time in November to do battle with the enemies of King George II. on the high seas. What she did from November 16th, 1756, until the following spring, whether she was lucky in the way of prizes or not, I cannot tell. But on March 22nd, 1757, she was at anchor in the port of Georges, Bermuda. On that day, Andrew Gardner, mate, wrote the heading of a new log, the old one probably having been deposited with the

authorities of that port. The blank pages were ruled like a modern log-book, with columns at the side for the hours and knots, and a wider space for remarks. The heading that Andrew wrote was this :

“A Log and Journal of Our Intened Cruze by the Permision of God in” (end of leaf gone) “Against His Majest Enemis the Frech in the Lawranes Schoones Prived Vessel of Ware Joseph Rous Commander From Bermuds March 22, 1757 Cap Cept by me Andrew Gardner.”

The next day at noon, the *Lawrence* weighed anchor and got under sail in a very leisurely fashion. The little four-pounders banged away in a nine-gun salute to the town and were answered by a single gun from the shore. A certain captain “Hale” and “severile gentlemen” were on board, no doubt discussing the chances of prize-money and drinking success to the run. When the schooner crossed the harbor bar, she hove to, sent the gentlemen ashore, and paid them the compliment of a five-gun salute. We were very ceremonious in those days. Then she bore away for Halifax, and at six o'clock in the evening the eastern end of the island was four leagues astern. The clear weather which permitted Andrew Gardner to make the good observation, which he notes with satisfaction, continued next day, and the *Lawrence* bowled along steadily with a following wind. On Friday, the “modred and clear weather” continuing, the privateer sighted at one o'clock a strange sail, apparently a full-rigged ship, a Frenchman, for he carried a tier of round ports. The little wasp of a *Lawrence* manoeuvred to windward of the stranger, and then, with the British ensign flying, bore down on her expected prize. Still the stranger showed no colors, as a peaceful and friendly trader should have done. The failure to respond to signals was suspicious ;

“So our Capt Desird the peple to get Redey for we were almost alongside he Gave orders to fire 2 Guns.”

The range was short, and the *Lawrence's* gunners were skilful or lucky, for both shots took effect.

"One went threw his foremast and the other carid 2 of his fore srouds."

Seeing that the little schooner was very much in earnest, the stranger then "hell ope his Colers," which apparently were English; and a parley ensued.

The two vessels remained alongside, till the stranger captain told Rous that he hailed from Charleston, S. C. This was not sufficient for the privateerman. The stranger was ordered to heave to and send his captain and his papers on board.

"Then Capt Rous Eximand them and found he Cleared out as he said."

Evidently the merchantman did not much relish being run down and fired into without word or warning; for honest Andrew records that "he was very Sasey and yoused Capt Rouse with Bad Langwich," emphasizing the stranger's lack of politeness by capitals; "which," he continues, with a delicious flavor of Bret Harte, "Capt Rouse ordered the Liftand & I to go into the Bote and Examen the peple and Shartch the Shipe which wee did." As she lay helpless under the guns of the privateer, the unlucky trader from Charleston, S. C., could do nothing but submit. Evidently there were high words, and the "Sasey"-ness of the merchant captain only provoked Rous into further annoyance. It would be interesting to know precisely how bad the deep-sea "Langwich" was which would excite remark in a salt of the eighteenth century. Robinson Ford and Gardner found only two English sailors and two Frenchmen on board; the rest were Dutch. These four they brought back to the schooner's quarter-deck, where Captain Rous examined them to see if their tales agreed with the ship's papers, and "wee found," to our visible regret, "we Cold not make a prise of her."

It is too bad that the little mistake has occurred, and Captain Rous does all in his power to make amends. He sent the stranger captain and his four seamen back to their

ship, with Gardner and two carpenters. But the captain turned sulky. Gardner records that he "was note willing to go on Bord." Perhaps he had some notion of getting damages for the injury and delay. At any rate, Rous was not to be trifled with. "But Captain Rous ordred him in the Bote," and "wee went." Till dark, the two carpenters were busy, cutting up a spar to fish the wounded foremast. Night came on before the work was done, and they returned to the *Lawrence*, leaving the stranger to mend his mast and proceed on his voyage as best he might. It must have been at the close of this eventful day that Andrew sat down in the cabin, to write out his account of the affair. The entry is the longest made and the most graphic. Evidently there were several scenes and many strange oaths. If we could only fish up from its corner of Davy Jones's locker the corresponding entry in the stranger's log!

The same night the privateteersman had again hopes of booty. Another sail was sighted, but the *Lawrence* was becalmed and could not make chase. At ten a light breeze sprang up, and at half-past twelve they sighted the stranger again. The watch below were called from their hammocks and the decks were cleared for action. By two, they had overhauled the chase and found, no doubt to their intense disgust, that she was a schooner ten days out from Jamaica. The rules of the war-game do not permit making prizes of our own ships, so the *Lawrence* had to shorten sail and go, prizeless, on her way.

By this time, the schooner had reached the stormy northern latitudes and was nearing the Nova Scotian coast, at the very worst season of the year. From March 27th, till April 5th, the *Lawrence* was battling with a succession of storms, a landsman would call them. But Andrew Gardner was not an emotional person; he never errs on the side of over-statement. He admits that there was a "gale" now and then, and will go so far as to say that it

was "fresh," but from the various happenings on board, it is easy to infer the actual state of affairs. First, it is found necessary to "house" the guns, that is, run them inboard and lash them fast with their noses held immovably against the inside of the bulwarks. Then the weather is recorded as being dark and cloudy, with "a very large Seee from the W. Bord." We must proceed cautiously, with two reefs in the foresail and three in the mainsail; and under such reduced canvas the little *Lawrence* climbs the huge seas "from the W. Bord," in the rolling forties.

On Wednesday, March 30th, just a week after leaving Bermuda, the entry in the log is very ill-written and the lines straggle away to one corner. Plainly, it was no easy task to drive the quill across the paper as the vessel rolled and jumped about in the rough sea. Then came two days of rain squalls and variable winds. Suddenly the wind shifted and then died away. In the lively pitching which followed, the *Lawrence* racked her bowsprit out. Her crew had barely time to secure it and make repairs when the gale was upon them again. With a mere rag of canvas showing, a double-reefed foresail, the privateer scudded before the storm or lay to and hoped for better times.

On Friday, six of her guns and all her twenty swivels had to be lowered into the hold to steady her and to take the weight off the deck. From the flocks of gulls about the ship, they feared that they were too near some coast to be safe; but the leadsman could find no bottom at ninety fathoms. By this time the rigging was beginning to show signs of strain. There was a succession of more or less serious accidents. On Saturday, the clue of the mainsail broke off short, and it took two hours to repair the damage. For Sunday, the entry reads, "a hard Gale of Wind and Raine and Squales of Snow and Very Cold." To-day, the topping-lift block on the main-boom split and the schooner was hove to until it was replaced. The legitimate inference from the foregoing would seem to be that the

Lawrence was a staunch craft to survive such a buffeting, and that her crew were as stout as her timbers.

On Tuesday, April 5th, the wind moderates in the afternoon, and land is seen on the weather bow. It is Cape "Heare," and for the first time in ten days the *Lawrence* was able to shake out her reefs and carry all her small sails. By noon next day she is abreast of Cape Negro, and the weather is again "mored and clear." They are now in Nova Scotian waters, and, after their two disappointments, and the long siege of rough weather, fickle fortune smiled for a moment on the luckless privateteersmen. They actually have a brush with a genuine Frenchman. On Wednesday they sighted a strange sail, making towards them under a cloud of canvas, carrying even his "ringtail," a narrow little sail rigged outside the spanker, and his "driver," the square sail underneath the bowsprit. The *Lawrence* kept on her course, hoisted her six guns out of the hold, "and Got all ready to in Gadge." As soon as the Frenchman was near enough to get a good look at the schooner's decks all cleared for action, he sheered off and changed his course. The Bourbon lilies and St. George's cross ran up to the mast-heads of the two vessels, the stranger discharged his larboard broadside, doing apparently no damage, and the privateer replied with all the starboard guns she could bring to bear. The Frenchman ran for it. In her very thorough preparation for a hard fight, the *Lawrence* had "crotched her booms," to give more elbow room on deck. The consequent delay in making sail gave the chase a great advantage and enabled him to escape. Gardner's note reads, "We Cold not tell which went best, but it Brest (braced?) oup and we seemed to gain upon him But nite Coming one and it being dark we lost site of him our Cheas was a sloop of 8 or 10 Gones." With a touch of imagination he adds, "we jodged (jogged) along our Corse along shore at 8 Cloake Cape Le have Bore N." The encounter shows the spirit.

of the privateer, for the sloop was a sloop of war, and the size below a frigate, and yet the *Lawrence* did not hesitate to attack. The next day about six o'clock, she dropped anchor opposite the Governor's battery at the foot of George street, and her cruise was over. On April 23rd Andrew Gardner appeared before John Duport, Esquire, Justice of the Peace, and swore that his log as aforesaid was "a just and true Journal of the Cruize from the time of the said Privateer's sailing from the Port of Bermuda to her arrival at the Port of Halifax."

Then this rough record of the *Lawrence's* voyage was laid away for a century and a half. Of the hundred men who trod her decks, and stood to her guns, each with his own history and passions and hopes, if only for a fair run and plenty of prize money, only this frail memorial remains,—of interest only to the curious antiquary.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Dalhousie College.



The Bells of Peace.

Ring out O Bells ! Ring loud and long !
Your message may the breezes bear ;
Peace !—blessed burden of your song—
The welcome sound we've longed to hear.
Ring out the bloodshed, wounds and death
Of those their country ill could spare ;
Ring in the price which cost their death,—
The principle to do and dare.

Ring in the true, the staunch, the brave,
The brotherhood of man to man ;
Ring out the breath of treachery ;
Ring out the shackles of the slave !
Ring in the gentle arts of peace,
And knowledge with its mines of lore ;
Ring out the ignorance which gave
A nation's death-knell to the Boer.

Ring out the wail of widowed ones ;
Of orphans mourning for their sire ;
Ring in our Christianity,
Philanthropy that cannot tire.
Ring in the law of liberty ;
The sacredness of human life ;
Ring out the reign of cruelty ;
Bad deeds with which the war was rife.

Unfurl the Standard from the staff !
Its folds let every subject see ;
Of freedom may they deeply quaff,
Thus joining in our victory.
For closely twined within our flag
Are honor, justice, truth and love !
May it be ours to never lag
In leading all to look above.

Ring in return of loved ones far,
Who crossed the deep for Empire's weal ;
Ring out all injury or scar,—
Trophies entailed by touch of steel.
Ring in relief to mourning hearts,
For blanks, no victory can atone !
O God, heal thou heart-aches and smarts,
As only thou canst heal alone.
On thee we call, to thee we cry,
In war, in peace, in victory.

LYDIA A. EDWARDS.

Truro, N. S.

The Wetmore Family of Charlotte County, New Brunswick.

PART III.

The compiler of the Wetmore Memorial, p. 200, concerning the marriage of Rev. Jas. Wetmore writes as follows :

"The date of Mr. Wetmore's marriage, and whom he married, we have not been able to discover further than that he was a man of family during his residence in New York, and his wife's Christian name was Anna, and his issue by her two sons and four daughters ; their relative ages, we conjecture, to be as he names them in his will, though this is a supposition only."

The query inserted in the second article of this series has brought the desired information from two sources, regarding the maiden name of the wife of Rev. James Wetmore. Mr. Fred A. Wetmore, of St. George, Charlotte County, N. B., writes, under date April 24th, that

"My grandfather, Caleb Wetmore, said that his grandmother, Mrs. Rev. James, was a Dwight, of New England, Anna Dwight."

A letter from the Librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society, confirms Mr. Wetmore's statement, and gives further information :

BOSTON, April 21st, 1902.

Dear Sir,—

In answer to your request in the April number (p. 97) of the ACADIENSIS, I will quote from Prof Dexter's "Yale Biographies and Annals," where he speaks of James Wetmore : "He married, in 1718, Anna, the eldest child of the Rev. Josiah Dwight (Harv. 1687), pastor of the Congregational Church in Woodstock, Windham County, Connecticut. She was born October 10, 1697, and died February 28, 1771, aged 73."

Other facts about the family are given in Prof. Dexter's book, and also in Baird's History of Rye, New York, (p. 314).

I notice that you give the date of Mrs. Wetmore's death as February 29th, 1771, which was not a leap year.

Yours very truly,

SAMUEL A. GREEN.

David Russell Jack, Esq.,
St. John, N. B.

Mr. Green is quite correct regarding the date of Mrs. Wetmore's death, the date February 29th, as stated in the previous article was a typographical error, which readers of this number will please note.

The Rev. James Wetmore mentions six children in his will, two sons and four daughters, namely James, Timothy, Alethea, Anne, Charity, Esther.

James Wetmore, son of Rev. James Wetmore, was born in Rye, New York, December 19th, 1727. He married Elizabeth Abrahams, of Westchester County, N. Y. She was born March 15th, 1730. By her he had twelve children, as follows: Abraham, John, Izrahiah, James, David, Josiah, Caleb, Elizabeth, Susannah, Charity, Alethea and Esther.

He was for many years an influential citizen of Westchester County, N. Y., and remained loyal to the crown during the Revolution. Together with his brother Timothy and his nephew, Abraham Wetmore and eighty other influential citizens of Westchester, signed the following declaration, taken from the American Archives, 4th Ser., 1, 802:

RYE, New York, Sept. 24, 1774.

We the subscribers, Freeholders and Inhabitants of the town of Rye, in the County of Westchester, being much concerned over the unhappy situation of public affairs, think it our duty to our king and country to declare that we have not been concerned in any of the resolutions entered into or measures taken, with regard to the disputes at present subsisting with the mother country; we also testify our dislike to many hot and furious proceedings in consequence of said disputes, which we think more likely to ruin this once happy country, than remove grievances, if any there are.

We also declare our great desire and full resolution to live and die peaceful subjects of our gracious sovereign King George III., and his laws."

In 1783, James Wetmore removed, with his family, to New Brunswick, and settled at the mouth of the St. John river, where he taught school for a time. His name does not appear among the grantees at that place, neither does

Sabine make any mention of him. He appears to have remained there but a short time, and to have removed to Hammond River, Kings Co., N. B., where he resided until his death, aged about seventy years. He was buried in the parish of Hampton. His wife survived him for seven years, and died at Hampton, at which place the remains of both herself and her husband were interred.

The Wetmore Memorial relates the following curious incidents regarding the mother of Mrs Wetmore :

Mrs. Wetmore was a daughter of a Mr. Abrahams, a wealthy West India merchant. On a visit to New York he became enamoured of a daughter of a Mrs. Bush, who was a native of Holland, whom he married, which led him to settle in that city, where he established himself in the East India trade, and added still further to his fortune. His wife was remarkable for her courage and muscular strength. It is said that one night she awoke from sleep and saw a black man, or one whose face was blackened, in her apartment opening drawers, etc., she sprang up, seized him and forced him out of the room ; afterwards, a large knife was found on the floor near her bed.

A cartman on one occasion, in passing her door with a cask of molasses, had the misfortune to have the head of the cask started. The man stood with terror at witnessing the molasses fast discharging itself upon the ground. Mrs. Abrahams, seeing the dray-man's distress, rushed out of the house, seized the hogshead and set it upon its end.

Abraham Wetmore, the oldest child of James Wetmore, was born in Rye, N. Y., Nov. 29th (9th ?), 1747. He was among the Loyalists of the Revolution, but did not come to these provinces. Together with his father and uncle, he was one of the eighty-three who signed the Declaration of Loyalty above noted. He was a captain of cavalry under Sir Henry Clinton, and at the close of the war he went to Jamaica, W. I., and settled there. After many years he returned to New York, and died at Marlborough, in that state, on the 6th Feb., 1790. Two of his older brothers came to this Province with their grandparents.

His widow married Sylvanus Whitney, of St. John, N. B. She died in St. John about the year 1804, and her

husband on the 24th day of August, 1827, aged 79 years. Both of them are buried in the old graveyard at Carleton, but no trace of their graves can now be found. It was the custom, during the early settlement of the country, to mark many of the graves with slabs of wood, upon which the inscriptions were painted. When the writer made a record of all the inscriptions to be found in the old graveyard in Carleton, in 1901, only one of these wooden monuments remained, and upon this the inscription was barely decipherable.

A letter from Mr. Fred. A. Wetmore states that the Wetmore Memorial is in error regarding the maiden name of the wife of Abraham Wetmore, which is there given as Sarah Sniffers, and that it should be Sarah Van Sniffen. Mr. Wetmore remarks incidentally as follows :

"You speak of old silver. We have a few teaspoons that were brought from New York in 1783, by James and Elizabeth (Abrahams) Wetmore, marked with their initials."

Information is requested respecting the dates of the deaths of James Wetmore and of his wife Elizabeth, and of their marriage ; of the exact date of the birth of Abraham Wetmore, the date of his marriage to Sarah Van Sniffin, and of her birth and death ; also respecting Anneke Jans, wife of Rev. Everardus Bogardus, and her connection with the Wetmore family. A correspondent writes, expressing the opinion that she was Anne, wife of Rev. James Wetmore, but the authorities above quoted effectually disprove that theory.

(To be continued.)

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.



Some Old Letters.

LETTERS written in familiar correspondence between old friends with no thought that they will ever survive to be reviewed and criticized in after years, are of much interest, as exhibiting the manners and customs of the time in which the writer lived, besides containing local historical matter often of much service to the delver in the records of the past.

As they are written freely, without any repression of feeling or sentiment, they bring us closely in contact with the writer, and we share his confidences, his hopes and fears with almost a personal interest, though he be dead and dust for many years.

I have a few old letters from George Hardy to John Ward, jr., second son of Major John Ward, and also from Jane Hardy to Hetty Ward, daughter of Major Ward, written at Lansingburgh, New York, in 1806-7, and 1820-22.

George and Jane Hardy were son and daughter of Elias Hardy, who figured conspicuously in public life during the early days of St. John, a very interesting sketch of whose life and character has been published by the Rev. W. O. Raymond, from which I have extracted a few particulars which may be of interest to those who have not read Mr. Raymond's pamphlet, as showing what manner of man Elias Hardy was.

"Elias Hardy was the son of a non-conformist clergyman, he was born at Farnham, in the county of Surrey, England, in 1744, educated for the Bar, and admitted an attorney and solicitor in the court at Westminster Hall. The confinement incident to this branch of the profession proved

uneongenial to one of his active temperament, and seemed, moreover, to afford a limited field for the exercise of his talents. He accordingly removed in early manhood to the 'King's Provinces' in America, to enter on the more pleasing duties of Counsellor at Law."

The disputes between the old American colonies and the mother country culminated, shortly after his arrival, in the revolutionary war. He resided in New York during nearly the whole of this eventful period, engaging as opportunity offered in the practice of his profession.

The first notice of him engaging in public affairs was at the evacuation of New York in 1783, when he appears as one of the leaders in opposition to the scheme of Colonel Abijah Willard, and his associates for securing extensive land grants in Nova Scotia.

The lands they desired to secure were supposed to include the best and most available locations on the Saint John river, these lands being then included within the bounds of Nova Scotia. This petition caused great indignation amongst the general body of Loyalists remaining in New York, and a copy forwarded to the settlers at the mouth of the Saint John river, caused like dissatisfaction in that locality. A meeting was held in New York to protest against the claims of the petitioners, and a committee was appointed, consisting of Samuel Hake, Elias Hardy and others to prepare a memorial to Sir Guy Carleton relative to the matter. Sir Guy when waited on received the deputation most favorably, and promised that no one person should receive a larger grant in Nova Scotia than 1000 acres.

The difficulties that had arisen in procuring lands for the Loyalists, who had chosen the St. John river as a place of settlement, were instrumental in bringing Elias Hardy to St. John. Many of the old inhabitants, who had settled on the St. John river prior to the revolutionary war, sympathized with their American friends in the

conflict, and some of them even assisted predatory bands from the revolted colonies. So the Loyalists on coming here claimed that the lands on which the old inhabitants had settled or squatted, should be forfeited for their benefit. Elias Hardy was engaged to inquire into the validity of the grants on the St. John river, and to ascertain if they were liable to forfeit. Hardy furnished a list to Ward Chipman, in which he pointed out many cases in which the land could be forfeited for non-fulfillment of conditions, etc., but Chipman did not think it advisable to take any active proceedings. Hardy was also employed by government to examine claims of Loyalists for compensation for losses incurred through the American Revolution, at the same time he built up an excellent private practice in his profession. He was admitted an Attorney of the Bar of New Brunswick in February 1785. His first prominent case was that of William Davidson of Miramichi, who was interested in lands on the St. John river. In consequence of conflicting claims regarding the property, he was retained by Davidson in suits instituted against James Simonds and others, the question got into Chancery and it was some years before it was settled, but meantime was of substantial benefit to Hardy, it secured his election to the first Assembly of New Brunswick, for the county of Northumberland, through the influence of Wm. Davidson, and led also to his being subsequently retained by James Simonds in a suit against his old colleagues Hazen, Jarvis and White. On the death of Bartholomew Crannell in 1790, he was appointed clerk of the Common Council, and clerk of the Sessions, retaining office till his death in 1798. He represented the county of Northumberland until the dissolution in 1792, and in the next general election, was returned as a representative for the city and county of St. John. At the expiration of the term he was again offered nomination, but declined on account of ill health. In the memorable suit for slander brought by Benedict Arnold

against his former partner Munson Hayt, Elias Hardy was retained by Hayt as his counsel. Arnold claimed £5,000 damages and got 20 shillings, which was regarded practically as a verdict for the defendant. Elias Hardy died in St. John on Christmas Day in 1798. The following brief obituary notice is from the *Royal Gazette* of January 1, 1799 :

“ Elias Hardy formed but few friendships, but in these he was always sincere, and the brilliancy of his wit and good humor, made him the life of every circle of which he formed a part. He has left a wife and four children to lament the loss of an affectionate husband and indulgent parent.”

The wife of Elias Hardy was Martha, daughter of Dr. Peter Huggerford, who was surgeon in the “ Loyal American Regiment ” in the Revolutionary War. Beverley Robinson was colonel, and the Rev. John Beardsley, chaplain. Several of the officers of the Loyalist regiment were prominent citizens of St. John in the early days. Amongst them was the Hon. John Robinson, who was mayor of the city at the time of his death in 1825, and John Ward, who died in 1846, at the patriarchal age of 94, being at that time the oldest half pay officer in the British service. Elias Hardy’s residence was on King Street, south side, half way between Charlotte and Germain. He was laid to rest in the old graveyard in the presence of a large number of St. John’s leading citizens, and to-day the spot of his resting place is unknown.

“ Friends and kindred returned to the land of their birth, but the old Loyalist sleeps beneath his country’s flag, and the city of the Loyalists retains within her bounds the ashes of one of the most distinguished of her founders.”

Some years after her husband’s decease, Mrs. Hardy, with her children, returned to New York, where her father and other relatives were living. On her return to New York, Mrs. Hardy found herself in straitened circumstances,

the sale of her property in St. John realized but a small amount, and being a woman of independent character, she would not be a burden on her relatives and so decided to do something towards the support of herself and family. She established herself in a millinery business at Lansingburgh, a town on the Hudson river, above Albany in New York state. An intimate friendship existed between her family and that of Major Ward, and a correspondence, and probably mutual visits were exchanged for many years. Judging from George Hardy's letter to John Ward, the sons of Mrs. Hardy appear to have commenced early to support themselves, and in her daughter's letter, dated in 1822, she mentions that her mother was retiring from business to enjoy a well earned repose. It would be interesting to know if any descendants of Elias Hardy were now living in the States. Jane Hardy writes in 1822, that her brother Henry had married a Southern lady, and that they were trying to persuade him to come north and live with them. This letter from Lansingburgh, in 1822, is the last of the few letters that I have, but I presume the correspondence was kept up long afterwards between such intimate friends. The movements and changes of many years plays havoc with all old documents, and the matter is now a very "old story," and all the principals have been dead for many years, yet it is possible that somewhere in the United States are living grandsons or great-grandsons of Elias Hardy—the London lawyer, and old time St. John Loyalist.

C. WARD.

George Hardy to John Ward, Junior.

LANSINGBURGH, (STATE OF NEW YORK.) }
 October 5, 1806. }

Dear Jack,—

Never did I feel more at a loss, how to address an old friend, than I do at this moment, for when I look at your letter, I think how unpardonably negligent I have been in not answering

it, my feelings are sufficient punishment, you must, therefore, my dear friend, for this time forgive me, and I do faithfully promise to be more punctual in future.

A few days ago I received a letter from R. Whitney, who informed me that he left all my old companions well, at which I assure you, I was sincerely happy,—for nothing can give me more pleasure than to hear that those with whom I have (I fear) passed the happiest days of my life still continue to enjoy themselves. I know not whether the thoughts of me often intrude on your minds, but give you my word that the adage will not apply to me “out of sight, out of mind,”—tho’ I think I hear you say, you have given us a proof of it by your silence, to this charge I should be obliged to plead guilty, but hope for mercy, but a truce with these unpleasant reflections and let me say that I was sorely disappointed at not meeting you in New York last fall, as we anticipated previous to your disastrous voyage. When I left New York there was serious fears for your fate, but happy was I when my mother informed by letter in the winter that you had arrived safe. Have you forgot our casting the dice one day in the Coffee House in the presence of Chaloner? if you have, I have not, it was for a supper of Oysters, and trimmings, and a couple of bottles, I believe you had the best of the bargain, which I should probably have found to my cost if we had met as we expected, and now I have mentioned the name of my friend Chaloner, I must beg of you to remember me to him in the warmest manner, tell him I thank him truly for his recollection of me in your letter and if he had wished to add to the catalogue of obligations under which I feel myself bound to him for his attention to me during my visit to St. John last summer, it would have been by adding a few lines to your letter, if he will do me that favour at a future period, I will with pleasure acknowledge it, for I must confess to you my dear Jack, that his attention to me and the friendly manner in which he always accosted me will always be remembered with gratitude. The night before I left St. John, I went into the Coffee House to take leave of such of my friends as I found there, among others was Chaloner, and when I gave him my hand he expressed his good wishes for my safe passage, and success, with so much sincerity that I was glad to get off, and hide my emotions. I sometimes think it was unfortunate for me that I made that visit to St. John, for I had begun to be reconciled to this place, but after I went there and observed how anxious all my friends were to make my time pass pleasantly, I could scarce bear the idea of returning—I found out long since that the pre-

tended friendly manner, with which the young people here treat strangers is all a sham and that they are a set of — unsociable beings, as ever existed, no more to be compared to our St. John Society, than if I may be allowed to use the comparison, the pleasures of Heaven and Hell. You can form no idea how unpleasant my time passes for want of a few of my old friends, and was it not for the pleasure of meeting some of them to talk over *old Times* I should never wish to see one of them here, as I am sensible they would be disgusted with the Society they would meet with, but let me beg of you, if you should ever find it convenient to make us a visit, not to let what I have said deter you but be assured that every attention that one, who is happy to call you his friend, could shew, to make your time pass pleasantly would be attended to with sincere pleasure—and before I forget it again I will thank you when you see young Willett Carpenter to remember me particularly to him, tell him that I have not forgot (and I hope I never shall) the attention he shewed me on my passage last Fall, with the *Hercules*, and shall always be happy to bear testimony of his friendship—ask him if he remembers our drinking the Egg-nog, whilst one of the men was telling some story to engage his attention from Berton, Hugh Johnston and myself who were making away with it as fast as possible, he will probably recollect the circumstance, tell him at the same time that whenever he visits New York, if he will direct me a few lines by the Mail, I shall be happy to hear from him.

As I fear my letter is growing tedious, I will briefly inform you, that my prospects in business grow brighter every day, and that I am succeeding as well as I should expect for a new hand, my acquaintance with the country daily extends, and of course business must increase. My Mother succeeds far beyond her most sanguine hopes in the Millinery line and has every prospect of making a handsome living. You will not fail to remember me to all my old companions, tell them I would be happy to hear from them if they will favour me with a few lines. You will also please to present my most respectful compliments to your Father, Mother and sisters—and do not forget my friend Mrs. Bourdett, tell her that I was happy to hear by my Mother, that she was pleased with her Callico, which she commissioned me to purchase for her last Fall, and that I am looking for some convenient spot, to dig the *Cave* which I mentioned to her I should need when I turned *Hermit*.

I shall now dear Jack conclude this lengthy epistle, with requesting you will write one as long, and tell me all the news *public and private.*

Direct to the care of Bernard Rapelye, No. 70 Front Street, New York, to be forwarded by Mail, and believe me to remain

Your Sincere Friend,

GEORGE HARDY.

George Hardy to John Ward, Junior.

LANSINGBURGH, N. Y., April 19, 1807.

My Dear Friend,—

With sincere pleasure I now acknowledge the receipt of your truly acceptable letter of the 30th November (on 15th January), and I assure you I was the more pleased with it, as it convinced me you did not decline the correspondence with your old companion and friend, and that I may long continue to hear of your being in health and happy as you could wish is my most fervent prayer, not forgetting all your amiable family for (though I should repeat it in every letter), when I reflect on the attentions that they have shewn to my Mother and Self, I feel myself oppressed with a load of favours that I never shall be able to repay, but rely on your friendship to lighten the weight. I was much pleased to learn by your letter that you are now in the line of doing something for yourself, and if my best wishes for your success in business would avail anything, you have them from my heart but until the career of that Sanguinary Corsican Usurper Buonaparte is at an end, I fear business must be dull in St. John, as there can be no prospect of an honorable peace, for Old England whilst he lives—and God grant he may not live to overturn that Bulwark to the freedom of the Globe. You will see by this my Dear fellow that I have not *turned into a Democrat*, and bent the knee to the pusillanimous Jefferson, nor is there any danger of my *turning my coat*, I was twice warned to turn out in the Militia last summer, and refused, I then had the honour of being brought up before a Court Martial, and ordered to give my reasons for refusing to train. I answered I was an Alien, and had taken the oath of allegiance to the King, and produced my Freedom Certificate, which I took out previous to my leaving St. John in 1804, this staggered them, and I was released, but expect they will try me again next summer, but I'll be — if I do train, if there is a possibility of avoiding it. In your letter you express a wish that we might meet in N. Y., but without you could be there early in

June, we must not think of it. I received a letter from Capt. Woodward yesterday from N. Y. who mentions that he is going home with the Venus, now if you are with her, I can hardly forgive your not writing me a few lines—if it was only to say you had arrived—in future I shall always expect a line to let me know when you are in New York. So regulate yourself accordingly. I should have been down by this time but as my Mother, who takes this with her, will set off to-morrow or next day for her supply of millinery, I must wait, and hope you will be there when I do come down, as I could say a thousand things, and relate many little anecdotes to you, that I dare not commit to paper. I shall have a Budget full when we do meet. It gave me much pleasure to hear that you were all enjoying yourselves so well with dancing—for my part I have danced but once this winter, and then was in a manner drove by my Mother, who wishes me to go into company more than I do, but I have not the most distant wish to go out, as it is impossible for me to enjoy myself with the Society here. And when I sit and think how pleasantly I could pass a few weeks among my old friends, I am almost tempted to fly to them, but I hope the time is not very far distant that I shall be gratified in my wish. I am happy to say that my prospects in Business continue to brighten. I have done very well this winter for a young hand, as near as I can calculate I have made a clean Saving of \$350, after paying every expense, after taking this into consideration, all the difficulties I have had to contend with, is no mean sum, and if it continues to increase in proportion I shall have no reason to complain. My Mother has also had a very good run, and as she gets more known in the Country, her Business gets better. We have had a very severe winter in this Country, indeed such intense cold has not been known for many years, from the middle of December to the first of February, we had hardly an inch of snow, and as Business depends solely on good Sleighing, we did not in that interval make scarcely Salt to our porridge, but when the snow did come, the produce that was brought in almost exceeds belief, as the crops of Wheat were very great last season, it seemed as though there never would be an end to it, the quantity now on hand is immense, not a store in a range of nine miles from this but has from 16-to 30,000 Bushels, besides every other kind of produce in abundance. And now my Dear Jack as your patience must be nearly exhausted by this scrawl, I must think of writing Finis, but allow me first to beg you will give my best respects to your Mother and all your family. You will please remember me to my friend Chaloner, tell him I hope soon to hear

that he has taken a *Rib*, as I shall condemn him very much if he does not, as I anticipate the pleasure of being introduced to Mrs. Chaloner when I visit St. John. Nor must you forget to remember me to Willett Carpenter, tell him whenever he comes to New York, I should be happy to have a few lines, if he has not forgot me, in short you will remember me to all my old friends, that you think would be pleased to hear I was well. I shall expect, and indeed request your next will be as lengthy as this. You must inform me who is dead, who married, or likely to be, and faith anything and everything you think of, and now my Dear Jack, I with pleasure subscribe myself,

Your Sincere (tho' absent) friend,

GEORGE HARDY.

George Hardy to John Ward, Junior.

LANSINGBURGH, Sept. 13, 1807.

Dear Jack,—

I feel rather guilty when I look at your friendly epistle of 30th June (received 30th July), and I think how long I have neglected answering it, but when I inform you that I have been unwell for 3 or 4 weeks with the Influenza, which has prevailed so generally through the country, you will I hope make some allowance for my long silence. You observe in your letter that you were in hopes of meeting me in N. York last spring. I assure you, you could not be more disappointed than I was at our missing each other, but you came rather too early. I was there in June, and shall be down again the latter part of next month. I thank you my dear Friend for your good wishes for our well doing, and believe me when I return them a hundredfold. You are silent on your own success, do say how you come on, tho' from my own knowledge of the situation in St. John, I fear you do not make money faster than you wish, that part of your letter in which you speak of yourself and friend Chaloner, puffing away the hours at Cody's, filled me both with gratitude and envy—gratitude for your sometimes thinking of me in your social chats, and envy (excuse the word) at the pleasure you must take, while I have no place in which to relax my mind, with a friend as I used to in St. John. I think I can figure to myself some of your capers at a *Clearout*, and I could almost curse my bad luck at being deprived of assisting to drain a Bottle with the rest, for I assure you I have not forgot how many I have helped to demolish at Cody's, and anticipate the pleasure of lending you a hand next spring (don't stare) to crack another—it is my intention if I am alive and well of making you a visit about the latter part of May or the first o

June next, as all business will be at a stand from that time to the beginning of this month, owing to its being the season of Harvesting. I think I may as well pass my time in visiting some of my old cronies as idle it away here. Tell me in your next how my old friends Mr. A. Crookshank and family are, and when you see him please remember me respectfully to him. I wish to know when you and Chaloner intend *entering into the blessed state of matrimony*, as I think it will be over with him very soon if you do not spur him up, tell him what I say, as for yourself there is a little more time, and when the *Spirit* moves you, if you cannot get suited in St. John, come this way and look out a stout Dutch lass, with 20 or 30,000 dollars. I assure you there are many such around this part of the country, though you would find it tough work to get to windward of them, they are so cursed close.

I suppose you have all been in an uproar about the late affair of the "Leopard" and "Chesapeak," it has caused a great sensation here, but I do not dread a war, as the *great* Jefferson is of too cowardly a character to fight if he can avoid it, indeed what could this country do in case of war? They have no Navy, excepting a few paltry Gun Boats, to be sure they say "we would take Canada and Nova Scotia," the latter might perhaps easily fall, but I suspect some of them would get their knuckles cracked if they should pay Quebec a visit, in return for this their commerce would be at the mercy of the British Navy, and their Sea Ports battered about their ears, though I believe there are many in this country who would be delighted with a war with Britain, for the sake of venting their hatred to her, which they can only do now on paper. You will observe I am now speaking of the Democrats, the Federalists tho' they would to a man turn out in defence of their Country's insulted Flag, would nevertheless deplore a war with England, sensible of the injury that must arise to both Countries, whose interests are so much to be on terms of friendship. As I am wasting your time with my long-winded epistle, I must now beg of you to present my best respects to your amiable Mother and family, say to them that I shall wait with much impatience, till I can in person wait on them. Remember me to my friend Chaloner, and in my name thank him for his good wishes, and to all my old companions you will remember me, and the first time you are at Cody's, tell him he must prepare himself to meet me in a *Battle*, each armed with a bottle of his best Port Wine.

And now my dear fellow in the hopes of hearing from you soon,

I remain, Yours Sincerely,

GEORGE HARDY.

Jane E. Hardy to Hetty Ward.

LANSINGBURGH, 30th July, 1821.

My Dear Hetty,—

With pleasure I do acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 6th. I had been anxiously waiting to hear from you for some time, and was fearful my letters had not reached you, or that you was ill, and I am very sorry that my fears were too true. I really think if it is possible, that your dear Mother and yourself had better make us a visit this season, it will I am confident benefit the health of both, and we should certainly be very happy to see you, and would do all in our power to make your visit pleasant. Mother has written a long letter to your Father upon business, and she has made the same request that I now make, it was written but a few hours before I received yours. She wishes your Father to send on 6 barrels of Dulse and if he has to pay more for it than my brother did (which was \$4) not to hesitate, and wishes it to be sent as soon as possible. She has written to him to receive some money for her from Mr. Cereno N. Jones of Sissiboo, N. S., and to take out the expenses which he may be at in getting it, and also the pay for the Dulse, and to send her the remainder by the first safe conveyance to New York, to Hay & Wood, or any other person who he may think proper, and write her by Mail, and she will send an order for it, and when he forwards on the Dulse, if he will be kind enough to inform us where it will be put in New York, we would request some of our captains that sail from this place to get it for us.

I am very glad to hear that Margaretta is so promising a girl, I think from your description of her she will be a pleasant companion for you. You say the weather is fine with you, it is so excessively warm here that we can hardly attend to anything, but endeavoring to keep cool by fanning ourselves in the middle of the day, for some days past the heat has been almost beyond bearing, and not a breath of air. At night we open the windows and doors, and sleep without even a sheet over us. Such weather you are not troubled with, but we have at least 6 weeks or 8 yet to expect of the same kind. I wish very much you were here my dear Hetty with your Mother, as we shall have great quantities of fruit this season, the small fruit is nearly gone, and we begin to have Pears, Apples, and in a week or two Plums in abundance, the prospect for fruit of all kinds has not been so great for many years as at present, you know not how much we wish for you both here to enjoy it with us. My brother Henry arrived here from the South, last week, he is in perfect health, and weighs about 20 pounds

more than when you saw him in St. John. So you may suppose he is not a very small man. When in New York he sent your box on by Mrs. Nicolls. I hope it will at last arrive safe, if the bulbs are not defected you had better put them immediately in the ground, and they may yet be good, have them well covered in the Fall with manure and I hope next season you may have the pleasure of seeing them blossom. I shall send you on more this Fall for fear the others may fail. My brother will be on his way to the South in September or October, and he will leave them with Mr. Perrott, as I think that will be the safest way. We expect Charles here soon from Utica to spend a short time, he was well when we last heard from him. The wedding you mention as reported I am not much surprised at. I mean Mrs. B. Miss Dunn I suppose had returned home ere this, but I hope she may conclude to change her name, as I think she will be a pleasant addition to your society, remember my best respects to herself and Sister Mrs. Armstrong. I wish I could spend the afternoon with you all.

LANSINGBURGH, July 30, 1821.

Cereno N. Jones, Esq.

Sir,—

At sight please pay to the order of John Ward, Esq., Sixty-seven pounds four shillings, Nova Scotia Currency, and place the same to account of

(Duplicate)

Yours, etc.,

MARTHA HARDY.

Above Mother has written a duplicate of her order to Mr. Jones, so that your letter is a mixture of business and News. I am pleased that you have received the portraits you expected last Fall, it must be a great gratification to you. I think Lord Powlett might as well have left the children a little more, as he did not make their Father his heir. I do not know how your Father can part with Newton, he is so much attached to him, it will be a hard case if he is obliged to.

Mother is very well and desires to be particularly remembered with myself to your family, and all our old friends. We should both like very much to pay you all a visit, but cannot say when we shall have that pleasure as she is very much confined at home, but I hope the time is not far distant when she will give up business and have more leisure to visit her friends. Let me know in what state the bulbs are when you receive them, as I have a curiosity to know. Present my compliments to Mr. Bedell, Miss Smith, Miss Thompson, and all my friends, and believe me,

Ever your sincere friend,

JANE HARDY.

NOTE.—Miss Hardy's next letter (24th April, 1822) is much the same, friendly gossip, etc., except that she states that her mother has retired from business, and thinks of living at New Haven. She says of her mother :

“My dear Mother enjoys perfect health, and as yet age has made an alteration in her for the better. She has grown fleshy, and of course retains the same look that she did when she left St. John. She is not supposed by any one to be as old by 15 or 20 years as she really is. She has had a great deal to struggle with in bringing up her children, but I hope she is about to reap the fruits of her labour. She will give up business in July, and the rest of her life from present appearances will be spent as she pleases.”

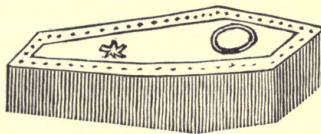
And so ends this little episode of old St. John taken from a few old yellow time-stained letters. Hardy, Ward, Johnston, Chaloner, Carpenter, Berton and all the others alluded to have played their brief part on the stage of life, and gone the common way of all mankind many years ago.

C. WARD.

(From the *Royal Gazette and New Brunswick Advertiser*.)

NEW BRUNSWICK.

ST. JOHN, JANUARY 1ST, 1799.



(*Sic*) MOMENTO MORI.

On Tuesday last, the 25th ultimo, after a long illness which he bore with the greatest fortitude, Elias Hardy, Esquire, Counsellor and Attorney-at-Law—Judge of Probates for this City and County—Common Clerk of the City—Clerk of the Courts of Common Pleas and General Sessions of the Peace for the City and County—Clerk of the Court of Chancery, etc., etc.

The Naming of St. Andrews — a Miss.



ALL normal men are born hunters, though the quarry they follow is diverse enough. With the majority it is wealth, with others knowledge, with some reforms, while most return at times with joy to the primitive original of it all, the capture of the wild game of the woods and waters. As for me, I enjoy several forms of the chase, but the one that I follow with particular zest is the historic origin of the place-names of my native province. I do not believe that any hunter ever yet stalked the lordliest moose and brought him to earth, or any fishermen ever yet played the noblest salmon to gaff, with an intenser pleasure than I experience as I trace some one of our historic place-names through all its devious historical wanderings and bring it to book. But like other sportsmen, I sometimes lose big ones, and this is to tell of a beauty which I thought I had but didn't, because I took the wrong trail.

The name in question is Saint Andrews, on Passamaquoddy. It can be traced back on many maps and in many documents to the Morris Map and Report of 1765, (in Ms. in the Public Record Office, London) where it is applied to the island east of the town, which we now call Navy Island. But earlier than that there is no authentic record of it, though there are two or three hints. Thus in the invaluable Boundary Ms. now in the possession of Rev. Dr. Raymond, are several depositions of residents at Passamaquoddy taken in 1796-97; in one of these, by John Curry, we read: "In 1770, when this deponent first came to the country, there was an Indian place of worship and a cross standing upon Saint Andrews, or Indian Point, and a burying ground which he understood from them.

[the Indians] was consecrated ground ;” again, in another, by an Indian, Nicolas Awawas, we read : “ There was a cross put up at St. Andrews Point, and it was standing till about fourteen years ago, and was put up by St. André, a priest. . . . and then it was called St. Andrews.” These statements must be taken with some caution, but they make it probable that there had been a Christian mission at this place, the name of which was St. Andrews. Here, despite much search, the matter rested until a few months ago, when, working through the newly issued volume on Canadian Archives, the Supplementary Volume for 1899, I hit upon these passages :

July 26, 1702. The Minister writes to the Bishop of Quebec : “ Is glad to learn by his letter that the negotiations with the Abbot of St. André au Bois, respecting the establishment of his community in Acadia, are going on favorably. (Page 363).

August 2, 1702. The Minister writes to the Bishop of Quebec : “ Will do all that depends on him to induce the King to consent to the conditions upon which the Abbot of St. André-au-Bois would undertake an establishment in Acadia.” (Page 363).

August 2, 1702. The Minister to M. Bignon, Intendant of Picardy : “ Asks him to endeavor to lease for 8,000 livres, the establishment of the Abbey of St. André-au-Bois, in Artois On condition that that be done, the Abbot consents to found an establishment in Acadia and to go there himself.” (Page 363).

April 25, 1703. The Minister to M. Bégon. “ Will grant a passage on the ship going to Acadia to the Abbot of St. André-aux-Bois, of the order of Prémontrés, with 9 Religious of his order.” (Page 370).

June 20, 1703. The Minister to M. de Brouillan. “ Respecting the Abbot of Saint André-aux-Bois.” (Page 371).

July 18, 1703. The Minister to the Bishop of Quebec. “ Sends him a letter of the Vicar General of ‘ La Congregation des Prémontrés,’ which will show him what these monks require, before undertaking the missions of Acadia. Thinks their proposals worthy of acceptance, and thinks those which may not be so, would be modified if he should take it in hand.” (page 368).

This is all upon that subject in the volume, but it seemed enough! "Eureka!" (or a scientific equivalent) I cried, "the Monks of St. André-au-Bois came to Acadia, some of them founded a mission at St. Andrews and named it in honor of the house of their order in France. This explains, too, the Indian tradition that it was founded by a priest by the name of St. André." But later my joy was tempered by the reflection that 'twas a goodly guess, but where was the proof? So I set to work to find it. I asked a priest of the Roman Church whether the Order of Prémontrés is still in existence, and if so, to whom I could apply for information about the order and its early missions. He told me the order is still active and gave me the address of the Superior of St. Norbert's College of Du Pere, Wis., who in turn referred me to the Bishop of the Order, the Bishop of Namur, in Belgium, to whom I wrote. A prompt and very courteous reply was received from Father Waltman Van Spilbeeck, Sub-Prior of the Abbey of Tougerloo, Belgium, to whom his Lordship had referred my letter, enclosing an extract from a history of the Abbey of St. André-au-Bois, of which the following is a translation :

André Thomas, XXXVe abbé de St. André-au-Bois (1688-1731).

In one of his frequent voyages to Paris, admitted to present to the Cardinal de Noailles his plans of reform, he met the Bishop of Quebec, who persuaded him to take part in the apostolic work in Canada, and proposed to him to attach himself to his person. The imagination of the Abbé Thomas was immediately fired by the thought of consecrating himself to missions, and of leading beyond the seas his disciples of the Mount-Saint-Martin. The reformer straightway became the apostle.

He sought immediately from the court the authority to devote himself to the propagation of the faith, and through the mediation of the intendant Bignon, asked from the abbey of St. André a subsidy of three thousand livres.

The brother Boubert (proctor) and the prior, unwilling to share with the new world resources hardly sufficient for the abbey itself, granted, not without difficulty, a sum of 1,200 livres; Thomas

. arrived suddenly at Saint André one evening in September, 1703, in the hope to recruit there at least some disciples; some clergy to preach the gospel; some laymen to found a colony; his brother offered to accompany him with wife and two children, but he required from the King the grant of two square leagues of land to be held in fief from the crown of France, with water mills, wind mills, the rank of esquire, and finally permission to cross and recross the ocean whenever he thought best.

At Saint-Omer, at Serques, where Thomas went to promote the advantages of his project, he obtained many adherents; but the monks of St. André knew their abbé too well to risk following him in such an adventure. When it became necessary to leave family and country, when on his return from Paris, where he was to organize the voyage, André Thomas made his appeal to the missionaries and the colonists, no one presented himself; he himself, moved by the tears of his parents, hesitated and sought trivial excuses; he wrote to the Bishop of Quebec that an abbé ought not to abandon his community and traverse the seas without the authorization of the Pope, and the Bishop answered him through the minister Pontchartrain, that he ought to fulfil his engagements, and to be at La Rochelle the 12th of June, 1703. The Bishop of Quebec cared little for the colonists recruited by promises, but he counted upon the missionaries and would not start without them; a last time he wrote to André Thomas; then, as time pressed, he dismissed him in disgrace, whilst the Recollets took his place on the ship which made sail for Canada.—*From the "Histoire des abbayes de Doumartin et de Saint-André-au-Bois," par le Bon Abberie de Calonne. Arras. Sueur-Charruey, 1875, pp. 191 and following.*

The correctness of the statements in the above passage is rendered the more probable from the fact that, as Father Van Spilbeeck points out, there is cited among the authorities on which this history is based, a "Chronicle of Saint-André-au-Bois by F. Boubert, 36th Abbé . . . from 1135 to 1763." As Abbé Thomas was the 35th Abbé, this chronicle was by his successor, and hence likely to be correct. The Abbey itself has been long since destroyed, doubtless during the French Revolution.

Thus vanished my beautiful theory about St. Andrews. But I still think it probable that the name was that of a mission to the Indians at this place, established some time

subsequent to Church's raid in 1704. It is a coincidence of some interest that the name Saint Martin occurs in the above passage, as that of a neighboring abbey; for the name Saint Martius in St. John county is also of totally unknown origin, though no record of its occurrence prior to 1786 is known. Incidentally the above passage is also of interest as showing the difficulties the French experienced in securing colonists for New France.

W. F. GANONG.



A WINTER SCENE IN A GARDEN AT FREDERICTON.

Designed by Miss Sadie Macfarlane.





Sir Charles Tupper Bart.

G.C.M.G. C.B.

NO 35,



Book = Plates.



RECENTLY, while making a visit to one of the auction rooms in St. John, as the writer has been wont to do at short intervals for several years past, in search of a stray volume of interest, an old pamphlet or magazine, or some other literary crumb, it was his good fortune to stumble upon a find, the richness of which he has even yet hardly ventured to estimate. Upon a table were displayed a lot of odd volumes, chiefly of such a character as would be found in a clergyman's library. They were a very miscellaneous lot, but several

of them were at once recognized as being of value. These were acquired at a modest price, and in reply to an enquiry as to whether any more were obtainable from the same source, the auctioneer replied that he had many cases of similar books stored away in the top flat of his warehouse, and had received orders to dispose of them to the best advantage. After a little negotiation a bargain was concluded, which resulted in a week's labor on the part of the writer—a labor of love, indeed—in a dusty garret, in opening cases and turning over the leaves of volumes which had not seen the light of day for nearly a

quarter of a century. This constituted all that remained of what had once been the extensive library of one of Acadia's foremost literary workers. What a wealth of gems it contained. Here it had lain forgotten and unnoticed for years. The dust of a busy city had penetrated to the inmost recesses of the cases in which the volumes had been packed. A leaky roof had permitted the rain to enter and cause no little damage to many of the volumes.

Here were book-plates galore! No modern book-plates poorly designed and cheaply contrived, but copper-plate engravings. All of them had been designed, printed, inserted in their respective volumes, the volumes had become part of a fine library, their owner had gone the way of all flesh, and his books had been hurriedly packed up and stored away, long before the collecting of book-plates had become a fad, or the first work published upon that interesting subject had been even conceived in the mind of its writer. There they had remained until opened up and carefully examined by the writer of these pages. What a history was here unfolded—volumes presented by members of the family, one to the other, at various seasons and anniversaries in the family history—the donor and the recipient long dead. Volumes that betokened hard study and careful usage. Volumes that, could they have spoken, would have revealed many an interesting incident of college and university life, of a life devoted in its earlier years to the ministry of the gospel, and later to journalistic and editorial work. Here were books that were printed, bound and studied, nearly a century before Champlain, DeMonts and Poutrincourt, during their memorable voyage of discovery, had, on the 24th of June, 1604, sailed into Le Baye Francoise, and dropped anchor at the mouth of what they named—in honor of the day—the river St. John.

At the foot of one tiny volume which lies before the writer at the present moment is printed—"LVGD. BATAVOR. Ex officina Elzeviriana Ao. 1632." Another reads, "Am-

stelodami, Apud Ludovicum Elzevirium—1651." Both of these are bound in vellum, and a close examination reveals the fact that the vellum covering was once part of a much older work, the carefully formed lettering of what had been, possibly, a beautifully illuminated missal stolen from some English monastery, being distinctly visible through the binding.

On the fly-leaf of a book which lacked the title page, appeared a note signed by a Bishop of the Church of England, and dated A. D. 1610.

There were a number of pamphlets and magazines, valuable to the editor of a magazine such as this, for the amount of historical material which they contained.

But it is unnecessary to weary the reader with a longer description of this interesting collection. It is sufficient to add that about two hundred volumes have since passed into the hands of one by whom they will be carefully preserved, and a special book-plate is being prepared, in which will be set forth the name of the prior owner, with such biographical data as may seem appropriate.

Such of the book-plates as are of local interest, only two or three, will be reproduced in the pages of this magazine. The remainder have found a temporary abiding place, with the several volumes in which they are contained, upon the library shelves of one whose sincere wish it is that they may eventually form a part of a national library in the Acadian Provinces.

No. 35.—Sir Charles Tupper, K. C. M. G., etc., etc., whose book-plate is here reproduced, is undoubtedly one of the ablest statesmen, not only of the Acadian Provinces, but of Canada at large, and as such needs no introduction to the majority of the readers of this magazine.

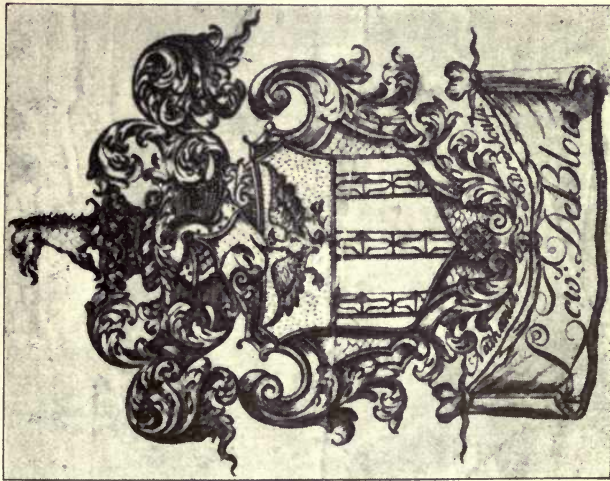
He is the oldest son of the late Rev. Charles Tupper, D. D., of Aylesford, N. S., by his first wife, Miriam Lockhart Low, of Parrsboro, N. S. His branch of the family is descended from Thomas Tupper, who emigrated to

America in 1635, landing at Saugus, now Lynn, Mass., and two years later removing to Sandrich, in the same Province, of which town they were among the incorporators. Sir Charles Tupper first entered public life at the general election of 1855, when he was returned to the Local Assembly as member for Cumberland, defeating the late Hon. Joseph Howe, then leader of the Liberal Party in Nova Scotia, and afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. For half a century he has been a conspicuous figure in the political life of this country, particularly so in the movement which culminated in the confederation of the Provinces and the establishment of the Dominion of Canada.

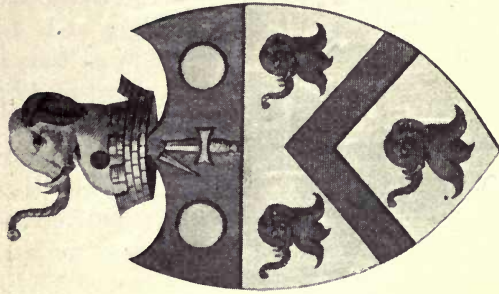
Dr. Tupper was created a G. C. M. G. in 1886, and a Baronet of the United Kingdom in 1888. He is an honorary D. C. L. of Acadia College, N. S., an honorary LL.D. of Cambridge University, England, and Edinburgh University, Scotland, and an honorary Fellow of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society.

He married on October 8th, 1846, Frances Amelia, daughter of Silas Hibbert Morse, of Amherst, N. S. The fiftieth anniversary of their marriage was celebrated at Ottawa on the 8th of October, 1896, on which occasion he and Lady Tupper were presented with many handsome souvenirs of the event, including a solid gold epergne from the Conservative members of the Senate, a solid gold salver from the Conservative members of the House of Commons, and a handsome silver-gilt epergne from the Conservatives of Halifax, N. S.

The book-plate is a strikingly handsome one, well designed and well proportioned. The owner was good enough to place the original copperplate at the disposal of the writer, for use in illustrating this article, but the great expense involved in making a sufficiently large number of impressions from such a plate has precluded its use. A



NO. 36.



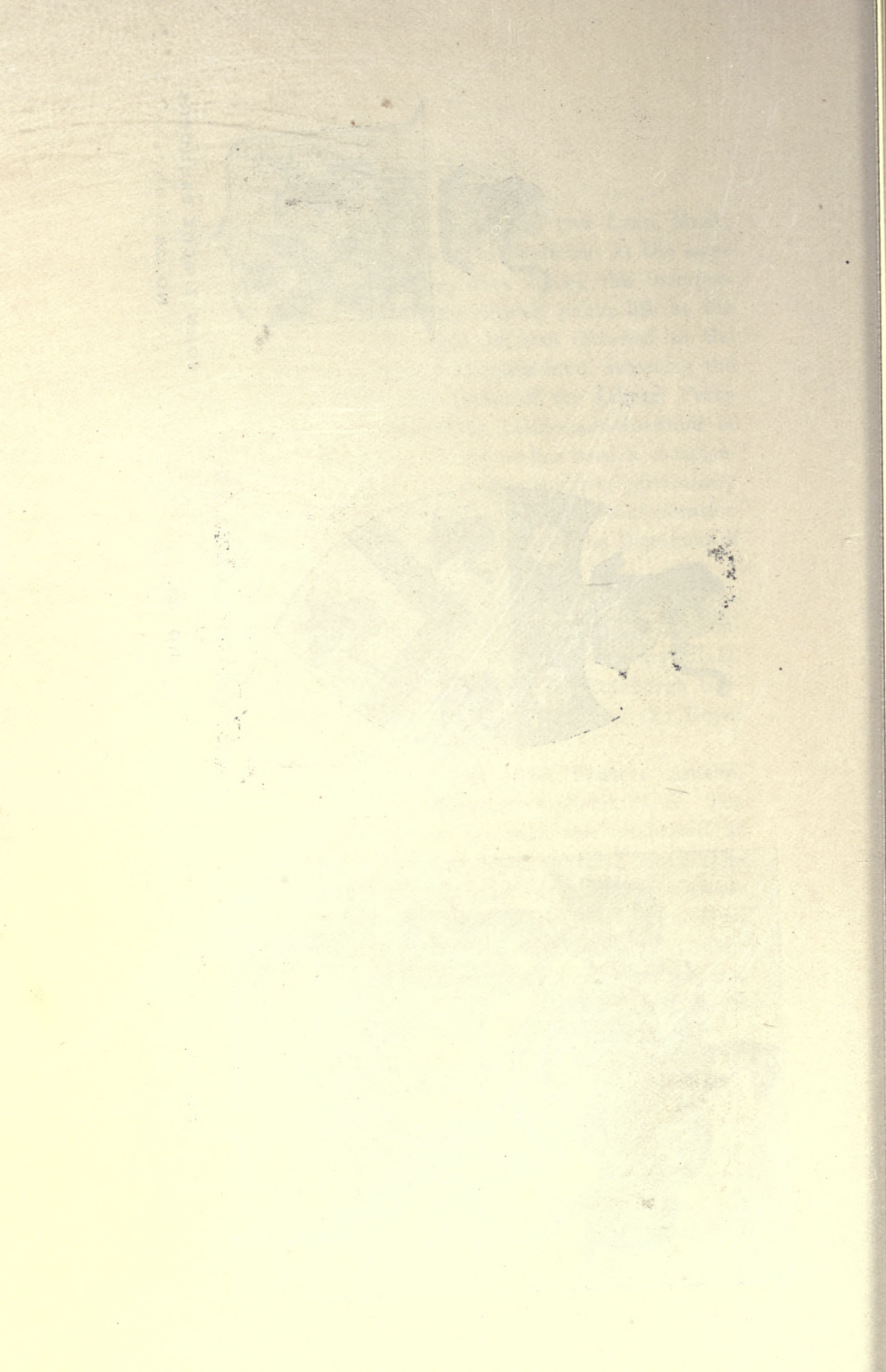
Capt. John Saunders.

NO. 38.



JOHN SIMCOE SAUNDERS.

NO. 39.



process plate was accordingly made from an impression from the original copper, and is presented to the readers of this magazine herewith.

No. 36.—The book-plate of Lewis DeBlois is of much interest for many reasons. The reproduction here given is from the only copy known to the writer, although there may be several copies in existence in the neighboring republic. This copy is in the possession of Mr. Lewis DeBlois Millidge, of the city of Saint John, he being a lineal descendant of the original owner. As there were at least three generations of the name, Lewis DeBlois, it is not possible, at present, to state definitely for which member of the family the plate was made.

The first member of the family, concerning whom the writer has any reliable data, and whom we shall designate Lewis DeBlois, Sr., was a merchant, originally, of London, England. He was afterwards a merchant of Boston, Mass., and was an addresser of General Gage, in 1775. In 1776 he was at Halifax, N. S.; in 1778 he was proscribed and banished, and in 1779 he was in London, England. He died very suddenly in England, so Sabine states, (after being out all day) in 1779, aged 71 years.

From the White family Bible, in the possession of Mr. Millidge, the following data was obtained:

Lewis DeBlois, Jr., son of Lewis DeBlois, merchant, of London, was born on the 10th of April, 1762, in Boston. On the 17th of August, 1784, he married Elizabeth Lawton, at St. John, N. B.

A daughter of Lewis DeBlois, Jr., Elizabeth Cranston, was born on the 20th of October, 1790, and on the 2nd of November, 1818, was married to James White, High Sheriff of the city of St. John.

A second daughter, Sarah, was born on the 23rd Sept., 1792, and was one of the first children baptized in Trinity church, St. John, N. B. During all her life she was one of the pillars of that church. She was never married.

No. 27.—Herbert E. Wardroper, Common Clerk of the city of Saint John, is a son of John Wardroper, and was born at Ewell, Surrey, England. He was educated at the Grammar School, at Manchester, England. He came to St. John in 1872, and studied law with James A. Belyea.

In 1878 he was appointed Deputy Common Clerk, which position he continued to hold until the death of B. Lester Peters, late Common Clerk, in 1891, when he succeeded to the office.

Mr. Wardroper was admitted an Attorney on the 18th of October, 1883, and a Barrister on the 7th of February, 1884.



The design of Mr. H. E. Wardroper's book-plate is from that of his great grandfather, Richard Wardroper, of Winchilsea, Sussex, England.

Family tradition relates that one of the early members of the family was keeper of the King's wardrobe, hence the origin of the name, which is allied to that of Chamber-

lain, Barbour, Ussher, etc. The three brushes which appear in the coat-of-arms, allude, probably, to the official position held by the first of the name.

Charles Wareing Bardsley, M. A., in his work, "English Surnames," p. 205, writes :

We have only to look at mediæval costume, its grandeur, its colors, and its varied array, to understand how necessary there should be a special officer to superintend his lord's wardrobe. Our 'Wardrops' are but the former 'de la Wardrobe,' or 'de la Garderoba,' while 'le Wardrober,' or 'le Garderober,' has bequeathed us our 'Wardroppers.'

Thus the 'Book of Curtasye' says —

The usshere shalle bydde the wardropere
Make redy for alle, night before they fere.

No. 38.—Captain John Saunders, afterwards Hon. John Saunders, Chief Justice of New Brunswick, was a Captain of Cavalry in the Queen's Rangers, of which Col. Simcoe was the commanding officer.

Captain Saunders was a noted Loyalist during the American Revolution. He was descended from an English family that adhered to the Royal cause in the civil war between King Charles and the Roundheads. His grandfather had emigrated to Virginia, and acquired large landed estates there, which were afterwards confiscated on account of the loyalist tendencies of Capt. Saunders.

With reference to his services as Captain in the Queen's Rangers, it is worthy of remark that his troop of horse was raised at his own expense. In 1780 he commanded at Georgetown, South Carolina, and was twice wounded in partisan strifes. At the close of the war he went to England, became a member of the Middle Temple, and practised law. In 1790 he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, and in 1822 became Chief Justice of this Province. He died at Fredericton, N. B., on the 24th May, 1834, aged 80 years.

His wife, Elizabeth Saunders, who was a native of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, came with her husband to this

Province in 1783. She died at Hammond River, N. B., on the 24th of August, 1828, aged 86 years.

A daughter of Judge Saunders, Eliza, married Adj. Flood, of the 74th regiment, and died at Fredericton on the 8th of January, 1821, aged 26 years.

No. 39.—John Simcoe Saunders was the only son of Hon. John Saunders. He was born in New Brunswick, and was educated at Oxford, England. He was admitted an Attorney on the 18th February, 1817, and a Barrister on the 18th February, 1819. He was called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1820, and later was made a Queen's Counsel.

He was a prominent man in the educational and political life of his native province. He was President of the Legislative Council of New Brunswick, a President of the Diocesan Church Society, and Senior Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for the counties of York and Sunbury. He was a member of the Senate of the University of New Brunswick, and also held several provincial appointments. He published "The Law of Pleadings and Evidence in Civil Actions," 2 vols., London, 1828. His son, John Saunders, was the founder of the Kings County, N. B., Cavalry. He married Mary Stewart, a niece of the widow of Chief Justice Chipman, of New Brunswick. He died at Fredericton on the 13th of April, 1880, at the age of fifty years.

In conclusion, a few notes from the pen of Mr. E. M. Chadwick, critical of a former article of this series is herewith appended.

It may be taken for granted that the object of publishing book-plates is not merely for the historic interest which attaches to those hitherto in use, but also to aid designers of new plates with such information on the subject as correspondents and others may be able to contribute. Therefore each plate published may be regarded as open to criticism. In the April number of ACADIENSIS you print two plates of Judge Owen and Mrs. Owen, composed in the pictorial symbolic style now so much used. These two plates

are most artistic, and excellent both in design and execution, but it is rather unfortunate that Mrs. Owen's arms should be displayed as those of an unmarried woman. The heraldic rules as to the arms of women are very precise, and always require that they should indicate whether the bearer is a spinster, a wife, or a widow. The arms in this instance should have impaled those of the husband. With regard to the arms in Judge Owen's plate, there is one thing so peculiar as to be a little difficult to understand, namely, a charge which is apparently a canton, and if so should be enclosed by lines parallel to the middle perpendicular and horizontal lines of the shield, but it is placed at an angle to those lines. If I might venture to offend against the motto, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam," and remark upon matters which are beyond my special field of criticism, I would say that if the figures in these two book-plates had been portraits, the book-plates would have been of the very greatest interest. The quaint costume of the judicial figure would have been appropriate, with but slight variation, for Judge Owen, even though if it might be possibly a little more elaborate and imposing than is usually worn in his court.

E. M. CHADWICK.

Toronto, April, 1902.

To be continued.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.



The Amaranth.

Away, away, over hill and dale,
Make speed with the breath of the passing gale,
And rise to Brunswick a monument,
Rife with the beauties of a continent—
Abounding in grandeur most sublime ;
New—tho' old as the oldest clime—
Thrice valued gem—thou Brunswick grant,
Hail! all hail! to the AMARANTH.



EARLY in the month of January, 1841, Robert Shives issued the first number of the *Amaranth*, the first literary monthly magazine printed in New Brunswick, and appealed "to a generous public for countenance and support." Every effort would be made on his part, Mr. Shives assured his readers, "to render the work acceptable, and having made arrangements in England for some of the best periodicals of the day, the *Amaranth*—independent of containing a choice selection from these sources—will furnish to its readers many original articles of undisputed merit, written by residents of New Brunswick." He also promised to "use the utmost care in the selections for each number and his best endeavors to render the mechanical portion of the work neat and creditable."

As Mr. Shives was a practical printer, having served a long apprenticeship in the printing establishment of Henry Chubb, the founder and proprietor of the old *Courier*, he fulfilled his promise admirably in this respect, and the pages of the *Amaranth* not only show tasteful composition, careful proof-reading, and good press work, but also good judgment in the selection of articles from other publications. While the larger number of the original contributions were very creditable, and some showed marked

ability, a few might, with advantage to the literary merit of the magazine, have been suppressed.

The January number contained but one original contribution—an Indian tale “The Storm Spirit of the Milicetes,” by W. R. M. Burtis, a gentleman who is still well remembered by older residents of St. John, and at that time filled the position of common clerk of the city. Mr. Burtis was a frequent contributor to the *Amaranth*, and during the year wrote for its pages two short tales, “Juana—a Reminiscence of Porto Rico,” and “The Ingrate—a Historical Romance.”

The February number contained but two original contributions, short poems by “H. C.” and “G. M. R.,” writers too modest and retiring to sign their names in full. As but few of the writers for this old magazine permitted their names to be appended to their contributions, we are left in doubt as to who were the literary aspirants in those days. We can, however, discover the identity of a few by their initials, and the *nom de plume* of others is still remembered. As the editor and his contributors have all passed away, we can now draw the veil under which these old writers reposed for more than half a century, and rescue their names, if possible, from oblivion. They gave their best to Acadian literature, and performed their work faithfully, if modestly, and without price.

In the number for March appeared the first of Moses H. Perley's sporting sketches of New Brunswick. These sketches were reprinted from the *London Sporting Review*, then the highest authority on sporting matters in the United Kingdom. This sketch is entitled “The Lawyer and the Black Ducks,” and was written in Mr. Perley's fascinating style, which at that time made him the most popular writer on hunting and kindred subjects in British America. As usual the Indian is introduced, and old Tomah, the Milicete guide, is the central figure, whose philosophy and resourcefulness give life and interest to

what in reality are the best sketches of the kind given to the world. This was followed by "The White Spectre of the Weepemaw," "The Indian Regatta," "The Bear and the Lumberman," and "La Belle Tololak." The April number contained the only original contribution Mr. Perley wrote for the *Amaranth*. It is entitled "Dark Harbor—a Tale of Grand Manan."

In the May number a comparatively unknown lady writer appeared, who signed her contributions "Mrs. B——n, Long Creek, Q. C.," and who proved to be a most prolific writer of both prose and poetry. "Adelaide Belmore," a tale, was the first, and contains a paragraph at the opening of the story in reference to the heroine, an American girl of wealth and fortune, that seems strangely true of that class at this time. "An undefined hope, and certainly a strange one for an American girl to entertain, flitted before her mind," writes this old romancer, "that her lover must be a nobleman, while probably she had never been in company with one in her life—but she was only seventeen, and romance was part of her nature."

"Adelaide Belmont" was followed by "The Lost One—a tale of the Early Settlers," "Edith Melbourn," an Irish sketch, and "A Tale of New Brunswick," which opens "where the bright waters of the wide St. John roll on their shining course, 'mid woodland height and emerald glade."

"Madeline St. Claire," a short French tale, appeared in the December number, which closed the first volume of the *Amaranth*. This lady was the wife of Dr. Frederick Bevan, an Irish physician, who practised his profession for many years in Kings and Queens counties. Their home was at Long Creek, Queens county. Mrs. Bevan was a daughter of Captain Shaw, a sea captain who sailed for many years out of St. John, and who died in this city about 1845. In 1848, Dr. Bevan, with his wife, returned to Ireland, and I have been unable to learn more of them. Mrs. Bevan was an accomplished and well educated woman,

and wrote with felicity and ease, and a high moral tone runs through all her writings. MacFarlane, in his "Bibliography of New Brunswick," makes no mention of her or of her writings, which were esteemed in their day worthy contributions to our literature.

The imperial army that garrisoned our principal towns for so long a period, had in its ranks men who aspired, as well as their officers, to literary fame. "J. M.," of the 69th Regiment, then stationed at St. John and Fredericton, became a regular and valued contributor. Two of his poems, "The Victim's Dying Hour," and "The African," were very creditable. To the second volume "J. M." made a more ambitious contribution than those made to the first—a tale entitled "The Maid of St. Vincent," which ran through two numbers, and was "most respectfully dedicated (by permission) to Lieutenant-Colonel Monins, Commanding Her Majesty's Forces in New Brunswick, etc., etc., by his most obedient, humble and devoted servant and admirer, the author." The plot of the story is laid on "the beautifully wild and wildly picturesque island of St. Vincent," West Indies, where the writer had been stationed. "J. M." was Sergeant Moore of the 69th, a genial and handsome Irishman, well known among his countrymen in the province.

At the end of the June number, Mr. Shives announced that the "*Amaranth* has now reached its sixth number, and for the first time appears in an entirely new garb," and the editor trusted his friends and patrons were convinced the magazine was firmly established and destined to become very popular. In answers to correspondents the individuality of Mr. Shives asserts itself and recalls the man to those who remember him :

"Our roll of MSS. for our July number," he writes, "is unusually large, and our patience has been severely tried in useless attempts to decipher some of them, which are as unintelligible as the hieroglyphics of Herculanum. The

rejected articles are very numerous. 'The Tale without a Name,' which comprises twenty-five pages of closely written foolscap, is so imperfectly written as to prevent insertion. 'Lines to Miss L——,' if the author lives to be three years older, he will thank us for not publishing this effusion. 'Lady, thy fate is sealed!' a ballad; this possesses one great merit which we cannot omit to name, viz.: it is written in a beautiful clear hand."

There seemed to be a great deal of poetry offered for Mr. Shives' consideration, and most of the poetry that appeared in the *Amaranth* was very good. The muses were cultivated in those days as assiduously as now, and in all the provincial publications of that period there are to be found original poems worthy a place in any collection. Two that appeared in the first volume were especially good: That entitled "War," and bore the initials "H. C.," from which I quote several verses:

"Come war! come war! I'll try my hand,
I'll prove my heart in deadly strife!
I'll link me with the foremost band
That dares th' exchange of death or life.

"Prove, when the deadly rifle-ball
Shall shrilly whistle through the air,
If power it has my heart to pall,
Or blanch my cheek with dastard fear."

The other poem was simply named "A Song," and is signed with the initials "C. A. M." and dated "St. John, September, 1841." It relates to the death of Sir John Moore, at Corunna, in Spain, during the Peninsular War. The burial of the "Scottish hero" has been made immortal by Wolfe's noble poem, "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note," which is familiar to every reader of English poetry. But this poem seems to have remained almost unnoticed among the forgotten songs of a past generation:

“Twas on Corunna’s height
The Scottish hero fell—
How deeply he was mourned
Let England’s armies tell !
Bright shone the tartan hose,
Which Egypt’s sands had known,
For his own, his gallant Highlanders,
Again were leading on.

“ Moore gave the signal forth,
Heart-stirring words—though few ;
And away, on victory’s eagle wings
Britain’s ensign flew ;
The battle wildly raged,
And yielding was the foe,
When forth there sped that fatal bolt,
Which laid the hero low.

“ A cheer ran o’er the line,
Moore, smiling, heard the sound,
But tears stood on each soldier’s cheek
As they bore him off the ground.
The dying hero’s blood
Fell faster than the dew,
And dimm’d proud victory’s eagle eye
With clouds of midnight hue.”

The writer of these verses was “a gentleman of this city,” Mr. Shives stated in a subsequent number, and that they had been set to music by Mr. Franz Petersilea, a composer of music, who at that time made St. John his home. I have been unable to rescue the writer’s name from oblivion ; perhaps some reader of ACADIENSIS may have a key to the secret.

Thomas Hill copied both of these poems (duly crediting to the *Amaranth*) in his collection of “Loyal Songs and Lyrics,” published in 1845, and no writer in New Brunswick was a better judge of composition than that talented but erratic genius.

A lady writer, whose *nom de plume* was “Wilhelmina,” contributed a number of poems. The acrostic which heads

this article was from her pen. Her first contributions were dated from Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, but the later ones were from Liverpool, Nova Scotia.

In the September number Douglas S. Huyghue, under the *non de plume* of "Eugene," made his first contribution. It was a poem entitled "The Lammer Geyer." To the October number he contributed a tale "Malsosep; or the Forsaken," and during the continuance of the magazine his writings were the principal feature of the publication.

Mr. Huyghue's best work, and one that will even yet repay perusal, is "Argimou: A Legend of the Micmac," a tale of the English conquest of Acadia. The scenes and incidents of the story are local and provincial, and was probably the earliest attempt to weave these into an historical romance. The story began in the May number and finished in the September number of the second volume, and gives a graphic description of the eastern portion of New Brunswick, with the numerous waterways that intersect this part of the province, and also shows a deep knowledge of Indian character and traditions, woven into a love romance of thrilling interest. The concluding incident of the story, the adventure at the Falls above St. John, will thrill the soul of the most unimaginative reader, and leave a lasting remembrance of that tragic locality. The story was afterwards published in book form in London, and appeared twice in the columns of the *St. John Weekly Albion*, when conducted by the late George W. Day. The friends of young Huyghue looked hopefully forward to a time when his writings would be read beyond his native province, but fame has ever been a fickle jade. Mr. Huyghue emigrated to Australia in the forties, where he died.

The second volume of the *Amaranth* equalled the first in the ability of the writers and variety of their contributions. James Redfern, whose writings are scattered through the fyles of the newspapers from 1825 to 1855,

contributed two poems. Mr. Redfern was by trade a mason, but through life remained a humble and devoted lover of the muses. He was a talented man, and in another sphere might have won a modest measure of success.

Mr. Shives welcomed this year (1842) as a valuable addition to colonial literature, "The Nova Scotia New Monthly Magazine," a periodical of the same size as the *Amaranth*, printed in Halifax by Simpson and Kirk, and selected from its pages a poem, "The Fossil," a clever satire on Dr. Abraham Gesner, the eminent geologist. Mr. Shives also called attention to a book just published which bore the title "Solitude, and Other Poems," printed by Edmund Ward, of Fredericton, and containing a choice selection of original pieces, which induced the editor to remark, that this work "is another evidence of the truth of an oft repeated assertion that New Brunswick is not deficient in literary talent." A copy of this book would be a valued addition to our Public Library.

Edmund Ward was assistant emigrant agent for the province, and the author of "An Account of the River St. John, with its Tributary Rivers and Lakes," now a very rare publication. Mr. Ward was also a contributor to the *Amaranth*. He afterwards removed to Halifax, N. S., and there attempted the publication of a monthly magazine, but with what success I am unable to state.

Although Mr. Shives appealed to his "patrons" for articles descriptive and historic of New Brunswick, with the exception of Mr. Perley's sporting sketches, and Mr. Huyghue's Indian tale, none appear to have been offered. Romance and sentimentalism were features of many of the contributions, but notwithstanding this, the *Amaranth* compared favorably with more ambitious publications from abroad that had a larger circulation in the province.

Mrs. Bevan and W. R. M. Burtis continued to write for the magazine until the close of the second volume, when Mr. Shives ceased its publication. A wave of commercial

depression swept over the province in 1842, and no doubt Mr. Shives' business felt its effects.

Though the life of the *Amaranth* was short, we have to thank the eccentric and somewhat erratic printer for what he accomplished for Acadian literature. Quick and sharp in his manners there was much of human kindness in his composition, and a patriotism and love of country that induced him to establish the *Amaranth* to combat other tendencies he deemed fatal to the well being of his countrymen. The honor of having issued the first literary magazine in New Brunswick belongs to him, and his name will ever remain associated with periodical literature in Acadia.

Bound volumes of the *Amaranth* are now very rare, and the writer is indebted to the courtesy of Dr. P. R. Inches for the use of a complete set which that gentleman has in his library. Periodical publications are probably the best methods of arousing the latent literary aspirations of a community, and recording and rescuing from oblivion interesting historical facts which have been adopted, and it is to be hoped that our province will not again be without one or more of these interesting publications.

JONAS HOWE.

A list of monthly and quarterly magazines printed in New Brunswick, with the names of the editors and printers :

LITERARY.

- The Amaranth*, Robert Shives. 1841-2. 2 Vols. Robert Shives, Printer.
- The Wreath*, Thomas Hill. 1845. One number. Doak & Hill, Printers.
- The Guardian*, R. Atkins and Edward Manning. 1860. 1 Vol. Barnes & Co., Printers.
- Stewart's Quarterly*, George Stewart. 1868-9-70-71-72. 5 Vols. H. Chubb & Co., Printers.
- Maritime Monthly*, Rev. James Bennett. 1873-4-5. 5 Vols. J. & A. McMillan, Printers.

- New Brunswick Magazine*, W. K. Reynolds. 1898-9. 3 Vols.
John A. Bowes, Printer.
- Acadiensis*, D. R. Jack. 1901. 1902. Barnes & Co., Printers.

EDUCATIONAL.

- Youth's Companion*, Dr. James Paterson. 1823-4-5. 3 Vols.
Henry Chubb, Printer.
- The Schoolmaster Abroad*, Samuel Miller. Two or three numbers.
1863. H. Chubb & Co., Printers.
- Educational Review*, Dr. George U. Hay. 1887. 15 Vols. Barnes
& Co., Printers.

 Wanted.

Almanacks published in Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island at any date ; New Brunswick almanacks published prior to 1860 ; a copy of Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia ; old pamphlets, reports, sketches, photographs, etc., relating to the Acadian Provinces ; copies of "Stewart's Quarterly," or "Maritime Monthly ;" historical works relating to Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island ; also copies of ACADIENSIS, Vol. I., Nos. 2 and 4.

D. R. JACK.



The River Saint John.

The broad, round-shouldered giant earth,
Upbears no land more sweet
Than that whereon in heedless mirth
Went free my childish feet ;
No fairer river furroweth
With its strong, steel-blue share
The hillsides and the vales of earth
Than that which floweth there.

For rigid, fasting hermit John
They name the glorious stream,
As seamen on his holy morn
Beheld its harbor's gleam.
It was like rigid hermit John —
A voice amid the wild,
Its honey and its fatness drawn
From forests undefiled.

Now that the green is on the plain,
The azure in the sky,
Wherewith clear sunshine after rain
Decketh the rich July,
Broad is the leaf and bright the flower ;
Close to the pale gray sands
Coarse alder grows, and virgin's bower
Grasps it with slender hands.

With honey-suckles, meadow sweets
And rue the banks are lined ;
O'er wide fields dance gay marguerites
To pipe of merry wind.
By the tall tiger-lily's side
Stands the rich golden-rod,
A king's son wooing for his bride,
The daughter of a god.

When fresh and bright were all green things,
And June was in the sky,
The dandelions made them wings
And did as riches fly ;
Now the bright buttercups with gold
Empave a toil-trod road—
Can wayfarers their sheen behold
Nor sigh for streets of God ?

The birds are homed amid the boughs
Of oak and elm trees grand ;
As for the snipe, her lowly house
She maketh in the sand ;
The robin loves the dawning's hush,
The eve's the chickadee,
The thistle-bird the garden bush,
The bobolink the lea.

From intervale and swampy dale
Are wafts of fragrance blown,
Of fern and mint and calamus,
And wild hay newly mown ;
God's fiery touch hath reached the earth,
And lo ! its odors rise
Like incense pure of priceless worth
Offered in sacrifice.

MARGARET GILL CURRIE.

[The stanzas which are published above form the introduction to a poetical work of 128 pages, entitled "John Saint John and Anna Gray—a Romance of Old New Brunswick," by Mrs. Margaret Gill Currie, now of Fredericton, N. B. The work is dedicated by the author "to the memory of my father's sisters, Margaret and Catherine Gill, late of St. Marys, New Brunswick, daughters of a United Empire Loyalist." The work is practically a series of poems, varied in metre, the thread of a story being interwoven throughout the entire length of the work. To one who has travelled the St. John River, and has studied its varied and varying beauties, this work will particularly appeal. The work was printed for the author by William Briggs, Toronto, 1897.—Ed.]



The Hon. Sir Adams George Archibald,
K. C. M. G., M. P. C., Q. C., D. C. L., etc., etc.

BY THE LATE ISRAEL LONGWORTH, K. C.

Among the many eminent men who adorned public life in Nova Scotia, Adams George Archibald deservedly held high rank. He was born in Truro, in the County of Colchester, 18th of May, 1814. He was son of Samuel Archibald, J. P., and his paternal grandfather was James Archibald, Judge of Common Pleas for Colchester; and his mother's father was Matthew Archibald, long the member for Truro, in the Nova Scotia legislature.

Adams George Archibald was educated at Pictou Academy under Wm. McCulloch, and studied law with Wm. Sutherland, Q. C., afterwards Recorder of Halifax. He was admitted to the Bar of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia in 1838 and 1839. In 1851, he was elected to represent Colchester in the House of Assembly, and was continuously re-elected up to the date of the union of the Provinces in 1867. Mr. Archibald married (1st of June, 1843) Elizabeth A., daughter of the Rev. John Burnyeat—the first clergyman of the Church of England in the parish of St. John, Colchester, by his wife Lavinia, daughter of Charles Dickson, formerly M. P. P. for Onslow. Mr. Archibald was a Presbyterian. He was created Queen's Counsel about 1855, was appointed Executive Councillor and Solicitor General in 1856, and in 1860 Attorney General, which office, with that of Advocate-General at the Court of Vice-Admiralty, received in 1862, he held until the defeat of the government, of which he was a member, in 1863. In 1857, he was, in conjunction with the late Hon. J. W. Johnstone, commissioned a delegate to England to negotiate with the British Government and General

Mining Association, terms on which the monopoly of that Association, in the coal areas of Nova Scotia, might be terminated, and the control of its mines and minerals fully assured to the provinces. A happy solution of a long standing difficulty was then accomplished. In 1861, he was a delegate to a conference held at Quebec to discuss the question of an Intercolonial Railway. In 1864, as leader of the Opposition in the House of Assembly, Mr. Archibald seconded a resolution moved by Hon. Mr. Tupper, leader of the government, for the appointment of delegates to confer with delegates from New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island on the subject of a legislative union of the three provinces. He attended the conference held in Charlottetown, P. E. I., in June of that year, and the question becoming merged in the larger one of a union of all the British American possessions, he was found later in the year at the Quebec conference, called to mature this measure, and, after ably advocating it in the legislature of Nova Scotia, took an active part in securing its consummation in the final conference, held in London in the winter of 1866-7. While in the Nova Scotia legislature he took a prominent part in the improvement of the municipal assessment laws, the gold mining acts, the electoral franchise laws, and if it had not been for the generous aid he gave Hon. Mr. Tupper's government on the introduction of the free school system of education in Nova Scotia, that highly important measure would not have become law as early as it did in the history of the Province. When, in 1867, the provinces became confederated as the Dominion of Canada, Mr. Archibald was appointed Secretary of State. Failing, however, to secure re-election by his old constituency, he resigned the office in 1868, but was returned to the House of Commons in 1869, and sat until May, 1870, when he was appointed to the lieutenant-governorship of Manitoba. Having accomplished the pacification of the province and established its government on a constitutional footing, he

resigned in 1873, and returned to Nova Scotia, where he was appointed Judge in Equity in succession to the Hon. J. W. Johnstone. This office he held but a few days, when, on the 4th July, 1873, he was sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor of his native province, on the death of the Hon. Joseph Howe, who had been appointed but a short time previously. When the term of his appointment expired in 1878, he was requested, on the advice of the Hon. Alexander McKenzie, then Premier of Canada, to continue in office, which he did until July, 1883. He had, in 1872, been created by her Majesty Queen Victoria, a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George in recognition of the distinguished service rendered by him in Manitoba, and in 1886, he was made a Knight Commander of the Order in further token of his sovereign's approval.

Retired from office, Sir Adams did not seek for absolute repose. Kings College, Windsor, conferred upon him the honorary degree of D. C. L., in 1883. In 1884, he was chosen Chairman of the Board of Governors of Dalhousie College and University.

In February, 1886, Sir Adams was nominated and elected President of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, whose inaugural address he delivered at the formation of the Society 21st June, 1878. For several years he contributed many valuable papers printed in the transactions of the Society. Notably in the second volume an entertaining biographical sketch of Sir Alexander Croke, Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty at Halifax, during the period covered by the Napoleonic wars; in the third volume, an historical account of Government House; in the fourth, a like story of the Provincial Building of Nova Scotia; in the fifth, two invaluable papers on the Expulsion of the Acadians; and in the seventh, a paper on the Exodus of the Negroes in 1791, with extracts from Clarkson's Journals—possession of which he had obtained in one of his visits to England.

On the 30th of October, 1883, on the occasion of the opening of the Law School in connection with Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S., Sir Adams delivered the inaugural address.

In 1888, a vacancy occurring in the representation of Colchester, through the appointment of Hon. A. W. McLelan as Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Sir Adams was again elected to the House of Commons. On account of advancing age he declined a renewed nomination at the general election in 1891, and then permanently withdrew from public life.

Sir Adams, feeling that the term of his efficient service was near its close, addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Historical Society declining to be nominated for President at the annual meeting in February, 1892. The Society, however, would not entertain the idea, and re-elected him by a cordial and unanimous vote.

Failing health, followed by serious illness, terminated the brilliant career of this distinguished Nova Scotian at his Truro residence, on the 14th December, 1892, in his 79th year. His remains now rest in the public cemetery of his native town, where a cruciform black marble slab, with appropriate inscription, marks his grave. He leaves no son to inherit his name, one on whom his hopes had centred having been cut off in early youth. Lady Archibald and three daughters survive him. One of these is married to the Right Reverend L. Jones, D. D., Bishop of Newfoundland and Bermuda; another is the relict of the late F. D. Laurie, Esq., of Pictou; and the third, the wife of the Rev. Reginald Thomas Heygate, Rector of Halifax, England.

Book Notices.

Since the issue of the April number, another of Mr. G. Waldo Browne's very interesting books for boys has been received. It is entitled "The Woodranger," and is one of a series of five volumes named "Woodranger Tales." Although each book is complete in itself, the same characters have been continued throughout the series. Like the "Pathfinder Tales" of J. Fenimore Cooper, this series combines historical information relating to early pioneer days in America with interesting adventures in the backwoods.

The work is dedicated by Mr. Browne to his son Norman Stanley Browne. It is illustrated by L. J. Bridgman, and published by L. C. Page Co., of Boston, from whom it may be obtained. Pp. 312. Price \$1.00. Cloth, boards.

"Pensées Poétiques," by Miss Lydia A. Edwards. A booklet containing twenty-three pages of short poems upon various subjects. The work is without title page or index, and the printer's name does not appear upon it. From the personal nature of many of the verses and the style of make-up, it would appear that the work was issued for private circulation only.

"The Physiography of Acadia," by Prof. Reginald A. Daly, printed for the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard College, Geological Series, Vol. V., No. 3. 31 pps. with 11 plates. Prof. Daly concludes his work in the following summary :

"The attempt has been made in the foregoing sketch to show first, that Acadian land forms may be described in terms of two topographical facets, each a nearly perfect plain of denudation, interrupted by incised valleys and surmounted by residual hills; secondly, that there is evidence to show that the denudation was essentially subaerial and referable to two chief cycles of geographic development. This evidence, though not so complete, is of the same quality as that used in the best extant treatments of similar facets in more southerly portions of the Appalachian system. Finally, the following table will summarize the very striking parallel which can be drawn between the physiographic features of Acadia and New England. The similarity between the two provinces is being expressed in terms of a theory of development, but the homologies between the greater facets and the details of relief exist independently of theory. Extending the comparison to the central and southern Appalachians would prove this standpoint of physiographic history, and still further establish the organic unity of the whole system from Georgia to the Gulf of St. Lawrence."

In the appendix is given a bibliography of works bearing upon the subject. The plates are well printed on extra heavy paper, and are engraved by the Heliotype Printing Co., of Boston.

“The Acadian Exile and Sea Shell Essays,” by Jeremiah S. Clark, of Bay View, P. E. I. The booklet contains sixty pages of well written verse, and is to be had of Archibald Irwin, publisher, Charlottetown, P. E. I., price 25 cents. Mr. Clark has already been introduced to the readers of *ACADIENSIS*, his poem “Glooscap” having appeared in our last issue. He is a young man of much promise, and it is to be hoped that the present work may soon be followed by others equally valuable. Numerous illustrations are scattered through the work. Preceding the main portion of the work, the writer, in an aside, reveals somewhat his hopes and aspirations, as well as his admiration for the poet Longfellow, and concludes as follows :

“A thousand times has the sun set behind the distant hills at the bend of the valley, while the writer inhaled the evening air fresh from the meadows of Cornwallis and Grand Pré ; and, often alone, he has hurried over the upland towards the Gaspereau’s mouth, or watched the ebb of the receding tide from a suspicious mound in some forgotten hollow, until he knows the country, hill and dale ; and here he would simply remark what he has often felt, as his eyes measured the far receding distances : that if the great American poet had ever visited the scene of the exile, certainly he would not have been surprised with the height or nearness of the neighboring mountains, on whose lofty pinnacles ‘sea-fogs pitched their tents but ne’er for a moment descended into the happy valley.’ Dear spirit of Longfellow—if such familiarity of address be not considered sacrilege —

“A school boy wandering through the wood
To pluck the primrose gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.”

“A Monograph of the Evolution of the Boundaries of the Province of New Brunswick,” by William F. Ganong, M. A., Ph. D., being No. 5 of Contributions to the History of New Brunswick. 450 pp., from the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, Second Series, 1901-1902, Volume VII, Section 11.

The object of the work is to attempt to explain the precise factors which have determined for each New Brunswick boundary line its genesis, its persistence, its position, its direction and its length. The work is copiously illustrated with reproductions of maps any of which might be of value to the student in casting additional light upon the various questions which have arisen regarding New Brunswick boundaries. Concerning this interesting subject, Prof. Ganong remarks that

"Everyone versed in the history of this Province will readily recall that some of these boundaries have been subjects of serious international contentions, have exhausted the powers of the highest diplomacy, and have brought great nations within sight of war. A few are old, and interwoven with the earlier parts of our history, while others have had experience sufficiently remarkable or curious. Altogether, it is unlikely that any other country of equal size has had its boundaries so often or conspicuously in contention, so fully discussed by many and weighty commissions, so closely interlocked with its general history, or determined by so many distinct considerations as has the Province of New Brunswick."

"Notes on the Natural History and Physiography of New Brunswick," by W. F. Ganong, reprinted from the Bulletin of the Natural History Society, No. XX, 1901. 48 pages. Paper. Barnes & Co., printers, St. John, N. B.

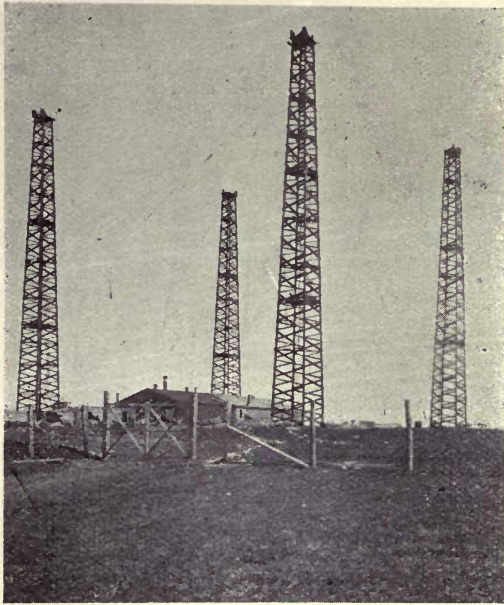
The table of contents, which is as follows, gives a concise idea of the interesting nature of the work :

44. On Forestry Literature Important for New Brunswick.
45. On the Physiographic History of the Tobique River.
46. Great Forest Fires in New Brunswick.
47. Measurements of Magnetic Dip in New Brunswick.
48. The Morphology of New Brunswick Water-falls.
49. The Origin of the New Brunswick Peneplains.
50. The Physiographic History of the Miramichi River.
51. On a Lunar Rainbow seen on Trowsers Lake.
52. On an Unusual Frost Effect of 1901 on the Tobique.
53. On a Hypsometric Section across Central New Brunswick.
54. On the Physiographic History of the little Southwest Miramichi River.
55. On the Physiography of the Tuadook (Little Southwest Miramichi) Lake Region.
56. On the Physiography of the Milnagek (Island) Lake Basin.

Query.

Can any reader of ACADIENSIS throw any light upon the origin of the name *Loch Alva*, applied to the largest lake on the Musquash river in the Inglewood Manor? The name first appears along with the series of names from Scott's "Ivanhoe," given by Moses Perley in 1836, but Alva seems not to be in Scott, nor is there any Loch Alva in Scotland or anywhere.

W. F. GANONG.

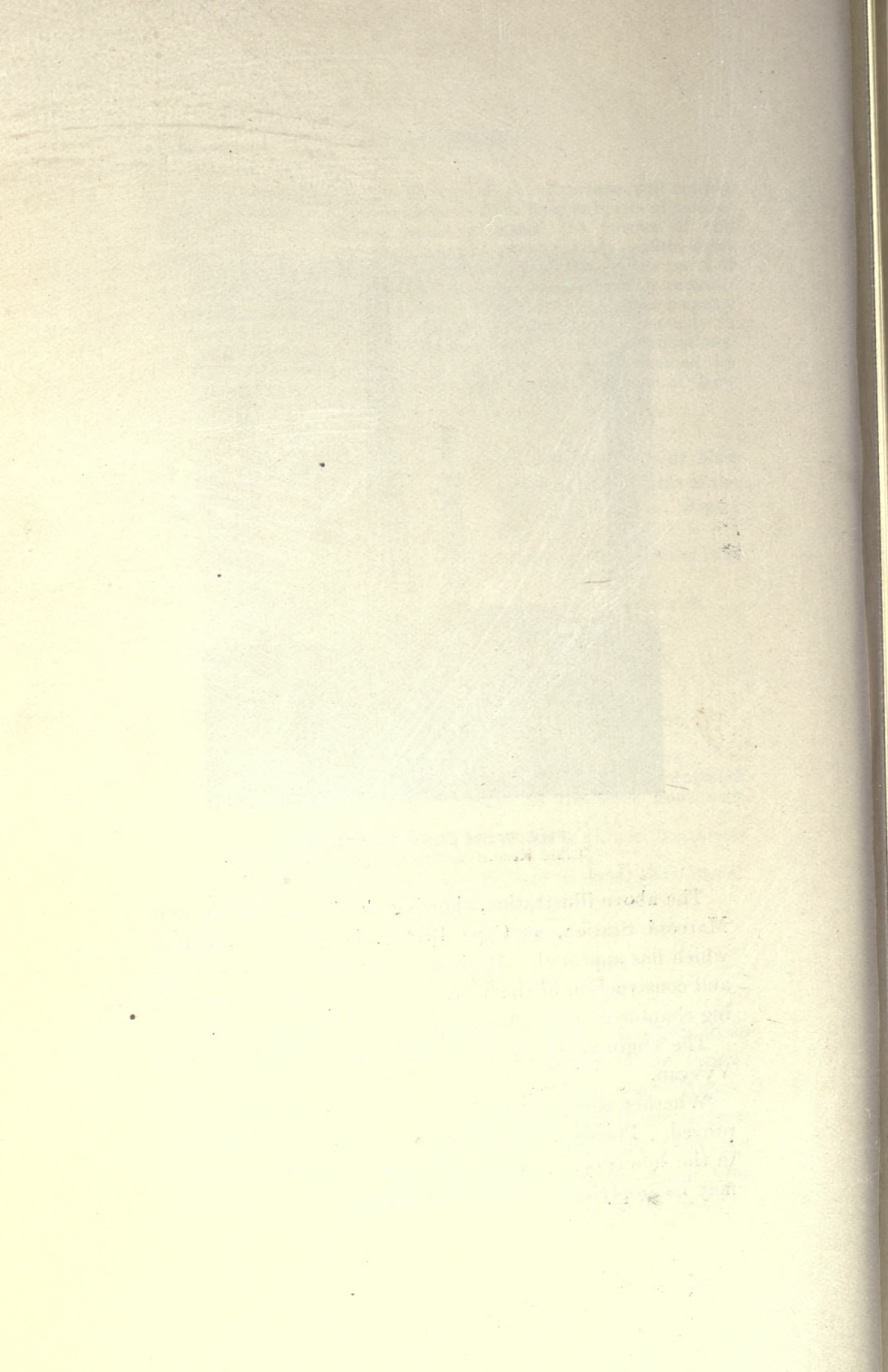


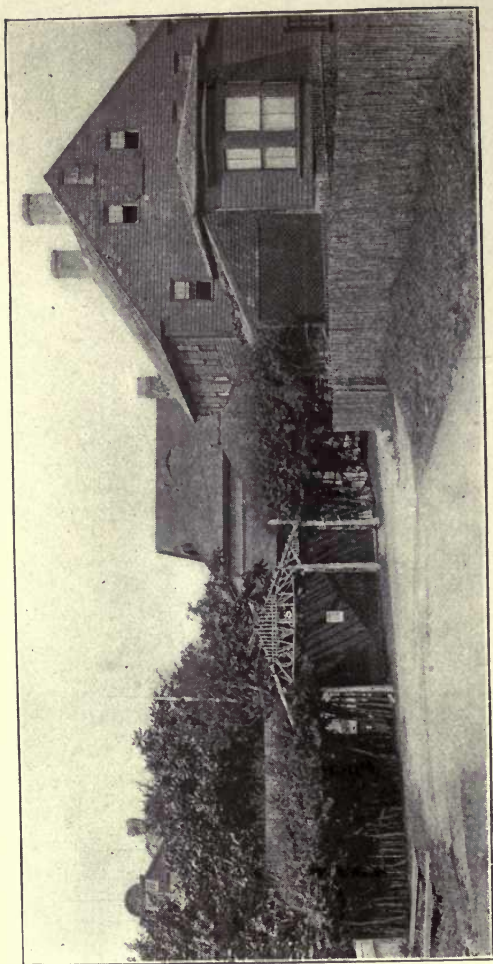
THE WIRELESS STATION.
Table Head, Glace Bay, Cape Breton.

The above illustration, showing the Towers of the new Marconi Station, at Cape Breton, is probably the first which has appeared. It gives a very good idea of the size and construction of the Towers, and illustrates an interesting chapter in contemporary provincial history.

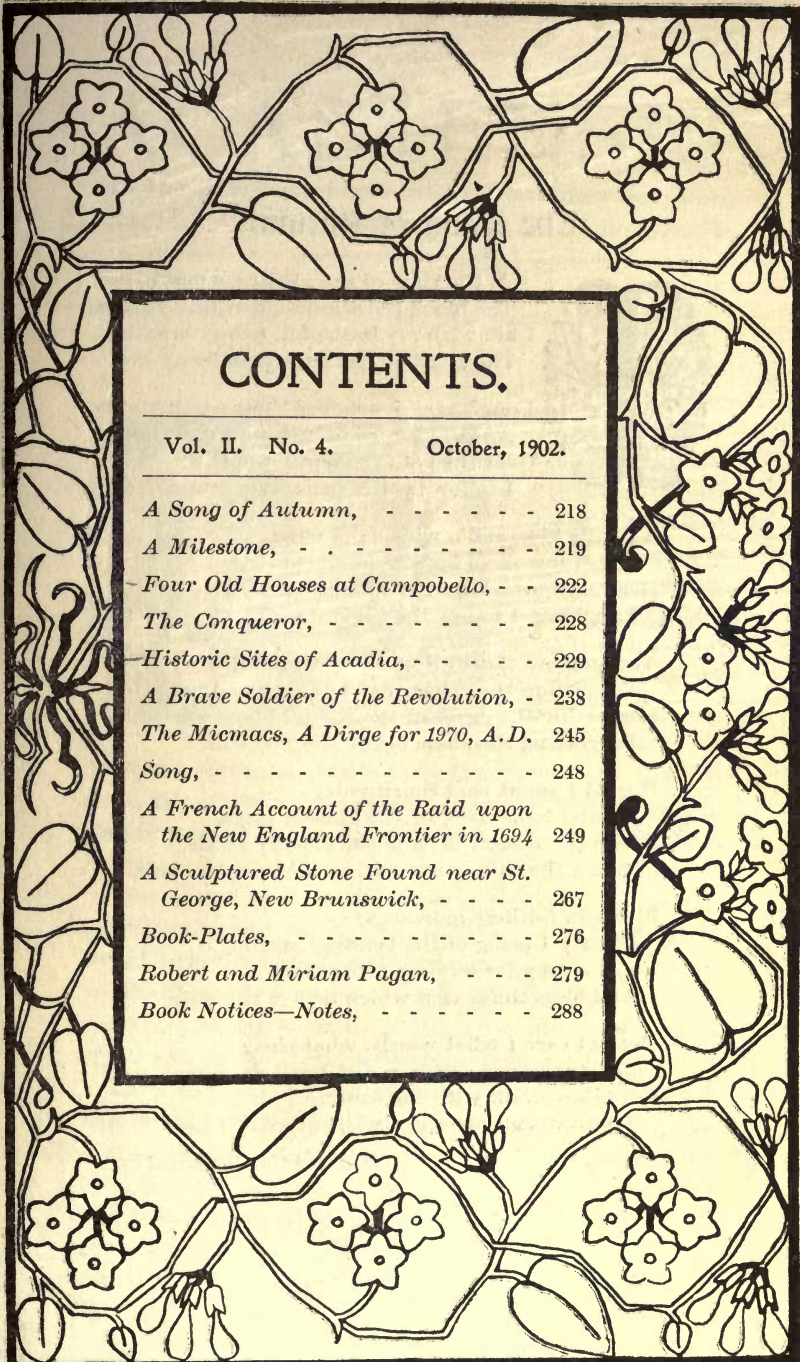
The engineer in charge of the station is Mr. Richard Vyvyan.

Whether the project will be a success remains to be proved. Possibly, before this number of our magazine is in the hands of our readers, the feasibility of the project may be amply demonstrated to the world.





THE OLD OWEN HOUSE AT CAMOBELLO.
Situate at the entrance to what is now the Owen Hotel



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The Song of Autumn.



AM the time of the gladsome death;
The blood-red season when Nature dies;
I kill with my beautiful, balmy breath;
The stricken leaf in my pathway lies.

Long have I journeyed these earthly hills;
And oh! the summers that I have slain—
Over the valleys, across the rills,
I follow fleet in her sunny train.

A gentle kiss, and a whispered vow;
A soft low lie in her listening ear—
Her soul speeds over the mountain-brow—
Laughing, I follow the funeral bier.

Yet men are charmed with my tinted hours;
Forgetting the crime that I late have done—
Forgetting the peace of the emerald bowers,
Forgetting the smile of the summer sun.

Herald I am of that Spirit pale,
Winter! the king of the ghostly days,
When the waters sleep in the gloomy swale,
When the thin winds wither the maple's blaze.

Fickle in faith ye mortals are—
Bounty I bring of the bending grain—
Ye gaze on your billowy fields afar,
And bless the season which brings you gain.

But not care I what words, what cheer
Shall greet me; welcome of knell or chime—
I ever will walk with the waning year,
Till the sands are sped in the glass of time.

HERBERT L. BREWSTER.

ACADIENSIS

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1902.

No. 4.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK,

EDITOR.

A Milestone.



WITH this number closes the second volume of ACADIENSIS. Another year has come and gone, during which the subscription list has been increased by about fifty names, but, with the effort to

provide a better magazine, with more and better illustrations, the expenses have at least correspondingly increased, resulting again in a debit balance of about two hundred dollars.

This is not as it should be, and, if each of the present subscribers could secure one additional name, the fund would be sufficiently increased, not only to pay all costs of publication of the magazine as at present issued, but to provide more pages and illustrations, to the direct benefit of all who are connected with the enterprise.

There has been no lack of assurance that the work has been both a literary and an artistic success. Then, why not a financial success as well? The question naturally occurs, should the work be abandoned? Why waste time and money in catering to the supposed wants of an unappreciative public? Far better to let matters take their course than to struggle against the inevitable.

The other night, just after retiring to rest, down at his cottage by the sea, the writer heard the clear ringing silvery notes of a bugle giving the order for "lights out" over at Fort Dufferin, where a company of soldiers were encamped.

Like a writer in a recent number of the *Erudite*, a longing arose for a silver bugle with which to blow a message to a drowsy world. Listening to that bugle, thoughts arose of Madame La Tour, asleep in an unmarked grave by the bank of a noble river, of her work well done, of that sad Easter morn, nearly three hundred years ago, when well and bravely, at the head of her little garrison, she had fought her last fight, and met defeat, dying as she had lived. Thoughts of the early Acadians, and of all that they had suffered, of how they had crept stealthily back to begin life anew, hidden away in the recesses of the forest, and how they had lived and multiplied and prospered, until their descendants had become a power in the land. What an irony of fate there seemed in the fact that the very descendants of the men who had so sternly cast them out of the land of their adoption should later themselves be obliged to seek an asylum among them.

This thought, in turn, carries one on to the days of the Loyalist forefathers of our city, who had, indeed, founded it upon a rock, and, like Madame La Tour, had laid them down, many of them within sound of that same bugle call, there to await the time when the trumpet of the angel of the resurrection shall summon all to final judgment.

How one longs for the magic pen of a Haliburton, the gifted eloquence of a Joseph Howe, or the poetic fire of a Longfellow, that a record might be left behind to be enshrined in golden characters upon the history of our country.

In the words of the writer before alluded to, if we had a bugle instead of a pen, and if we could stand out under the stars on a hushed summer night and deliver our message through its silver throat, perhaps the world that reads might be thrilled into earnest purpose more readily than when it is exhorted from a pencil point or a quill.

Patience and energy and determination will accomplish much. We cannot all be eloquent, we cannot all be learned, we cannot all wield a golden pen, but if we do as best we may that which seems to be our appointed task, our work cannot surely fail of recognition hereafter, even though our bodies, like that of Madame La Tour and so many of those others to whom reference has been made, should lie in an unmarked grave. At least all can be brave, as well becomes true soldiers in this world's struggle.

Well, it seemed that scarcely an hour had passed when again was heard that bugle sounding. Cheerily the *reveille* aroused the echoes from hill to hill in the morning air. Down at the fort the soldiers were up and doing, preparing each for his allotted task. The sun had come up bright and clear above the horizon, superseding the darkness and the dawn. The whole world looked brighter. The clouds which seemed to line the horizon had disappeared. Was it a providential admonition? Surely it must have been, for new hopes seemed to take the place of old doubts and fears, and new aspirations to evolve themselves out of gloom and chaos. Out of the silvery notes of that early morning bugle arose the determination that there should be no turning back from the battle, and that, buoyed and sustained by the force of the example of that noble woman, "a record should be left behind to be read and enshrined in golden characters upon the tablets of memory."

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

Four Old Houses at Campobello.



OT in all New Brunswick is there another shore so beautiful, with its bold headlands and sunny coves, as that which skirts the Island of Campobello, where, looking up the far reaches of the St. Croix river and fronting Eastport, was still standing, some twenty years ago, the residence of Admiral Owen. Long before his advent on the island, however, it had been deeded by the English Crown, in 1767, to Admiral William Owen and his cousins, who, in gratitude to Lord William

Campbell, then Governor-General of Nova Scotia, had changed its name from Passamaquoddy Outer Island to Campobello. The "First" Admiral (William) lived upon it a year, 1770-1771, and founded the little town of New Warrington, near the head of Havre de Lute.

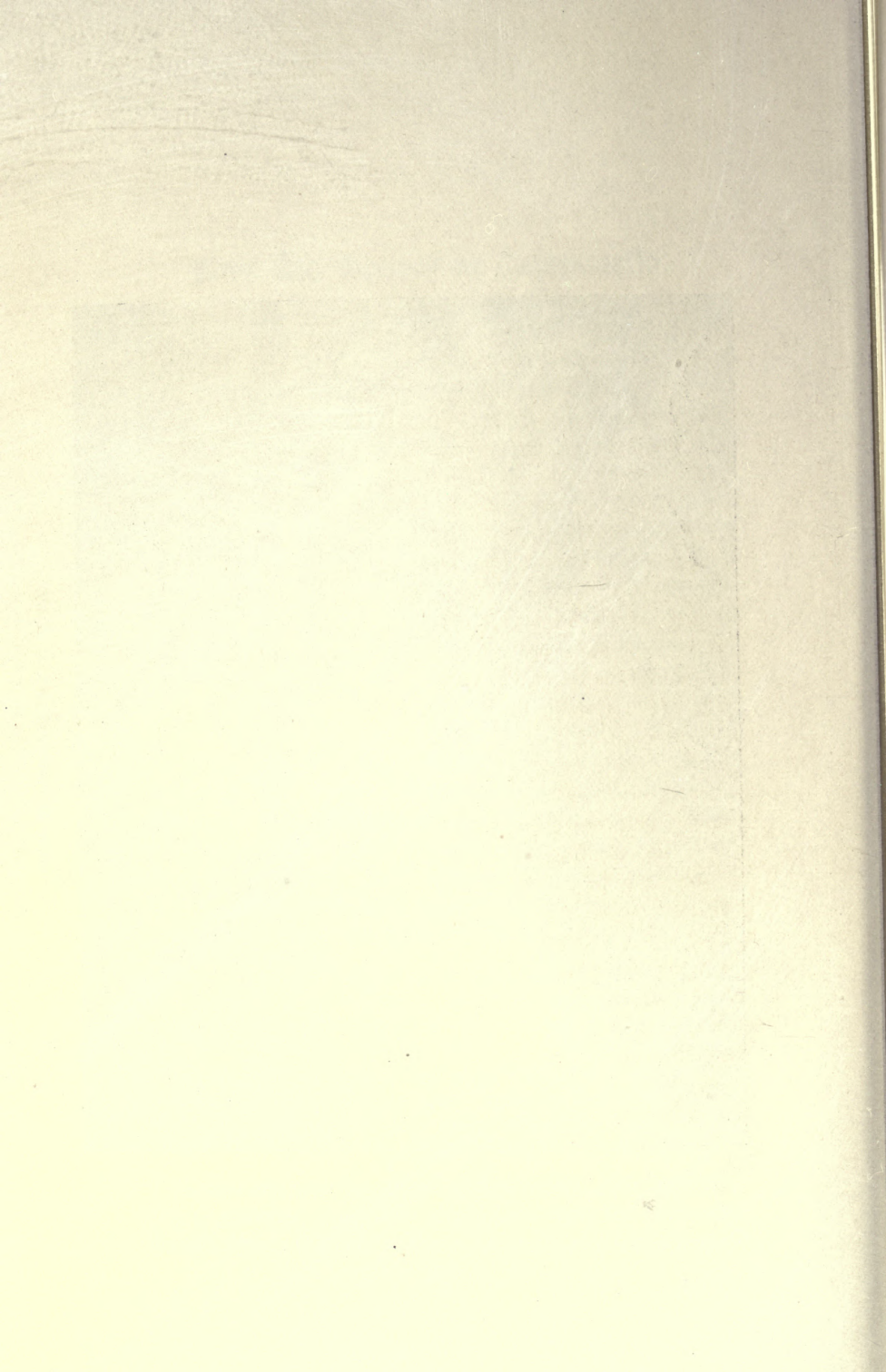
"The settlement," says Professor William F. Ganong in his historical monograph on the Island, "did not prosper as was expected, nevertheless it fulfilled the conditions of the grant and secured the Island to Owen's family. . . . It affords the best, if not the only, example of a persistence to our own day of the system under which those great grants were no doubt expected to be held, that of a large landed estate descending from father to son, with the tenants paying rent to the proprietor, as in England."

Connected with this tenure of Campobello, it is interesting to speculate upon what might have been the future of Grand Manan if Lord William Campbell, who had a grant



VIEW OF CAMPOBELLO, A D. 1777.

From the collections of the New Brunswick Historical Society.



of that island at the same time that Owen received his grant of Campobello, had not "failed to fulfil the conditions, viz., colonization ; therefore it lapsed."

In 1789, David Owen came over from England to manage the affairs of the island, which after the Admiral's departure had been superintended by Captain Plato Denny. David lived where is now the Roosevelt estate, near the Tyn-y-coed hotel, and led a life harassed by the cares of a petty magnate and the embargo troubles of 1812. At his death Admiral William Fitz William Owen became sole owner of the grant, save the Head Harbor settlement. "The Quoddy Hermit" was the name he chose for himself when at 61 he came to Campobello to live.

In the grove at the northern end of the present hotel he planted two or three English oaks. He placed the sundial of his vessel in the garden fronting his house, and put a section of his beloved quarter-deck close to the shore, not far from the seedling oaks. There, pacing up and down in uniform, he lived over again the days of his attack upon a Spanish pirate. He had brought with him building material, and, with the aid of a frame house taken from Rice's Island, he constructed a dwelling that had an imposing appearance. Two large, low rooms opened each side of the front door, a most comfortable stair case leading from the small entry to equally pleasant rooms in the second story. Damask and Indian muslin curtains shaded the many paned windows ; heavy mahogany and rosewood chairs, sofas and tables furnished the apartments ; great logs on tall andirons burned in the monster fireplaces ; sacred maps hung around the evening parlor ; and the dining-room carpet was said to have been a gift from the King of Prussia. The long curved mahogany sofa, the carved chairs, and other pieces of furniture are now owned by the Islanders. The library table, the coach, the Admiral's hat, pistols, and picture are carefully treasured as relics in the Campobello Public Library.

His daily life held much of ceremony as befitted his admiral's rank. At four o'clock the husband and wife dined with the family and the frequent guests. The dinner of four courses was served in silver and gold lined dishes, with wines from Jersey and game from the Provinces. Silver candelabras shone upon the table. After the dinner of an hour came tea at seven and a family rubber till nine; then Scripture reading and worship, when the ladies and servants retired, leaving the Admiral and his gentlemen friends, fortified with cigars, whiskey, and water, to relate naval stories and discuss religious themes till two or three o'clock in the morning. Methodism and Romanism were alike hateful to the hermit admiral, who, in quoting from Holy Writ, always rendered "the wiles" as "the methodisms" of the devil. Every week he read to his neighbors two lectures "from unexceptionable sources, yet so modified as to contain all that was expedient to explain of his peculiar opinions." Often he held church service in what was almost a shanty, omitting from the liturgy whatsoever he might chance to dislike on any special Sunday.

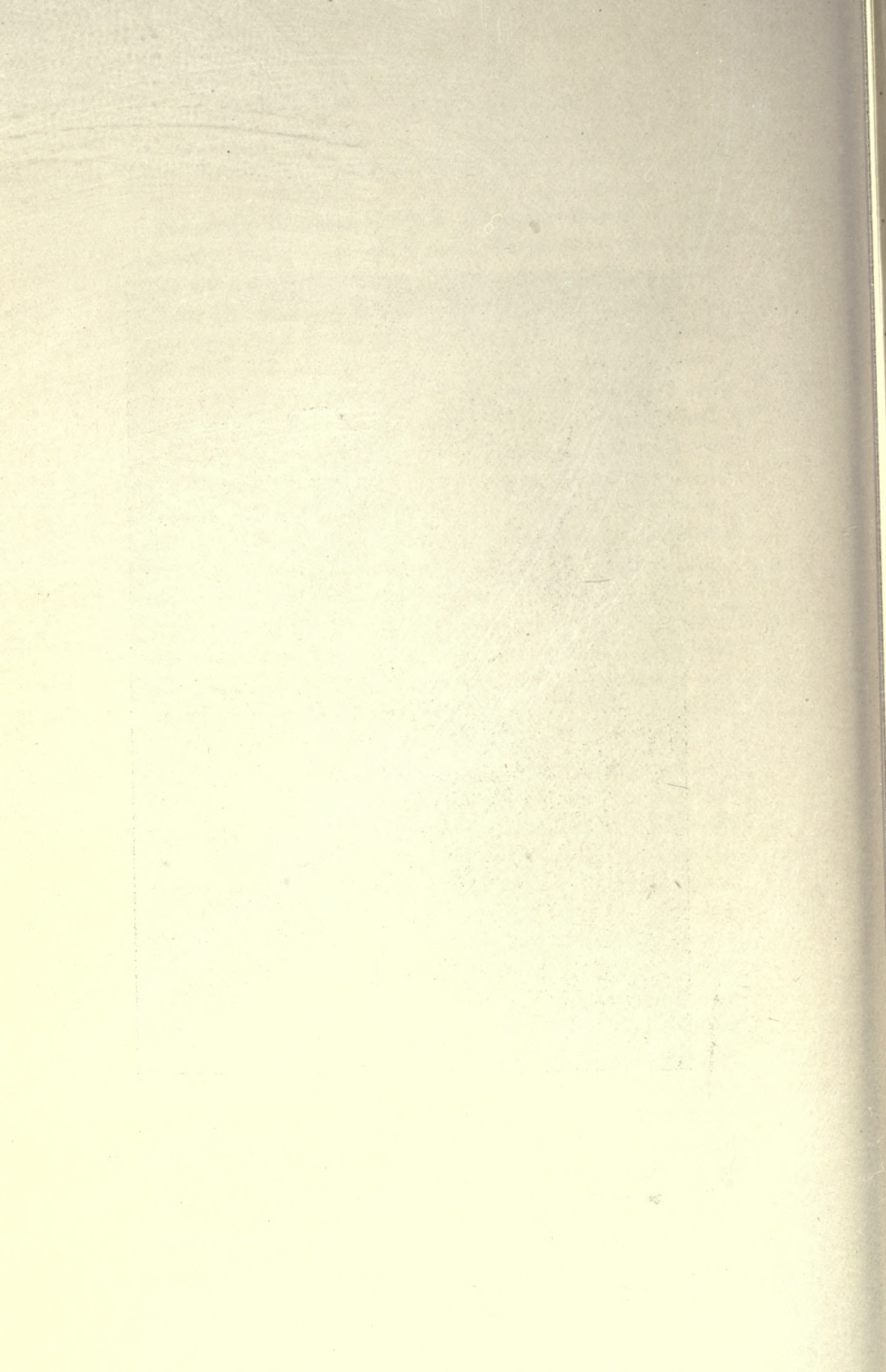
The day began and ended with prayers which all the household servants attended, the "maids," as the Admiral called them,— "for we are all servants of God,"—bringing their work and sewing throughout the service, except when the prayer itself was said. If some one occasionally was disinclined to such steady improvement of the devotional hour, the Admiral, with a benevolent smile, inquired, "My dear, do you feel lazy to-night?"

Breakfast was served at nine. After that, Lady Owen, clad in an enormous apron, entered the kitchen and taught the mysteries of salads and jellies. Lady Owen was queen as he was king; and never did a lady rule more gently over store-room and parlor, over Sunday-school and sewing-school, fitting the dresses of her domestics or of the island children. She was a handsome woman, with silver hair, and a pink and white complexion, who, like her daughters,



William Owen

From the collections of the New Brunswick Historical Society.



wore long trains and low corsages. Sometimes the mother wrapped herself in a certain gold and black scarf with such a courtly grace that its remembrance has never faded. Great was the jubilee among the domestics when a box arrived from England with fabulous dresses ready-made. Twice a year occurred house-cleaning, when a dress was given each busy worker and once each twelve months the maids and men had a ball, the ladies playing for them even all night. Nowhere on the coast of Maine has there been a more curious mingling of rank, with the investiture of ceremony, and of simple folk-life, of loyalty to the Queen and her representatives, and of the American spirit of personal independence.

After the death of the Admiral, in 1857, his daughter Mrs. Robinson Owen, and her children still lived in their Island home, helping, teaching, guiding all around them with kindness and wisdom, until in 1881, the Island was purchased of the Owen heirs by a few New York and Boston gentlemen. The Admiral's house has now become a small part of a large modern hotel, though one end of it has been moved across the road for an office building. But his low rooms and small windows, easy stair case and glorious view are the same as ever, and will always make Owen Point beloved of the imagination, while the dwelling itself holds pre-eminence among the few old houses of Campobello.

Next in age, if not antedating the Admiral's house, is the old Wilson homestead, in a lane near the breakwater at Wilson's Beach, the northern end of the island,—a low frame house, built about 1790, which once had three ells. Here lived James Wilson, son of the Mr. Wilson who bought the settlement from a Mr. Kelly, the original squatter. The Wilsons came from New Brunswick and were an energetic race of men, who, early, made that part of the island so prosperous that they successfully withstood the Owen claim to its ownership. To this day it is in possession of their descendants and grantees.

The old house was the centre where ship building enterprises were talked over and social festivities were held, as far as Baptist proclivities deemed righteous. Like the Owens, the original Wilsons left the settlement some fifty years ago, but their first house is still standing, as well as the later one in which James Wilson lived [now owned by John D. Small, Esq.], while tradition continues to weave its charm around the old homestead.

Some nine miles from it, down on Mulholland's Point, opposite the narrows at Lubec, could still be seen, six or seven years ago, part of what had once been the first Mulholland dwelling. Built in 1816, of logs and shingled outside, boarded and plastered inside and set amidst a forest of bird's eye maples, birches and beeches, it was the scene of many delightful merry makings, and afforded ample shelter to the brave settler and his descendants, who, in turn, erected for themselves other houses at the Point. The old home in time became a blacksmith's shop as population increased at this lower end of the island, until at last, much to the sorrow of the grandchildren, who in their youth had played in it, it became unsafe even as a refuge in storms, and what was left of it was torn down four years ago.

About a mile from it on the side of Friars' Hill, erected at the same time with the Mulholland house, was the dwelling place of Captain John Patterson, a long, large, high, two storied frame house, much more commodious than the Owen residence. Like that, it had its front door in the middle of the house, fronting Snug Cove. When Captain Patterson failed in business, Mr. Joseph Patch took the place and under him the hospitality of the mansion was extended far and wide. Its dances were famous, for the rooms were large enough for all who came, sometimes by boat, more often by walking across the Beach from Welsh Pool, and then along the narrow road on the top of the cliff to Friars' Head.

DAVID OWEN, A.M.
Trinity College Cambridge.
Died in 1829 at Campobello,
New Brunswick, N. America.



D. Owen

From the collections of the New Brunswick Historical Society.



Mr. Patch was in active business, for his own packet plied back and forth between Campobello, St. John and Halifax. Then in his store, close to the shore and just below his house, were sold dry goods, groceries and spices, carpets from St. John, molasses from the West Indies. Men's tailor-made suits and women's garments also found ready sale, but not always for cash payments, and thus the store in time lost much of its ability to do business, though Mr. and Mrs. Patch had moved down into it from their house on the hill. Finally, about eleven years ago, there came a fearful, blinding storm of rain and lightning which entirely destroyed the store, both husband and wife dying within a few hours of each other from injuries caused by their attempts to escape from the burning building. Not long after the upper house was pulled down.

Thus there is not now a vestige left of that sociability which once made the Mulholland home, still more the Patch dwelling, as famous in its own honorable way as the more costly festivities of the Owen mansion.

KATE GANNETT WELLS.



The Conqueror.



MET him where the river flows
'Twixt the scarlet rock and the scarlet
rose.

He lighted down from his war-horse tall
And his steel flamed out with his battle-
call.

He cursed me there in the rock-strewn way
Ere his great white sword wheeled up to slay ;

Ere his long white sword rose up to kill
He cursed me for baulking his savage will,

And he cursed the day that I took you forth
And won from his castle in the North.

But your love was back of my fighting arm
And your love for me was a shield from harm.

I thought of your eyes and your dusky hair—
And a strength came into my battle there ;

I thought of your lips and your bended head—
And my brand bit deep and my brand came red ;

At the last was plain your lifted face
When we said good-by in our leafy place ;

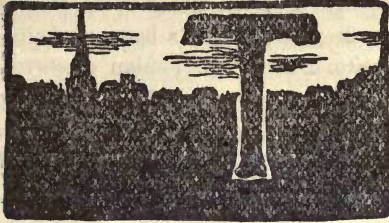
And when to my heart your face was plain
My blade smote true and my foe was slain.

I let him lie where I made him fall,
And I took his armour and war-horse tall.

Halifax, N. S.

A. B. DEMILLE.

Historic Sites of Acadia.



THE question with which I purpose to deal in the following pages is one having a wide scope. It is very far from my intention to assert that all the old battle-

fields and historic sites of Canada are in a state of ruin. In fact quite a number of the old fortresses are in a fine state of preservation to-day, some of them having been carefully restored. Upon glancing through the list, however, I find that there are many of them, the oldest forts particularly, which are sadly in need of some attention ere it be too late. Those which have been restored and are in a good state of preservation are connected with the wars of 1812 and the Fenian raids. For example, in Ontario, Lundy's Lane, near Niagara Falls, where perhaps the most bloody engagement in the war of 1812-14 was fought, is in a first-class state of preservation. A monument has been raised by a local historical society, aided by the Department of Militia, and the grounds of the old fort are in a really commendable state. At Chrysler's Farm, in the county of Dundas, a monument has also been built by the Historical Society, aided by the Department of Militia and Defence. The site of the battleground of Stony Creek, at Hamilton, now called the Gage Homestead, where such signal success was obtained by the Canadians, under Col. Harvey, has been purchased by the ladies of Hamilton. It is intended to have monuments erected on that battleground as well as on the Burlington Heights overlooking Hamilton. In fact, the people of Hamilton are going

further; they have purchased Dundurn Park, the old homestead of Sir Allan McNab, intending to use the castle as a museum for historical treasures. On the other hand, Fort Amherstburg, opposite Detroit, where some of the engagements of 1812 took place, is now a heap of ruins. So also Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo, of Fenian celebrity. The Loyalists of Ontario are not unmindful of their past glorious records. They have lately, thanks to the Rev. Mr. Forneret, erected a pretty memorial church in the old historic township of Adolphustown, on the Bay of Quinte, with appropriate tablets. But the oldest forts of Ontario are sadly neglected. For example, take Fort Frontenac, or Cataraqui, at Kingston. Of the old fortifications blown up by the French, the foundations alone remain, and these are going to decay, very little being done to preserve them, although it is occupied by the military. Toronto fares a little better. Its old French fort, Fort Rouville, built in 1725, was completely demolished; but the Historical Society, aided again by the government, some twenty years ago, erected a cairn on the old site. It is fairly well kept and at all events the grounds are secured as public grounds. Other forts, such as the fort at Sault Ste. Marie, the theatre of the exploits of Cadotte, first, and of the English afterwards, have been altogether neglected and abandoned. Quebec fares about in the same way as Ontario concerning its old forts. Those connected with the wars with the United States are in a good state of preservation, while the oldest forts are very sadly neglected indeed. For example, at Chateauguay, where the battle of Chateauguay was fought, the Department of Militia has erected a monument perpetuating that glorious event. The fort of Chateauguay is the only one I can find as having been taken hold of by the Department of Militia, with the exception, however, of Eccle's Hill, in the county of Missisquoi. Here a battle was fought, in 1870, against our friends the Fenians, the commander on our side being Mr.

Chamberlain, for a long time Queen's Printer at Ottawa and whom some of us have known. A cairn, similar to that of Fort Rouville, in Toronto, has been raised there by the Department of Militia, and placed under the care of a local historical society. Neither shaft nor statue, nor cairn tells the present generation where Dollard Desormaux and his sixteen immortal companions laid down their lives, somewhere at Carillon, in the county of Argenteuil, to save Montreal and the French colony from the ferocious Mohawks. There is nothing to mark the spot where that feat of arms, perhaps the most glorious in the annals of Canada, was performed. Of course, the fort of the city of Quebec itself is in a fine state of preservation; but it will be remembered that the whole of the fortifications of Quebec are of comparatively recent structure, and that of the old fortifications, nothing now remains, but perhaps one or two of the city gates, St. Jean and St. Louis, which have been renewed and completely rebuilt. But Quebec has not forgotten its heroes. The statue of Champlain, its founder, has been erected within its precincts, and a shaft rises high in honor of Wolfe and Montcalm, to the equal glory of the victor and vanquished, the emblem, the symbol of the unity of the two races that fought one against the other, in 1759, and who now live and will ever live side by side in amity and good will, not only within its walls, but all over this Dominion. In Sorel, Three Rivers and Montreal, nothing, or very little, remains of the old block-houses. The site of the old French fort at Three Rivers, although the property of the Militia Department, has been converted into a public park, while in Montreal all that can be seen to-day of its old fortifications are two old towers of doubtful origin. But the commercial metropolis of Canada has not forgotten its founder, de Maisonneuve, to whom a fine monument has been erected in one of its squares. Two other old battle grounds of the province of Quebec are under the fostering care of the Department of Militia and

Defence, that of *I'lle-aux-Noix*, in the county of St. John, where many fierce encounters have been witnessed, and that at *Chambly*, which latter runs back to 1711. In New Brunswick, none actually of the old forts exist. In St. John, the theatre of the heroism of *Madame LaTour*, the spot where the old fort was, is to-day a matter of conjecture. It is not known where it stood. It is a pity, because that is a spot which should be commemorated by some monument; but it behooves the city of St. John to take care of its past glories. Such other old fortified grounds as *Jamsec*, *Gaspereau*, *Baie Verte*, are laid waste and uncared for. There was, not many years ago, in New Brunswick, a fort, the only one dating back to the time of the great war for supremacy between the French and the English, which was in a remarkable state of preservation. I remember when I was very young going thither myself and taking some United States and Canadian tourists who wanted to see it—I refer to *Fort Beausejour*. There were at that time seven of the old French cannon still mounted. In fact, the structure was a fine specimen of the old-time forts. Under an inglorious Minister of Militia the cannons were sold as scrap iron for the manufacture of stoves and plough-shares, and nothing now remains of those valuable works, built in the style of the great *Vauban*. The spot is on the line of the *Intercolonial Railway*, near the boundary between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. It is to-day a lonely, barren and desolate field, and the young generation who read history cannot go, as at one time they could, and learn the history of their country from the very monuments that made it. That fort, which was an object lesson, is gone, and gone forever. This is, indeed, an irreparable loss for all time to come. If we go to the province of Nova Scotia, where so many famous fortifications existed that had withstood sieges, we find there again that the old block-houses have all been demolished, excepting the one at *Windsor*. At *Annapolis*, the old Port

Royal of the French, I remember having seen, not many years ago, a block-house which had stood two or three sieges, one by the English when it was taken, and two in defence of the place for England. That block-house was demolished by the guardian, with the authority of the minister, for the purpose of making fuel. So Annapolis Royal, the theatre of the heroic duel between Subercase and Nicolson, is to-day without its old fortifications. The fortress, however, was rebuilt by local societies when they heard that the Dominion government was about to sell the old historical site. They saved them from destruction and from the government. This happened in 1892. They are to-day in a good state of preservation. So also are the old fortresses at Lunenburg. An honorable friend from the other House just tells me that there are two block-houses at Lunenburg which have been restored and rebuilt. The oldest of them all is at Windsor. It is well cared for, and so are the grounds. If we go further east, to that great historic fortress of Louisbourg, we find it a field of desolation and ruin. I was sent there myself last fall by the Royal Society to examine the old fortress and report on it. I found that during the course of the year the owners had been able to find among the foundations and the debris about ten thousand of the old brick, which they sold for eight or nine dollars a thousand, and that is about the end of that unique battlefield—unique in the annals of North America. Honorable gentlemen will remember that the fate of this country once depended on the old fortress of Louisbourg. It had been built by the French at an immense cost, something like 25,000,000 or 30,000,000 francs. The English had to take the fortress of Louisbourg before they could take Canada. It was taken twice, the first time by the Americans and the English combined, the militia of New England being under Pepperell, and the English under Warren. It was the first time returned to France by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. It was again

taken thirteen years later by the English alone, the second in command of the attacking forces being the hero who the year afterwards took Quebec—General Wolfe.

After Louisbourg was taken, the English troops captured Quebec, the consequence of which was the cession of the whole of New France to England. Those historic battle-fields recall nothing that is bitter. The two parties at war were equally brave, and equally did their duty, at least so far as the capture of Quebec, and the second siege of Louisbourg are concerned. If we to-day wish to preserve what remains of those old forts, it is to commemorate among us a spirit, not of rivalry, but of union, and peace founded upon those acts, the performance of which reflects discredit on neither, but rather military glory on both. I would refer to Louisbourg especially. It is really a great pity that those immense ruins should be left to decay and perish. Not only in view of the historical events they represent, but in view of the future prospects of Louisbourg, these grounds should be marked as a garden for public purposes. The people of the United States have already begun to come thither, and before many years they will gather there by thousands and thousands, as the Arabs go to Medina, to view that port which they justly consider as the spot of one of the most glorious achievements of their arms. Every American who knows enough history to go back to 1745, will visit Louisbourg to see where the great feat was performed by one of their own countrymen. United States capitalists are now building a road connecting Canso with Louisbourg. I am no prophet, but it is only necessary to open one's eyes to predict that Louisbourg will again come to the front. It is, in my estimation, the finest seaport on the Atlantic coast. It is the nearest to England. It is so much ahead of the ports of the two Sydneys, and of the other adjacent ports, that the Sydney people have built docks there in order to take in their coal, and now the Dominion Steel Company take

in their ore, in winter, during the few weeks or months when Sydney and the other ports are blocked by ice. The port of Louisbourg is open the whole year round. With these advantages Louisbourg needs must have before it a great future. The piece of land where the old fortification stood is occupied by squatters. The new town is not built there, but at the other end of that port, two or three miles away. The old place is occupied by six or seven persons who have been there for ten, twenty, or thirty years, and some longer. Some have prescription in their favor. Those grounds could be got now on easy terms. Some doubts exist as to who are to-day the legal owners or possessors of the site of old Louisbourg. In 1882, the Imperial government vested in the Dominion government the old and the more recent military properties of Nova Scotia. These comprise lands in Lunenburg, Liverpool, Shelburne, Yarmouth, Digby, Annapolis-Royal, Guysborough, Sydney and Pictou. Louisbourg is not included in the list. On the other hand it was never handed to the Nova Scotian government; so that the title of Louisbourg must still be with the Imperial authorities. The Nova Scotia government make some claim to it, by virtue of the law of prescription; but while occupation would give a good title to squatters or old occupants, I fail to see how the Halifax authorities can step in. However, everybody seems desirous that something should be done for its preservation; and the Hon. Longley, whom I consulted about this matter, assured me that the Nova Scotia government would cheerfully concur with the Dominion government, in taking means for the preservation of old Louisbourg. While I was there I was informed that the Americans, who are enterprising in all matters, seeing the future possibilities and value of the site, had taken an option of all the ground where the old Louisbourg fort stood, except the burying ground where French and English soldiers sleep together their eternal slumber. What I want to call

the attention of the public to is this fact, that if the government thought proper to spend eighty thousand dollars for the purchase of the Plains of Abraham, where it is not at all sure that the battle between Wolfe and Montcalm was fought, for a mere field—the same government should redeem from the hands of strangers a place where fortifications once stood, the most formidable in America, where two sieges were held, where battles were fought, where blood was shed, and where to-day the soldiers of England and France sleep side by side. The government who were justified in spending so much money to purchase the Plains of Abraham, should, in my estimation, do something towards saving from destruction and vandalism those ruins which are of such general interest. I remember reading in Macaulay these words: "A people that takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors is not likely to perform noble achievements which will be remembered by remote descendants." Let us keep the memory of our ancestors. I do not at all plead for Canadians to do as they are doing in China, to look always behind and adore what has gone before us. I call attention to the old fortresses and battlegrounds because they are part and parcel of our history that are visible, and inasmuch as none of us will condemn the study of our history by our children, we should join hands in having the monuments of old preserved for them and our descendants. It is useless to think that we can build for ourselves a great country if we only look forward to material achievements, to commerce, trade and navigation. That is all right, that is a part of the monument, the most useful, perhaps, but not the most noble and the most refined. A country lives not by bread alone. It must always have what elevates it: education, art, religion, poetry. And history is all that, ours more particularly. The present must stand on the past, and the past glories are a sacred heritage. In France, in 1887, they passed a law for the preservation of

all grounds of historical and artistic value. We have not so many such grounds in Canada. These few glorious battlegrounds, and above all that of Louisbourg, in my estimation, should be preserved for all time to come as a public park at least; they should be put under the same category as are to-day those smaller grounds I have referred to, where the engagements of 1812, and those against the Fenians were fought. A museum should be opened at Louisbourg for the preservation of what remains of its old and valuable relics. Every earthly thing that is found within and without the walls, capable of being carried away, is torn down and taken home by the tourists. The old cannon of Louisbourg are to be found everywhere in North America, except in Louisbourg. The Americans, those Pilgrims Abroad, excel above all in the art of demolishing old monuments and taking the pieces home—the English come next. Vandalism is practised on a large scale at Louisbourg. The Goths and the Vandals demolished the temples of Italy, and used the wooden fixtures for firewood. The block-house at Annapolis-Royal was pulled down, some fifteen years ago, to make firewood for its caretaker, one Mr. Hall, with the sanction of a barbarian, I mean a minister of the crown. The Vandals and the Goths melted into coin the artistic treasures in gold and silver which they found in Constantinople. One of our ministers of Militia and Defence sold the old cannon of Fort Beausejour, in New Brunswick, to foundry men, and put the thirty pieces of gold in the Dominion treasury. The Vandals and the Ostrogoths made lime out of the statuary chefs-d'œuvre of Rome and Athens; our governments, all of them, provincial and federal, allow the last bricks and ornamental stone of Louisbourg to be sold for building chimneys, basements and wells. I now appeal to this our present government to put a stop to that wanton devastation, and do something for the preservation of at least the remaining ruins of old glorious Louisbourg.

(To be continued.)

PASCAL POIRIER.

A Brave Soldier of the Revolution.



HE name of Cruger—synonymous with Kruger, is not likely to excite much enthusiasm in the minds of the readers of ACADIENSIS. But there are Krugers and Crugers. John Harris Cruger of New York was one of the most distinguished colonial officers that fought on

the side of the crown in the war of the revolution in America.

His ancestors filled prominent positions in public life, his grandfather having been for some years mayor of the city of New York, while his father was a member of the executive council of the colony. At the commencement of the revolution John Harris Cruger was himself a member of the executive council and treasurer of the city of New York and held other positions of public trust. He was popular with all classes. His wife, Anne de Lancey, was the eldest daughter of Brigadier General Oliver de Lancey. Equally with her husband and father she shared in all the vicissitudes of the war. In the month of November, 1777, she had a thrilling experience while visiting at Bloomingdale,* her parents' home on Manhattan Island. The house was attacked, broken open, plundered and burned by a band of rebel marauders. Mrs. Cruger, her mother, her sister and a Miss Floyd were

*Bloomingdale now lies in the very heart of New York city, but at the time of the revolution it was regarded as in the country.

threatened with violence and obliged to flee for their lives clad only in the clothes in which they had risen from their sleep, and without either shoes or stockings. Mrs. Cruger tried to reach a British post two miles off to give the alarm, but unfortunately lost her way in consequence of her confusion and terror and the darkness of the night. The frost lay on the ground, and she had well nigh perished when in the morning she found herself near an inn, called "The Dove," seven miles from her father's house on the Kingsbridge Road. Here she was taken in and hospitably entertained by the loyal innkeeper, one Nicholas Staker.

Mrs. Cruger's father, Oliver deLancey, was a prominent citizen of New York who had served in the French war as commander of a body of provincial troops under General Abercrombie.

After the capture of Long Island by the British forces in August, 1776, General Howe appointed Oliver deLancey brigadier-general with orders to raise three battalions of 500 men each for the defence of the island. The battalions were soon raised. The general himself was colonel of the first battalion, and his son-in-law, John Harris Cruger, lieutenant-colonel. George Brewerton, alderman of New York, and a gentleman who had served with distinction during the French war, commanded the second battalion and had as his lieutenant-colonel Stephen de Lancey, oldest son of the general. Gabriel Ludlow commanded the third battalion, and his lieutenant-colonel was Richard Hewlett, of Hampstead, Long Island.

The de Lancey battalions were organized "for the defence of Long Island and other exigencies." Under their protection Long Island became a secure asylum for the Loyalists, who flocked thither in great numbers from Connecticut and elsewhere, and of whom very many came to New Brunswick at the peace in 1783. The ramparts built by Cruger's men at Huntington, Long Island, are still visible.

In the autumn of 1778, Sir Henry Clinton sent the first and second battalions to Georgia under General Campbell. They arrived at Savannah on the 23rd December, and a few days later took part in an important battle in which the Americans were defeated with the loss of 600 men. During the engagement Lt.-Col. Cruger and his regiment, in conjunction with the British Light Infantry, gained the enemy's rear by a bye-path; their unexpected and impetuous charge threw the Americans into great confusion largely deciding the issue. In consequence of this victory, Savannah with all its stores, including seventy-one pieces of artillery and a quantity of ammunition, fell into the hands of the British.

In September following, Savannah was invested by the combined French and American forces. DeLancey's first and second battalions were with the defenders. Lt.-Col. Cruger was given charge of an important position and he repulsed the enemy in three several attacks. A fleet of transports had been sent from New York with reinforcements for the Savannah garrison, and Mrs. Cruger took passage in one of the vessels to join her husband. The fleet was separated by a tremendous storm, and the ship with Mrs. Cruger on board, being old and crazy, was given up by officers and crew as lost. She weathered the storm, however, only to be taken two days afterwards by a French man-of-war under command of the Count d'Estaign. The distinguished stranger took Mrs. Cruger on board his own ship and treated her with every kindness. The very next day the ship in which she had sailed from New York went to the bottom. During the siege of Savannah she remained on shipboard and heard every gun that was fired. Her anxiety for her husband's safety may readily be imagined. After the repulse of the allied French and Americans, Count d'Estaign generously sent Mrs. Cruger ashore under a flag of truce with all her possessions.

Lt.-Col. Cruger and his corps gained additional honor at the taking of Charleston by the British forces, May 12, 1780; and again their conduct was highly commended at the battle of Camden, where the Americans under General Gates were totally defeated with a loss of 2,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners.

The first and second de Lanceys, however, won their brightest laurels in the heroic defence of the post near Camden, known as "Ninety-Six."* Lt.-Colonel Cruger was in command. His wife we are told "lived in the garrison, fared as the people did, was beloved by the soldiers, and caressed, esteemed and almost adored by the officers for her kindness and hospitality upon all occasions." The garrison at "Ninety-Six" included 150 men of deLancey's brigade, 200 of the New Jersey Volunteers, under Lt.-Col. Isaac Allen, and 200 militia under Colonel King. The defences were in a very unfinished state, and Cruger had only a few cannon and a scanty supply of ammunition. The garrison put forth every effort to strengthen their position, but were still quite unprepared for a siege when General Greene suddenly appeared on the scene with 4,000 men.

On the night of the 21st May, 1781, the besiegers broke ground and threw up two works within seventy paces of the fort. While they were engaged the next night in strengthening these works they were attacked by the garrison and every man bayoneted, the works demolished and even the intrenching tools carried off. The besiegers now proceeded more cautiously, and in the next ten days by incessant labor advanced their trenches nearly to the fort. Meanwhile they were harassed by the frequent sorties of the defenders.

At this juncture General Greene peremptorily summoned the garrison to surrender. Cruger replied that it was his

* "Ninety Six" is a town in Greenwood County, South Carolina. It was so named because it was ninety-six miles from the Cherokee Indian trading town of Keowee.

duty as well as his intention to defend the post to the last extremity, and that the threats or promises of Greene were to him alike indifferent. The besiegers thereupon opened fire from their batteries and for several days bombarded the defences, at the same time pushing forward a sap and erecting other batteries, one of which was at a distance of only thirty-five paces from the abatis of the fort. Attempts were made by means of African arrows* to set fire to the barracks. Cruger ordered the barracks to be unroofed thereby saving them from destruction, but exposing his officers and men to the night air and the inclemency of the weather.

As the siege progressed the garrison continued their night sallies, often with success. But despite their best efforts their position daily became more critical. On the 12th of June, the enemy's trenches were advanced to the stockade and a sergeant and six men attempted to set fire to the abatis. Every man was shot by the defenders. However, a few days later the concentrated fire of the besiegers rendered the outwork untenable and it had to be evacuated. The garrison thereby lost their water supply. Their sufferings now became extreme. A well was dug within the fort but no water could be found. It was midsummer and at such times the heat of South Carolina is excessive. The only way to obtain water was to send out naked negroes by night whose bodies in the darkness could not be distinguished from the dead logs with which the place abounded. In this way a scanty supply was brought from within pistol shot of the enemy's pickets. Cruger continued at all times the life of the garrison, encouraging them by word and example and exhorting them to die in the last ditch rather than surrender.

At length on the 17th of June, a brave Loyalist rode in broad daylight at full gallop through the enemy's picket

*The African arrows were fitted to the bores of the muskets, the heads being armed with a dart, and combustibles attached, which were set on fire just before the arrows were shot at the buildings.

line, amid a storm of bullets not one of which touched him, and placed in Colonel Cruger's hands a message to the effect that Lord Rawdon was in full march to raise the siege. When this good news was announced a shout went up from the defenders that reached the enemy's lines.

Greene, knowing he had no time to lose, stormed the fort next day. His "forlorn hope" gained the ditch followed by a strong attachment with grappling hooks to pull down the parapet. At this critical moment a party of Cruger's men, led by Captain French, and another of the New Jersey Volunteers, under Captain Campbell, dashed into the ditch at opposite ends, pushed forward with their bayonets till they met in the middle and cleared all before them. With astonishment and chagrin Greene saw his design foiled by the desperate valor of a mere handful of men. His soldiers could not be persuaded to make a second attempt. The next day he raised the siege and soon after Lord Rawdon arrived with the long expected succor.

The defence of a position so weak as "Ninety-Six" for more than thirty days with a force of only 350 Loyalist troops and 200 militia, is really remarkable in view of the strength of the besieging army. The little garrison had 1 lieutenant, 3 sergeants and 23 rank and file killed, while the besiegers lost 1 colonel, 3 captains, 5 lieutenants and 157 rank and file killed, besides the loss sustained by their militia, which was believed to have been much greater.

Just before the post was invested Lt.-Col. Cruger sent his wife to the house of a loyal Presbyterian minister, who lived about a mile from the fort. During the siege she heard nearly every gun that was fired, and her anxiety must have been extreme.

Lt.-Col. Cruger won fresh laurels at the battle of Eutaw Springs, where he commanded one wing of the British forces. His brave and devoted wife had barely time to quit the army ere the battle began. She sought refuge in

the house of a Loyalist about half a mile from the field. Here again she heard every gun fired during the engagement.

Speaking of Lt.-Col. Cruger's conduct on this occasion, the Loyalist historian, Judge Thomas Jones, observes:

"If anything could add to the heroism of this amiable and loyal New Yorker, it is the active, spirited and judicious part he acted in the battle at the Etways, or Eutaw, in 1781, where his bravery, coolness, resolution, judgment and steadiness turned the fortune of the day in favor of the British, when the jilt was upon the point of abandoning them."

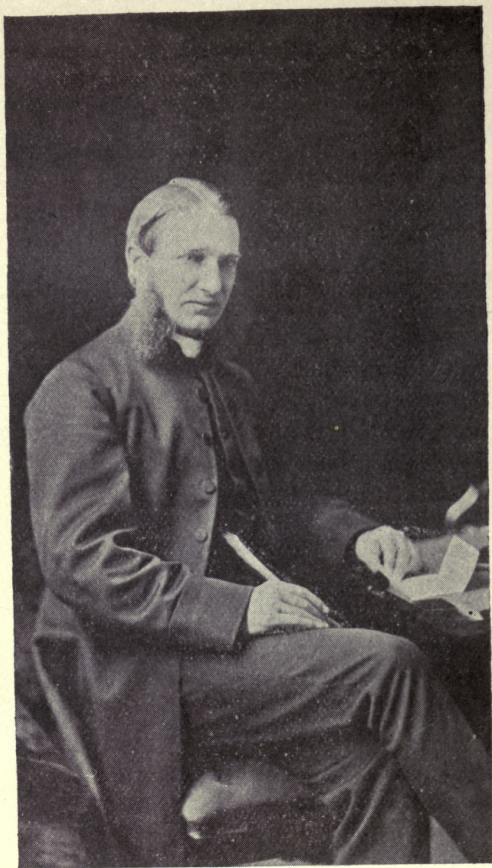
A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "J. H. Cruger Lt.-Col. 1st Bat. N.Y. B." The signature is enclosed in a large, decorative flourish that resembles a stylized bracket or a large 'C' shape.

At the evacuation of Charleston in 1782, the first and second de Lancey battalions (now consolidated into one) returned to New York, whence at the peace the majority came to New Brunswick. They received a grant of a large tract of land at Woodstock, in the county of Carleton. They were the first settlers in that locality, and their descendants are numerous and respected citizens of Woodstock and its vicinity at the present day.

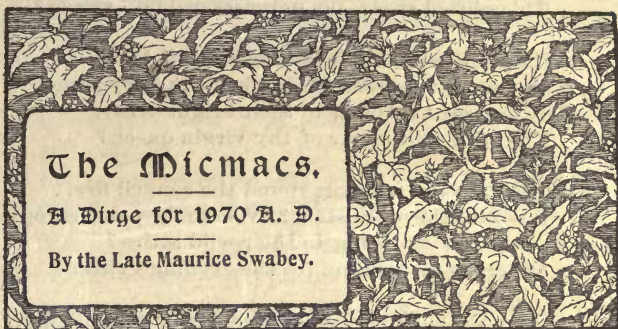
In all the hard fighting through which he passed, John Harris Cruger was never once wounded. At the evacuation of New York he went to England with his wife, where, as Judge Jones tells us, "they lived peaceably, happily and contentedly at Beverley, in Yorkshire, esteemed by the people, the gentry and the nobility."

W. O. RAYMOND.





REV. MAURICE SWABEY.
From a Photograph *circa* 1860.



Where is the spirit of the Micmac race?
That martial glory hath not passed from earth?
Of Nature's children lives there not a trace?
Where are the sylvan homes that gave them birth?

Where is the chieftain, with his eagle plume,
The grey moose tracking in the morning bright,
The conic wigwam 'mid the forest's gloom
Breathing a welcome in the evening's light?

Where is the quiver from the shoulder slung,
The death-fraught arrow, the unerring bow,
The reeking scalplock from the wampum strung,
Enduring trophy of the vanquish'd foe?

Where the flint hatchet and the ruthless blade
That mars the slain and terminates the strife;
The tomahawk — that from the captive's head
Hath reft his honor dearer than his life?

Where the swart visage, the dark piercing eye,
Quick as the falcon's on the foeman's trail,
The tawny bosom's terrifying dye,
The stoic firmness, never known to quail?

Where are the torchlights, with their fitful glow,
 Like meteors fitting o'er the shadow'd deep?
 The wily savage in his bark canoe,
 Th' uplifted spear, the noiseless paddle's sweep?

Where the wild mirth that on a festal day,
 Romantic "Lennox,"* marked thy fairy scene,
 Thy gathered maidens in their bright array,
 The mimic grandeur of thy virgin queen?

Where are the warriors round the council fire,
 Smoking the peace-stalk? Where the pointless spear,
 The squaws carousing in their wild attire?
 Where is the venison for the evening's cheer?

Where the rude birchen shroud, the moss-clad bier,
 The proud traditions of the honored dead?
 The maple groves re-echo, sadly, "Where?"
 Manitto called,—the tribe forever fled.

A paper of recent date contains the notice of the death of Rev. Maurice Swabey, the author of the above poem, which is republished from a little volume of poetry, entitled "Voices from Abegweet; or, The Home on the Wave," and which was published in London, England, in 1878, by Mr. Swabey, then Vicar of St. Thomas' Church, Exeter.

The *Exeter Post* of the 5th of April last contained a long report of the proceedings in the Parish of St. Thomas, of which Mr. Swabey had been the Rector for more than a quarter of a century, during which the Rector took occasion to announce his retirement, after 48 years of active work in the ministry, 28 years of which had been in the occupation of that benefice.

In a letter addressed to the Churchwardens and Vestry of St. Thomas' Church, at that time, Mr. Swabey took

*A beautiful island in Richmond Bay, Prince Edward Island, the headquarters of the Micmacs of that province (to whom it is known as "El-nooy-mon-ago). Once every year, on St. Anne's day, the Indians, who are Roman Catholics and have a neat chapel of their own, assemble there from all parts for religious observances and festivities, and the island then presents a most animated appearance.—NOTE BY M. S.

occasion to express the desire that "the blessing of Almighty God may rest upon the parish, and that the harmony which for so many years has reigned in our meetings and marked all the relations between clergy and people may ever be retained."

Mr. Swabey had, through the Acadian Provinces, many friends, who will hear with sincere sorrow the news of their sad loss.

In his earlier years he was much identified with the religious and literary life of this portion of what is now the Dominion of Canada. He was a contributor to *Stewart's Quarterly* and several other periodicals.

"Abegweet" (or the "Home on the Wave"), it might be explained, is the poetical name by which Prince Edward Island is known amongst the "Micmac" Indians, who inhabit the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and, as stated by the author, was prefixed to his little book because he first ventured to touch the lyre in that "Garden of Canada."

Mr. Swabey was educated at King's College, University of Windsor, Nova Scotia, taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1852 and that of Master of Arts in 1859.

He was incumbent of Milton and Rustico, Prince Edward Island, from 1854 to 1857; assistant minister in what is familiarly known as the "Stone Church," Parish of St. Mark, in the City of St. John, New Brunswick, from 1858 to 1865.

From 1865 until 1875 Mr. Swabey was the Rector of St. Jude's Church, also in the City of St. John, N. B., and from the latter year, until his appointment as Vicar of St. Thomas, was connected with the active work of the Colonial and Continental Church Society.

The volume of poetry, published by Mr. Swabey, was dedicated to Maurice Charles Merttins Swabey, D.C.L, of Langley Marish, Bucks, "Late student of Christ Church

(Oxon.), Chancellor of the Dioceses of Oxford and Ripon." In his preface to that work the author remarks that, "If, as he hardly dares to hope, these 'voices' shall be heard beyond the circle of old friends, he trusts they may arouse a deeper interest in the well being of our colonists, and likewise in the spiritual and temporal welfare of the 'Children of the Forest,' now fast fading away before the advancing tide of civilization."—ED.



Song.



END thou down thy long-lashed glances
 On the lover at thy feet,
 In whose veins the red blood dances
 As thy fairy form advances
 Out of dreamland, Oh ! my sweet !

For no starlight hath such splendour
 And no sun such dewy heat ;
 'Neath thine eyes my heart grows tender
 And my soul yields full surrender
 To their radiance, Oh ! my sweet !

As cool waters to the dying
 Where stern foes in battle meet,
 So thine eyes, no joys denying,
 And thy smile with smile complying
 Keep me living, Oh ! my sweet !

CHARLES CAMPBELL.

A French Account of the Raid Upon the New England Frontier in 1694.



IN the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa is a MS. bearing the title "Relation du Voyage fait par le Sieur De Villieu, Capitaine d'un detachement de la Marine, a la tete des Sauvages Kanibats et Malecizite (sic) de l'Arcadie pour faire la guerre aux Anglais, au printemps del' au 1694."

This document bears internal evidence of having been prepared by Villieu, or copied from his journal, and is interesting for the evidence it yields of the means through which the French gained the assistance of the Wapanaki* Indians, in the effort to drive the English from the eastern frontier of New England and regain the territory for the French crown. (The English claimed the country to the St. Croix, while the French placed the boundary of Acadia at the Kennebec.) The document proves also that the major share of the responsibility for breaking the treaty of 1693 should be taken from the Indians and cast upon their French leaders.

To understand the question clearly it will be necessary to recall some of the events of the preceding years. In 1689 the Count de Frontenac, then in his seventieth year, yet vigorous and alert, was despatched to Canada to fill for the second time the dual post of Governor and Commander in Chief, and charged by Louis XIV with a scheme for the reduction of New York and the subsequent conquest of New England.

*Spelled also Abenaki.

The designs upon New York were frustrated almost at their inception. The ships intended for the expedition were disabled, while the Iroquois, who had been reckoned upon for assistance in the land attack, declined to be imposed upon by the Count's smooth words and artifices, and, in spite of his strenuous efforts, concluded an alliance with the English.

Frontenac was more successful with the Wapanakis, partly because their feelings toward the colonists at that time moved them to yield the more readily to his overtures.

The year before, in 1688, Andros, then Governor of Massachusetts, had foolishly broken the ten years' peace, which began shortly after King Philip's war, by the unprovoked and unjustifiable destruction of Baron St. Castine's establishment at the mouth of the Penobscot. Castine had married the daughter of the Penobscot sachem Madokawando, at that time one of the most influential chiefs of the Wapanaki League, and by sympathizing with the Indians and adopting their mode of life the Frenchman had gained their loyal attachment. The tribes were enraged at Andros' action and were eager to avenge it. At this juncture the seizure of sixteen Indians at Saco, in retaliation for the killing of a few cattle at Yarmouth, started into life the smouldering fire and opened what Cotton Mather styled "the melancholy decade"—the ten years' war. In June, 1689, came the destruction of Dover, where Major Waldron repaid so terribly for his treachery of some thirty years before, and this was followed by the capture of Pemaquid and the massacre of the people. John Gyles has told the gruesome story of that transaction.

During the autumn of that year—1689—Frontenac organized the bands for those offensive operations against the English, which have gone into history as the "winter raids." The Indians who were engaged in these exploits.

were drawn from the mission stations near Quebec. From Lorette were taken the Mohawks who had been converted by the Jesuits, and these were put in the band which was sent against Schenectady. In two other bands, destined for services in Maine and New Hampshire, were exiles from various Wapanaki tribes, gathered at St. Francis, who had sought refuge under the French flag at the close of Philip's war. Besides the Indians in each band were an equal number of Canadian Bush Rangers — *Courier-de-bois* — who were quite as wild and savage as their red-skinned allies. The leaders of these bands of marauders were French officers of rank.

In February of that winter the settlement at Schenectady was totally wiped out with torch and tomahawk, and the Colonists had not recovered from the shock this occasioned when they were again terrified by a similar report from Salmon Falls, New Hampshire, and later by the downfall of Casco and an aftermath of smaller depredations. From all the doomed hamlets came the same horrifying tale — houses burned; men, women, and children slaughtered or carried into captivity. Frontenac had decided that he could only succeed in holding Canada for the French crown by enlisting the aid of the savages, and to secure that aid he must permit them to make war in their own savage way.

The Colonists were incensed against the French for their participation in this unrighteous warfare and determined upon retaliation. A conference was held at New York in May, 1690, at which it was agreed that an army organized by Connecticut and New York, and including Mohegan and Iroquois Indians, should attack Montreal by land, while Massachusetts made an assault on Quebec from the sea. A squadron of Massachusetts vessels, under command of Sir William Phips, had already, in May of that year, forced the French garrison at Port Royal to capitulate, and elated by this success the New

Englanders deemed the conquest of Quebec and Montreal quite within possibility. Phips was selected to command the Quebec forces, and with a fleet of armed vessels and transports sailed from Boston early in August.

The New York and Connecticut forces, under command of General Winthrop, assembled at Albany and proceeded in canoes and on foot toward Montreal, but their expedition was a failure. The bulk of the men advanced no farther than Lake Champlain, where small-pox and hunger and factional disputes left them stranded and thoroughly demoralized. Captain John Schuyler, with a small company of volunteers, made a raid on La Prairie, and continued to harass the French outposts for a short time, but, while they kept the country in alarm, they were at no time a serious menace to Montreal.

Frontenac happened to be in Montreal when Winthrop's advance was reported to him. He had just concluded an alliance with some five hundred Indians from the upper lakes — Ojibwas, Hurons, Ottawas, Nipissings and others, who had come to Montreal with furs for sale — and he readily induced these braves to join him in a fight with the English and their traditional foes, the Iroquois, whom the scouts had seen on Lake Champlain. The English and their allies eluded Frontenac, but he had gained the friendly support of these Western tribes, to his great advantage.

Winthrop's army having retired, Frontenac, being apprised of Phips' departure from Boston, was enabled to reinforce the garrison at Quebec and to strengthen that city's defenses before the Colonial fleet arrived. Phips had reckoned upon a weak garrison and fortifications of little consequence, but found himself confronted by a force which was more than a match for his command, while his guns made no appreciable effect upon the forts that crowned the great cliff. After several days of fighting and bombarding, in which the New England yeoman who

attempted to storm the citadel proved that they lacked neither courage nor endurance, Phips decided that he had undertaken a task beyond his accomplishment, discreetly withdrew, and returned to Boston.

While Phips was on his way to Quebec the Massachusetts authorities despatched Church with some three hundred men to punish the Wapanakis. He burned Pejepscot, on the Androscoggin, killed a few men, and captured some women and children, but accomplished little toward teaching the Indians to have a wholesome respect for English wrath. Early in 1691 the Wapanakis were again on the war path and assisted the French in the destruction of York. Later a band of French and Indians—Malissets from the St. John, Micmacs from Nova Scotia, Sakokokis, Penobscots, and Kennebecs—some four hundred strong, led by Portneuf and St. Castine, made a vigorous attack on Wells, but were repulsed by the townspeople under the brave leadership of Converse.

The war had been conducted in a desultory fashion, but enough had been accomplished to keep the Colonists of the outlying settlements in a constant state of anxiety and unrest. They became depressed and discouraged, and many advocated removal to the towns. That was precisely the result for which Frontenac had been plotting. He hoped by constant harassment to drive the English from their settlements and open the country for French occupation. (At a later date the Massachusetts authorities put a check upon proposed removals from the frontier by enacting a law prohibiting the desertion of farms on penalty of forfeiting the property thus deserted.) Relief came to the Colonists at last in the assurance from the authorities that they had secured permanent peace. Many of the Indians were disposed to resume friendly relations. The prompt and vigorous action of the Colonists in answering recent attacks; the failure of the

assault on Wells ; the rebuilding of Pemaquid ; the erection of a strong fort on the Saco ; the failure of a French squadron sent by Frontenac to reduce the coast defenses ; the possibilities for large and lucrative barter which the English colonies offered to the Wapanakis ; the desire for the return of their people who had been captured and were held at Boston as hostages ; all these, combined with a suspicion that their French allies were using them for purely selfish purposes, had a subduing effect on the red men. They were ready to lay down their arms. At a conference held at Pemaquid in August, 1693, representatives of the tribes who claimed sovereignty over the land lying between the Merrimac and the St. John signed a treaty of peace with the Massachusetts Colony. They promised to aid the French no longer and to be loyal subjects to the British King.

Frontenac's plans were in danger, and, though he appears to have had no knowledge of the consummation of the treaty, he made strenuous efforts to break off the negotiations between the Indians and the Colonists, which had been reported to him, and which he feared would end in disaster to French interests. In the Indian camps were two men who were willing to serve him — the missionaries, Bigot and Thury. These priests had won the confidence and affection of their flocks by sympathy and devotion, and they used their influence to incite the Indians against the English. In this they were supported by Moxus (sometimes written Taxous), chief of the Penobscot village at Castine, who was of sufficient importance and influence to be placed later at the head of the tribe. Opposed to the priests and Moxus in this contention were the majority of the Wapanakis, led by Modokawando, the sachem of the Penobscots, an old man of marked ability as a leader, who had also the reputation of a brave and skillful warrior. There were many vehement debates in the councils of the tribes during the

months that followed the Pemaquid conference, and war upon the Colonists was the question at issue. But the Colonists knew naught of this. They slept in security, reckoning that the Indians were at last content to be at peace.

It was at this period that the *Sieur De Villieu*, a Captain of Marines, who had won some distinction during Phips' attack on Quebec, was sent to Acadia to take charge of the Indian contingent of the French force in that colony,* succeeding *Portneuf*, who had been displaced for bad conduct. In the autumn of 1693 he arrived at Fort Natchouat, at the mouth of the Nashwauk, opposite Fredericton, at that time the headquarters of *Villebon*, Governor of Acadia. *Villieu's* story of what followed reads thus :—†

In order to fulfil the orders which he had received from the court to put himself at the head of the savages of Acadia to go against the English, and the orders given him by *Monsieur le Comte de Frontenac*, both at his departure from Quebec in the month of October, 1693, and by the letters which he had the honor of writing to him, the said *Sieur de Villieu*, after having passed the winter at Fort Natchouat,‡ on the St. John River, where the *Chevalier de Villebon* was in command, left there on the first of May, 1694, to go to *Pentagoet* to put an end to the parleys which the savages had been holding with the English for a year, and to incite them to recommence the war. On the third he arrived at Fort *Medauktek*,§ where he assembled the old men of the savages to tell them the object of his journey. In the course of his address he begged them to hold themselves in readiness to

* *Villieu* was afterward made *Commandant* of *Pentagoet*, now *Castine*.

† In translating the MS., which is written in old French, I have had the kind assistance of Mr. M. Le N. King, of Harvard, and Miss Bella M. Grossman, of Bryn Mawr.

‡ In the MS. this word is spelled both *Natchuat* and *Naxouat*.

§ *Meductic*.

go in company with those of Pentagouet, declaring to them that he had been sent from France to put himself at their head and make war upon the English.

They put off until the next day the giving of their reply, and held a council to deliberate as to what they should do. They reached no conclusion, but on the morrow they assembled, and, after having taken their resolution, replied that they had never entered into the parleys which their brethren had held with the English, and that they only awaited an opportunity to make war upon them; that their weakness had prevented them from continuing it; that they were ready to join forces with him and would not leave him until they had broken many heads. He testified to them the joy he had in seeing them in that disposition, and made a feast, at which he assured the savages that he would inform Monsieur le Comte of their good will.

On the fifth of May he left Medauktek, and arrived on the ninth at Fort Madaoumkik,* where he found Taxous, one of the great chiefs of those savages, to whom he told the motive of his journey; and, having engaged him to descend to the village of Panaoumkik,† where the largest part of the savages of that river live, they arrived together on the tenth, at midnight. They found there Father Bigot, a Jesuit missionary, accompanied by three savages, of whom one announced himself as sent from the Kanibats‡ to tell the old men of that village that the Kanibats intended to make war upon the English.

On the eleventh this envoy spoke at a feast where was Sieur de Villieu, who told also the object of his journey and the reasons which ought to persuade them to break off the parleys which they had had with the Governor of Boston, who sought only to entrap them. He

* Mattawamkeag.

† Panawampskik, now called Indian Island, near Old Town.

‡ Kennebecs.

endeavored to the best of his ability to unite with the Kanibat envoy in assuring them that they could not fail to make a good stroke, in which they would acquire a great deal of both reputation and plunder. In order to engage them the more, he invited them at the same time to go to Natchouat to get the presents which the King had sent to them during the past year. They replied to him that they would be ready to march against the enemy as soon as they had received their presents, which they needed in order to make war. They also undertook to carry those which were destined for the Kanibats, and agreed upon a rendezvous at which to meet on the twenty-second day afterward, to march from there against the enemy.

On the sixteenth those savages left who were to fetch the presents. *Sieur de Villieu* accompanied them for the purpose of asking *Sieur de Villebon* for some soldiers for his company. On the twenty-second they arrived at Fort Natchouat, where *M. de Villebon* regaled them upon that which the King had sent to them as a present, and he distributed to them a part of the surplus. *Sieur de Villieu* had afterwards a particular feast for the chiefs, and another one for all the savages, in order to incite them to war.

On the twenty-fifth *Sieur de Villieu* left Naxouat with those savages and two Frenchmen, all *M. de Villebon* would give him, being dissatisfied with the enterprise. Even this small number was not contributed with sincerity, for, two days after arriving at Fort Medoktik, the two Frenchmen left the party to return to Fort Natchouat without notifying *Sieur de Villieu*. He remained the only Frenchman with the party, and was without provisions, *M. de Villebon* having refused to give him any in spite of the petitions he had made for some. He urged *M. de Villebon* to consider the urgency of the enterprise in the state of affairs, and the impossibility of his being able to subsist on the journey over lakes and rivers and

through woods if he did not carry with him the necessary provisions.

This extremity seemed to put *Sieur de Villieu* out of condition for marching, nevertheless he resolved to live with the savages, and set out in one of their canoes. They left *Medoktek* on the twenty-eighth of May and arrived at *Pentagouet* on the third of June, where the savages made the division of their presents, but noticing that only a part had been given them, having learned through *M. de Champigny* and the savages who had returned from the French what had been sent to them by the King, that thought disturbed the friendly disposition in which they were. They murmured audibly, and, for a finishing touch, *Mataquando*, one of their chiefs, who returned from *Pemaquid* two days later, assured them that the Governor of Boston would produce the prisoners on the fifth of July, which abated so much their desire for war that they determined before proceeding further to prove if they were deceived by the English, or if the promise were made in good faith. It was only after prolonged discussion that they decided to attack the English, during which *Sieur de Villieu* occupied himself strenuously to parry the stroke which would wreck his designs. He represented to them that this delay was suggested to them by the Governor of Boston, and was only to seek an opportunity to entrap them, since he had sent word of his intention to give up but seven or eight prisoners, which concerned only some of those present. He also assured them that the Governor had asked for delay only to gain time, as he knew it was impossible to return to them their children. These had been sent, for the most part, to Europe by officers, who, to all appearances, had given them to their kinsfolk or to some of the grand siegneurs, and that thus it would be difficult to recover them. These reasons, though good, did not persuade the Indians. *Mataquando* stoutly protested, and, having some

influential followers, started a cabal to prevent the enterprise resolved upon against the English, and so far succeeded that Villieu had the chagrin of seeing the ardor abate in all. M. de Thury, their missionary, who was working arduously for the success of the *Sieur de Villieu's* plans, found himself not less embarrassed than Villieu, for he learnt that a minister had been sent to the Fort by the English to teach the little savages to read and write.

Affairs continued in that condition until the ninth, when the relatives of the prisoners and hostages urged that messengers be sent to Boston to learn if the prisoners were actually there. *Sieur de Villieu*, in order to prevent them from having any interviews or parleys with the English, for fear of seeing all his plans overthrown — which would have happened, for the English, on learning his designs, would not have failed to put everything in operation to overthrow them and make peace with the Indians — proposed two expedients by which to recover their friends supposed to be at Boston. The first was to go at once and make a strong attack upon the place and force the English to surrender their prisoners in exchange for those that might be captured in the attack. Second, that, in case the attack was not successful, they would assemble those that were in the hands of the savages already, and, with the consent of M. le Comte, give them to the Governor of Boston in exchange for the savages he had in his hands. Lastly, he made clear to the Indians that, if they did not proceed in that manner, the English would never restore the prisoners, inasmuch as they had only demanded hostages in order to be assured of their fidelity. They pleaded that this slowness would result in the death of their people. He replied, in order to remove that objection, that he proposed to send a message to the Governor of Boston by the least important of the prisoners which they held stating that the Governor was to treat well all the savages of which he was master if he wished the English prisoners to be well treated.

It seemed that this statement had removed all difficulty and conciliated their minds, and that they were all disposed to execute the orders of Monsieur le Comte de Frontenac, when an obstinate fellow urged that it was absolutely necessary to send a canoe to Boston before undertaking anything in order to learn for certain if their friends had been brought back from Europe. He agreed to go himself and to be back again in twenty days. The great affection he had for a twelve-year-old daughter induced him to make the offer in the hope of seeing her again. This proposition gave pleasure to those who had an interest in the prisoners and to the band of Mataquando, who did not wish for war. Sieur de Villieu, seeing in this the overthrow of his enterprise, presented again what he believed might deter them, but finding them determined to follow that plan he prepared to depart from them and return to the river St. John.

On the next day, the eighth, he beguiled a savage with materials for smoking and with drink, who informed him of the fact that Edgaremet and Mataquando had sold the lands and the rivers of their nation. In order to get at the particulars, he learned from the savage that, having gone with the English on board a frigate of twenty-four pieces, in which was M. Phips, Governor of Boston, they had been received extremely well and feasted. Then the governor led the chiefs into his room, followed by his officers and an interpreter, and two hours later came out and the two savages, approaching the side of the vessel, threw their hatchets into the sea, in order, they said, that it might be impossible for them and their posterity ever to get them out again. Afterwards the governor shook hands with them as a sign of friendship, and then they drank each others' health and returned to the room where they had supped. This caused Sieur de Villieu to believe that

peace had been concluded. He communicated this to M. Thury; the latter could hardly believe it.*

In the meantime, a canoe arrived from Kanibak which brought a letter to *Sieur de Villieu* from *Father Bigot* which confirmed in some degree the news he had discovered, which caused him to press M. Thury to go to *Taxous* and incite him against *Mataquando* for having made peace without his consent. The effect was marvellous. *Taxous* declared that *Mataquando* had made peace, but as for himself he wished for war. He at once prepared to set out. On the twelfth day they dispatched a canoe to make known in haste to those of *Medauktek* the resolution taken the preceding day. On the same day, *Sieur de Villieu* descended to the sea shore determined to seize an Englishman named *Aldin*, who had gone there on a thirty ton vessel for the purpose of carrying on parleying. He hoped to take him with the help of *Sieur de Saint Castin*, the Indians having declined to join forces with *Sieur de Villieu* in this affair. But he arrived twelve hours too late, and saw the vessel three leagues from the fort sailing in the direction of Boston.

He remained with *Sieur de Saint Castin* until the sixteenth, when he left there to go to *Panaoumskek*. On the eighteenth, while ascending the river, his canoe was overturned above a rapid which he had shot holding to the canoe until in the whirlpools, where he was wounded in the head by striking against a rock, which caused him to let

* *Villieu* was correct in supposing that peace had been concluded. The meeting described by him, between *Edgaremet* and *Modokawando*, may have been that at which the Indians made their first appeal for a truce. But more followed for at the *Pemaquid Conference*, in 1693, a formal treaty was signed. *Moxus* knew of this, for, though he does not appear to have been present, he was represented by *Wenobson*, who signed the treaty "in behalf of *Moxus*." That *Thury* should have been ignorant of the signing of this treaty seems incredible.

Possibly the conference described by *Villieu's* informant may have been that at which *Madokawando* sold certain lands on *St. Georges River*. The deed of transfer bears date of May 9, 1694. It is signed by *Madokawando*, with *Edgaremet* and two other Indians as witnesses. The performance with the tomahawk may have been enacted by way of confirmation of the *Pemaquid* treaty. Whatever may be the explanation, it is plain that the red men were masters of finesse and were using it against their long-time comrades. French artifice had overreached itself.

go. The crew saved themselves by swimming as soon as they were overturned. *Sieur de Villieu* was thrown by the whirlpools upon the edge of a second rock. In this condition—his head broken, his stomach full of water, bruised all over his body, the canoe broken, his luggage and his arms lost—he was seized with a fever which lasted until the twenty-third.

On the twenty-sixth, a canoe arrived at *Panaoumskek* from *Medauktek*, which brought information that the *Malecizites*, to the number of sixty, had been detained by *Father Simon Recolet*, under orders from *Monsieur de Villebon*, but that sixteen had scorned the order, and would arrive on the following day.

On the twenty-seventh, a council was held to deliberate concerning the place at which they should make the attack, but it broke up without anything being decided upon. The next day the same thing happened. In the evening, *Sieur de Villieu* gave a feast of dogs to the savages, at which they sang the war song, excepting about thirty of the band of *Mataquando*, who were jeered and taunted during the feast. After the feast *Mataquando*, won over by the prayers and the presents which had been made to him by *Sieur de Villieu* and *Thury*, begged the former to put off the departure for a day and he would then accompany him. Every one was delighted with this, he having acquired the reputation of a brave in the preceding wars. On the thirtieth, *Sieur de Villieu*, *Thury*, one intrepid Frenchman, and one hundred and five savages, started for the mouth of the river *Kanibeki* to unite with the *Kanibats* who were to meet them there.

On the ninth, *Sieur de Villieu*, with three savages, he being disguised like them, approached *Fort Pemakuit*, and having given some peltries to the savages for a pretext of having come to trade at the fort, he reconnoitered the situation of the place, the entrance to the harbor and the anchorage, of which he very successfully drew the plan. On the tenth,

they went to the rapid of Ammio-Kangen, but the savages had departed. On the same day forty Kanibats arrived from Nauantchouan ; the remainder, with those from Fort Anmessoukkenti having taken another route to join them further on. On the eleventh, thirty arrived from Fort Neuakamigo, who had waited with the others. They marched until the sixteenth when they found forty more Kanibats while crossing a lake.

On that day a council was held to deliberate concerning the place against which they were to carry the war, but nothing was concluded at that council, opinions being divided. The same thing happened at another council, which was held three days later at the place where they then found themselves. Some wished that part be sent above Boston while others went below to attack the English at the same time in different places. On the next day the old men gave way to the young men, and their opinions having prevailed, they took upon themselves the guidance of the party.

On the twenty-second, after having made about ten leagues by land, the greater part, having been in want of food for several days, murmured against going on, though only a forenoon's journey from the enemy. Some said that they would turn back if the plan was not changed, and this necessitated the holding of a second council, where they resolved to advance.

On the twenty-third, after having made twelve leagues, they assembled at the prayers of those who were dying of hunger, of which number *Sieur de Villieu* was one, and as the necessity of attacking the enemy who were near at hand was very pressing, the leader sent ten scouts on the next day to reconnoiter, and the party made about four leagues in following them. On the twenty-fifth, they made three leagues and met two of the scouts who reported that the enemy were not upon their guard. On the twenty-sixth, three scouts, who had advanced much farther, made

a similar report. They therefore continued the march in order to arrive there that evening. In three hours the remainder of the scouts joined the party.

At a league from the dwellings of the English, council was held to determine in what way they should make the assault. It was resolved to separate into two parties to attack from both sides of the river, and begin the attack at dawn the following day. They separated at sunset to spread out during the night along the side which was most thickly settled. Each party was divided into several little groups all to make the attack at the same time.

They captured two small forts that were without garrison, to which the seigneurs of the place and some of the inhabitants had retired. They killed one hundred and four persons and took twenty-seven prisoners. Sixty houses were pillaged and burned. There was also a number of animals killed. They then retired to the place where the separation had been made the preceding evening. When all had arrived they proceeded to go to sleep upon a naturally fortified rock with the intention of waiting there if the enemy pursued them.

On the twenty-eighth, they departed rather late but made more than fifteen leagues during the day. On the twenty-ninth, the band arrived at the place where they had left the canoes, in which the greater part of the people embarked without provisions.

Thirty of the savages of Pantagouet were piqued at not having taken as many prisoners and as much booty as those from Kanibeki, because they had not found sufficient opportunity in the place upon which they had fallen. At the solicitation of Sieur de Villieu and of Taxous, about fifty others detached themselves to follow those who were piqued at the little they had taken, and the party was joined also by some of the bravest of the Kanibats. They determined to go below Boston, and then, dividing into small parties of four or five, to surprise people and knock

them on the head, which could not fail to produce a good effect.

On the same day, Sieur de Villieu questioned the prisoners who told him that on the twenty-fifth, the seigneur of the place had assembled the inhabitants to tell them that peace had been made with the Indians; that they could work with safety upon their lands; that they should not oppose uniting with the aid which King William had sent them in order to make themselves masters of Canada; that the aid consisted of two large ships, which in leaving the harbor had been met by the French who had sent one of them to the bottom; that the other had escaped under the cover of night and had arrived safely in port; that they had already commenced to levy soldiers to supply their armament; that as fast as they were assembled they were taken to some islands. They were told that on one of the islands there were already one hundred waiting until everything should be ready in order to set out, and that a considerable number of little cedar boats had been made.

This news was considered of sufficient importance by Sieur de Villieu to hasten him to notify Monsieur le Comte de Frontenac. He departed on that errand on the thirty-first of July, and marching day and night, crossed five lakes, made twenty-three portages, and arrived on the fourth day of the following month at Fort Ammissoukauti,* where Father Bigot was. The attendants of the said Sieur de Villieu were so tired and sick that he was obliged to take others in order to get to Quebec, where he arrived on the twenty-second. Not finding Monsieur Frontenac there, he left the Indians who were conducting him to take fresh men in order to get to Montroyal, where he arrived on the twenty-sixth of August.

* Amonoscoggin, some thirty miles from the mouth of the Androscoggin river.

NOTE.—The settlement attacked, as described by Villieu, was at that time known as Oyster river but later the name has changed to Durham. It is in New Hampshire, about twelve miles from Portsmouth. Villieu's statement of its destruction agrees practically with that given by the New England writers, though the numbers who were killed vary from 80 to 100. The number of houses that were destroyed is usually recorded as 20.

After Moxiis and his band separated from the main body, they made a wide detour and struck a savage blow at Groton, then the centre of the most thickly settled portion of Massachusetts. From that point homeward they avoided the larger settlements but left ghastly records of visits to several small hamlets.

The audacity of this performance and the savage ferocity with which it had been executed terrified the entire country, and the yeomen armed to subdue both French and Indians. But the war went on for many a long day after that—went on and on, with some few pauses, until Wolfe met Montcalm at Quebec, and French hopes for the sovereignty of America were crushed. Then Wapanaki hostilities ceased.

MONTAGUE CHAMBERLAIN.





CARVED STONE, FOUND NEAR ST. GEORGE, CHARLOTTE COUNTY, N. B.

Now in the Museum of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick.

A Sculptured Stone found near St. George, New Brunswick.



IN the autumn of 1863, or winter of 1864, a remarkable sculptured stone, representing the human face and head in profile, was discovered in the neighborhood of St. George, a village in Charlotte County, in the Province of New Brunswick, Canada. This curiosity was found by a man who was searching for stone for building purposes, and was about one hundred feet from the shore of Lake Utopia, under a bluff of the same formation as the material on which the head is sculptured, which abounds in the neighborhood. This bluff is situated three miles or more from St. George, and Lake Utopia empties into the Magaguadavic River, or as it may be translated from Indian into English, the River of Hills, which flows towards and pours through the village in the form of a beautiful waterfall. The stone, irrespective of the cutting, which is in relief, has a flat surface, and is of the uniform thickness of two inches. Its form is rounded elliptical, and it measures twenty-one and a half inches longitudinally, and eighteen and a quarter inches across the shorter diameter. The stone is granulite, being distinguished from granite proper by the absence of mica. The sculpture shortly after it was discovered attracted a great deal of attention, and was examined by a number of persons possessing respectable scientific attainments. As far as I am aware, however, neither its visible characteristics, nor its history, or its historical associations have ever been carefully studied by any conversant with American archæology. For myself, while undertaking to comment upon this interesting memento of a past age, I must at the outset acknowledge my want of qualifications for the purpose, and explain that

my object is rather to explain than to dogmatize, and to give such small assistance to the learned as is comprised in scraps of information which I have been able to obtain from various sources.

A tolerable knowledge of the history of Charlotte County and of the province, and an imperfect memory and record of the contents of several letters received from various persons upon the principal subject, are all of some service in furthering my purpose. The letters which were written to assist me in preparing a paper upon the stone, subsequently read before the Natural History Society of New Brunswick—an association not now in existence—were unfortunately destroyed in the great fire of St. John. The paper itself was preserved, and embodies at least a portion of the contents of the letter. Opinion at the time of the discovery was somewhat divided, both in regard to the nationality of the workman by whom the stone was carved, and also in regard to the object of the work. Three suggestions, one of which is probably correct, were offered by different parties with reference to the workmen: First, that he was a British colonist; secondly, that he was a Frenchman; and, thirdly, that he was an Indian. The discussion of these several propositions naturally suggests, if it does not necessarily involve, in each case a consideration of the motives of the workman. I have little hesitation in dismissing, as highly improbable, the hypothesis that the artist was a British colonist. The appearance and position of the stone when discovered, to which I shall more particularly refer, convince me that it was not carved for the purpose of deceiving scientific investigators, as might be, and I believe has been, charged. For the same reasons I am led to form a strong opinion that the carving was executed long before the date of the British occupation. Irrespective of these reasons, however, I would point to the carving itself as an answer to the theory; and the argument here makes as strongly against the suggestion of

French origin as it does against that of British. The features and expression of the face are not in any respect European, neither is the shape of the head. Again, the elliptical eye, appearing on a profile as it should only properly appear to the spectator in the full face, is a characteristic of eastern, especially of Egyptian, art. I have not the means at hand to verify the opinion, but, if my memory serves me rightly, this same peculiarity appears in delineations of human faces among the ancient Mexican Indians, if not among other American tribes. The theory for which I contend is that a European workman, either skilled or unskilled, would have produced something having a semblance to a European subject or work of art. The suggestion of French origin for the sculpture leads me to speak of the connection of the French with this part of the province.

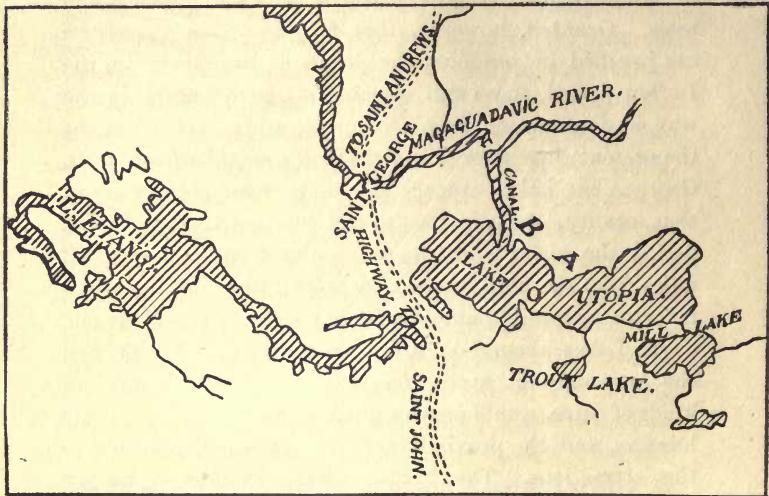
The earliest record of the French occupation of Acadia is that of DeMonts, who with a party of fellow countrymen passed the winter of 1604 on the island of St. Croix, situated on the river of the same name, forming the boundary between the province and the state of Maine, and distant about twenty-one miles from the village of St. George. I have never heard of there being any considerable number of French settlers in the neighborhood of St. George, and cannot even say with certainty that there were any French families settled there. L'Etang approaches to within three hundred feet or so of Utopia, and LaTete Passage is distant about eight miles from the Village, and the occurrence of these names may lead to the inference that there was a partial French occupation of the adjacent country. I have indeed heard of inscriptions on the rock at Black's Harbour, or its vicinity, on Bliss's Island, which are supposed to be in French, but have never met any one who had actually seen these inscriptions. This island is nearly half way between Campobello or Deer Island and Utopia, from which it is about ten miles distant, and opposite the mouth

of LaTete Passage. By no hypothesis, however, am I able to connect this curiosity with any European custom or idea, and consequently the remainder of my investigation will be devoted to the argument in favor of its Indian origin.

If it is possible to derive approximately accurate information as to the age of the stone from its situation and condition when found, it would of course assist materially in discovering the nationality of the workman. I believe that the finder who, as I have stated, was searching for stone for building purposes, was attracted by the shape of the stone in question; that it was lying on the surface and covered with moss, and that it was not until the removal of the moss that the true character of the object appeared. An examination of its surface, must I think, convince the observer that the stone has been subjected to the long continued action of water, and from its situation it seems fairly certain that the water which has produced the wasted appearance was rain, and rain only. An expert might perhaps form a tolerably accurate opinion as to the period which would be required for ordinary rainfalls to effect such results as are here plainly visible. For myself, I hesitate to speak of the precise period where the stone showed no marks of rain. I feel, however, that I am safe in expressing the belief that it would require a length of time commencing at a date before a French man is known to have set a foot in the country to produce from the action of rain so worn a surface as this stone exhibits. If this proposition is correct, there can be no reasonable ground to doubt that the carving is the work of an Indian. I may refer, but solely for the purpose of expressing my disbelief in any such hypothesis, to the suggestion that art, employed for the purpose of deceiving and not any force of nature, has produced the worn appearance to which reference has been made. The mossy deposit, and the unfrequented locality in which the curiosity was found,

both aid in dispelling this idea ; but even had it been found in an often visited part, and without its mossy covering, I should have no hesitation in affirming that its worn appearance was not due to the hand of man. I may further urge that, had the object of the workman been solely to deceive, he would have scarcely selected a stone whereon to carve of a granite character, and especially a piece of granulite, one of the hardest rocks to work, being not only hard in quality, but of crystalline structure, and ill adapted for receiving a polish, at least under rough tools. Granted, however, that for the reason stated we are justified in assigning the origin of the carving to the Indian period, there still remains many difficulties in the way of determining its object or meaning. There are at the present time several Indians in the neighborhood of St. George, but half a century ago there were many more in that locality, and previous to the commencement of that period the vicinity of the canal, about one and one half miles from the bluff mentioned before, was continuously a favorite camping ground for these people. The Magaguadavic Lakes abound in fish even at the present day, and the surrounding woods, formerly well stocked with all kinds of game, would prove a great attraction to the savage hunters, and the proximity of the sea would also add to the attractions. The Magaguadavic Indians speak the Milicete language, and are, I believe, members of that tribe, and are of course descended from the Algonquins. I speak with some hesitation of their being Milicetes, because I understand that the Passamaquods claim to be distinct from the Milicetes, and there may be some question whether Magaguadavic Indians were not a portion of the former tribe. A very obvious question presents itself to the mind of the investigator, which may here very properly be considered. What purpose would an Indian have in view in producing this curious work of art? In the paper which I read before the New Brunswick Society

I was unable to give any tolerably satisfactory reply to this. At the present time I think that I can suggest an answer which may be correct, and which at least deserves some consideration. The members of that Society were, if I mistake not, generally impressed with the force of the arguments brought forward to support the suggestion that the sculptor was an Indian, and were inclined to guess that the carving was, in some indefinite way, connected with the funeral rites, or was in commemoration of a



This carved stone was found at the point marked "A" in the accompanying map.

departed brave. No work published at that time afforded any solution of the difficulty. No relics of a similar character to this had been dug up at any Indian burial ground in New Brunswick, and although our Indians produce very well executed full relief figures of the beaver, the muskrat, and the otter upon soap-stone pipes, their skill apparently goes no further in this direction. I have indeed seen rude sketches of human figures executed by these people, but have never seen or been informed of any

likeness to a man being carved by them in stone. It was only by bringing pieces of information together, and after the lapse of some years, that I was able to suggest an answer to an apparently almost unanswerable question. Upon one occasion, while in conversation with an old resident of St. George, he gave me an account of a somewhat singular monument which, many years before this period, stood on the summit of a high hill near the canal, and about one half mile distant from the place where the carved stone was found. It consisted of a large oval or rounded stone, weighing, as my informant roughly conjectures, seventy-five hundred weight, lying on three vertical stone columns, from ten inches to one foot in height, and firmly sunk in the ground. (The above weight I should imagine, is an over estimate, but I give it as stated to me). The site of the monument is marked *b* on the preceding map. My informant stated that the boys and other visitors were in the habit of throwing stones at the columns, and that eventually the monument was tumbled over by the combined effort of a number of ship carpenters, and fell crashing into the valley. Some years afterward I read for the first time Francis Parkman's "Pioneers of France in the New World," when my attention was at once arrested, and the conversation with the gentleman from St. George brought to my mind by a passage which occurs on page 349, of that highly interesting work.

Champlain, the writer states, had journeyed up the Ottawa river beyond Lake Coulange, and had reached an island in the neighborhood of the village of a chief named Tessonat, which, Mr. Parkman is of opinion, was on the lower Lake des Allumettes. I quote what the historian writes of what the French explorer sees: "Here, too, was a cemetery, which excited the wonder of Champlain, for the dead were better cared for than the living. Over each grave a flat tablet of wood was supported on posts, and at one end stood an upright tablet, carved with an intended

representation of the features of the deceased." Now, it may be that there is no connection whatever between the Indian custom described by Champlain, as existing at the place described, and the finding of the sculpture and the appearance of a large stone, supported on stone columns, at a place in New Brunswick. The points are certainly far apart, and while in one case there is clear evidence of the common custom, there is in the other barely sufficient evidence to justify the supposition that there may be a single instance of the adoption of the custom. The Magaguadavic Indians indeed have a tradition that they were driven from some distant part of Canada to the seaboard, but if this matter were established as a fact, it would scarcely aid in the elucidation of this matter. Two conjectures may be made, however, either of which if correct might account for the supposed existence of an Ottawa custom in New Brunswick. An Indian might have been captured, or might have been expelled by his brethren on the Lower Lake des Allumettes, and been carried, or found his way, to the Maritime Provinces. Or a young Milicete might have been carried away by the Ottawas, and have escaped to his old home. In the one case the prisoner might naturally wish to secure for his burial place the monuments which had ornamented the graves of his fathers, and might have succeeded in securing the aid of his captors in the accomplishment of his object. In the other, the escaped captive might well desire to adopt the arts of his former masters, and wish to take his last rest beneath a monument with his effigy at its head. The use of a large stone instead of a wooden tablet scarcely deserves comment, for the change of material would in no sense interfere with the object in view, but on the contrary would render the monument more deserving of the name.

I think that a careful or even superficial examination of the carving must impress the observer with the idea that

it is intended to represent the face of an Indian, and the head, although viewed only laterally, certainly presents many of the peculiarities of the North American type. Of course the examiner is placed at a great disadvantage in having only a profile, and not a completely developed head, as for ethnological purposes craniology is chiefly available when an opportunity is given to measure the comparative breadth from the petrous portion of the right to the petrous portion of the left temporal bone, or to measure from and to the parts of a carved head representing those portions. There is a portrait of a Magaguadavic Indian by Mr. C. Ward, of St. George, which is considered to present some portions of resemblance to the head in discussion, which may be found in the *Illustrated London News* of the 5th of September, 1863, No. 1220. The fashion of wearing the hair, as represented by the carving, is perhaps somewhat calculated to puzzle the investigator, but there is scarcely anything sufficiently definite in the delineation to enable one to trace an analogy to either Indian or European fashions. It may be noticed that some have expressed an opinion that a wig was intended to be represented.

ISAAC ALLEN JACK.





No. 40.— Thomas Ernest Gilbert Tisdale was a son of Walker Tisdale, a well-known citizen of St. John. The family were of Loyalist descent, Ephraim, grandfather of T. E. G. Tisdale, having come originally from Freetown, Mass. Of Ephraim Tisdale a short notice will be found in "Sabine's Loyalists of the American Revolution," second edition, vol. 2, page 357. The name of Gilbert was assumed by T. E. G. Tisdale, for some reason, after he had reached mature years, and was not given him by his parents. Mr. Tisdale married Miss French, and portraits in oils of himself and his wife are now in the rooms of the New Brunswick Historical Society. He died without issue.

The crest is a peacock's head, couped, ppr. The motto, *Nonpareil*.

No. 41.— Dean Gilpin was born in Aylesford, N. S., June 10th, 1821, and is descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, among whom was Bernard Gilpin, the "Apostle of the North." He was educated at King's College, Windsor, whence he graduated in Arts in 1847, and in Divinity in 1853. In due course he proceeded to the degree of D. D., in 1863. After taking holy orders he was, in 1850, appointed head master of the Halifax Grammar School, the only public institution at that time for secondary education in Halifax. He continued teaching for twenty-seven years, and during that period many received their education at his hands who afterwards became responsible and important members of the community and province. In 1877 the Halifax Grammar



BOOK-PLATE OF THE VERY REV. DEAN GILPIN.
FROM THE ORIGINAL COPPER-PLATE.

School was, by legislative enactment, merged into the Halifax High School, and he was appointed its first principal and classical master.

About ten years ago he retired from the position of principal of the High School, and was succeeded by Dr. A. H. McKay, now Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia.

For a number of years after he assumed charge of the Grammar School he was also a curate at St. Paul's, and up to a late date occupied his spare time in ministering to the numerous out-stations and churches around Halifax. As an alumnus and Governor of Kings College, he has always been a warm supporter of its best interests. In 1864 he was appointed Canon of the Cathedral Church of St. Luke's. In 1874 he was made Archdeacon of Nova Scotia. In 1889 he was appointed Dean of Nova Scotia. He married in 1848 Amelia, daughter of the late Mr. Justice Thomas Chandler Haliburton.

His book-plate, which is reproduced in this issue of ACADIENSIS, is printed directly from the original copper plate by the kind permission of its owner.

No. 42.— A well written notice of The Hon. Sir Adams George Archibald will be found in the last issue of ACADIENSIS. His book-plate, which is here reproduced, though smaller in size than the majority of plates, is a good *fac simile* in every respect of the original.

In heraldic terms the arms are thus described :—

Arms — Argent, on a bend, azure, between two estoiles of the last, three crescents of the first, all within bordure invected sable, charged with three mullets or. Crest — A palm branch slipped in bend proper, in front thereof a



A. G. ARCHIBALD.

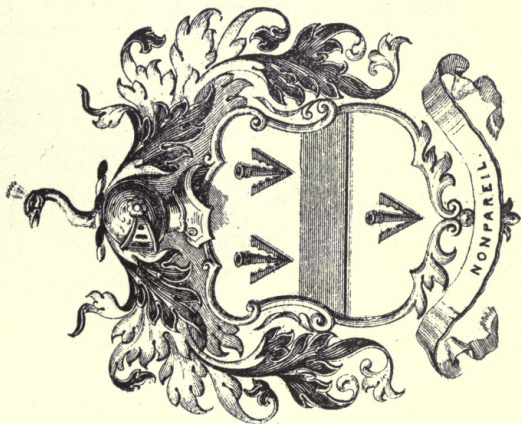
mount vert, thereon an estoile or. Motto — *Palma non sine pulvere* — I have with difficulty gained the palm.

No. 43.—The writer is indebted to Mr. E. M. Chadwick, of Toronto, for the accompanying design. It is in a more modern style than the plate published in a previous issue, and gives evidence of a more artistic skill upon the part of the designer. Mr. Chadwick is a well-known Canadian designer of book-plates, criticisms from his pen having appeared in the pages of this magazine.

No. 44.—Concerning John Flood the writer has not been able to find any definite data beyond the mere date of his death, which occurred on the 16th of August, 1821, possibly at Fredericton, N. B. He was probably an Irishman by birth, as the crest appears in "Fairbairn's Crests of Great Britain and Ireland," with the statement that the family was of Irish origin. Crest—A wolf's head, erased, ar. Motto—*Vis unita fortior* — Power increased by action. Biographical notes concerning John Flood would be gratefully received.

No. 45.—The most diligent enquiry has failed to bring to light any information regarding Edward Fry. Possibly some of the readers of ACADIENSIS, with this book-plate before them, may be able to assist in identifying the owner. Enquiry at St. Andrews, Charlotte County, and at Burton, Sunbury County, New Brunswick, where families of the name have resided, have been without result. The owner is evidently descended from the Devonshire, Eng., family, as the crest appears, without a motto, in Fairbairn's work, and is thus described: "A dexter arm, in armour, embowed, in hand, ppr., a sword, of the last, hilt and pommel or." Possibly both John Flood and Edward Fry may have been officers in some British regiment stationed in Canada. Any information concerning either of these individuals will be noted, if obtainable, in our next issue.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.



T. E. Gilbert Tisdale

No. 40

Book-plate of T. E. G. Tisdale.



David Russell Jack

No. 43

Book-plate of David Russell Jack.
Designed by E. M. Chadwick.



No. 45
Book-plate of Edward Fry.



No. 44
Book-plate of John Flood.

Robert and Miriam Pagan.



ROBERT Pagan was one of three brothers who immigrated to Falmouth, Casco Bay, Mass., from Glasgow, Scotland, in 1769. Of these, Robert established himself as a merchant at Falmouth, now known as Portland. Lorenzo Sabine, in his *Biographical Sketches of the Loyalists of the American Revolution*, and quoting from an older authority, remarks that though a young man, Robert Pagan "pursued on a large scale the lumber business and ship building. The ships which were built were not generally employed in our trade, but with their cargoes sent to Europe and sold. Mr. Pagan kept on the corner of King and Fore streets the largest stock of goods which was employed here before the war. He was a man of popular manners and much beloved by the people."

Sabine further remarks that in 1774 he was a member of a committee appointed to ascertain the names of the holders of tea in town, and the quantity and quality of that obnoxious article. A year later he became involved in the controversies of the time and abandoned his business and the country soon after the burning of Falmouth by Mowatt.

In 1778 Mr. Pagan was proscribed and banished, and in 1784, he settled at St. Andrews, New Brunswick, of which place he was one of the principal grantees. His name also appears as a grantee among those of Morristown, now St. Stephen, and which was known as the Port Matoon Association.

From the New York Public Library the writer has recently received a copy of the claim filed by Robert Pagan, on his own account, and also on account of the firm of which he was a member. These records, with the evidence

taken under oath at the time, throw a great deal of light upon many incidents of the Revolution and of the abandonment of property at Falmouth and Penobscot, and of the early settlement of St. Andrews, with which Mr. Pagan was prominently connected.

For the benefit of students who might wish to examine this or similar claims, it might be mentioned that the copies of the claims of the Loyalists for compensation from the British Government, in consequence of losses incurred through the American Revolution, form a very extensive and voluminous collection, consisting of about sixty large manuscript volumes in the New York Library. They are entitled "American Loyalists; Transcript of the Manuscript Books and Papers of the Commission of Enquiry into the Losses and Services of the American Loyalists held under Acts of Parliament of 23, 25, 26, 28 and 29 of George III., preserved amongst the Audit Office Records in the Public Record Office of England, 1783-1790."

The first reference to Robert Pagan will be found on pages 269-283 of Volume 14, which volume is entitled "Examinations in Nova Scotia, etc., Memorials, Schedules of Losses, and Evidence of Massachusetts (continued) and New Hampshire Claimants." A further reference will be found upon page 295 of Volume 28, entitled "Determinations on Claims in Nova Scotia, etc., Connecticut, Delaware, Georgia, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and New Jersey."

From the various memoranda, we gather that at the time of the breaking out of the war, Robert Pagan was a member of the firm of Lee, Tucker & Co., of Greenock, Scotland, of which the remaining partners were Joseph Tucker, Robert Lee and Ewen Meetts, all residents of Greenock, and who resided there all through the war. Under the terms of the partnership, Robert Pagan had an interest to the extent of one-eighth of the property on this side of the water. The firm name under which business was transacted in America was Robert Pagan & Co.

The following is the personal "claim of Robert Pagan for property lost at Falmouth, Casco Bay, New England :"

Household Furniture, etc., burnt in the fire of 18th October 1775 Value in Sterling,	£50
$\frac{3}{4}$ th of Goods burnt in different stores at the same time, value £120 Sterling,	15
$\frac{1}{8}$ ths of the Schooner Favourite, James Dillworth Master, Burthen 120 Tons, about 15 Months old when she sailed from Casco (sic) Bay for Tobago in January 1776 £750, Sterling, from which is to be deducted the sum of £337. 10 Sterling the amount she sold for at St. Eustatia after escaping from Tobago to prevent her being seized in the Restraining Act	180. 9. 4
$\frac{1}{4}$ th of the Brigantine Falmouth, John Martin, Master, value when she sailed from Falmouth, Casco Bay, in February 1776 with Provisions and Advanced Wages £1000 Str. Condemned	125
Cabin Stores laid in for himself & Family for our Voyage to the West Indies and Britain plundered by the Crew of the Argo	33
$\frac{1}{4}$ th of Lumber on hand left at Falmouth Casco (sic) Bay part of which was used by the Rebels erecting Batteries &c. the remainder entirely lost, amount £112. 7. 8	14. 2. 2
$\frac{1}{4}$ th of Lawyers Fees &c. in endeavouring to recover the Brigantine Falmouth at St. John Antigua	1. 17. 6
Paid for Certified Copies of the Brigantine Falmouth's Condemnation now produced	2. 19. 3
Expence for Self & Family in the West Indies from 1st April to 1st July in consequence of the Capture & Condemnation of the Brig. Falmouth	75
His Loss of time in consequence of the Dissentions from 18th October 1775 when the Town of Falmo. was burnt until he arrived in New York in April 1777, during which time he was obliged to live at an heavy Expence and could do no kind of Business	_____
Total,	£497. 8. 3

In addition to his personal claims, Robert Pagan made claim on behalf of his partners in Scotland for the remaining seven-eighths of the property mentioned in the foregoing schedule, and in which their interest amounted to £1901. 18.

A third claim is also found for property, in which Robert Pagan, with his brothers, William and Thomas, were interested, situate at Penobscot, and which is as follows :

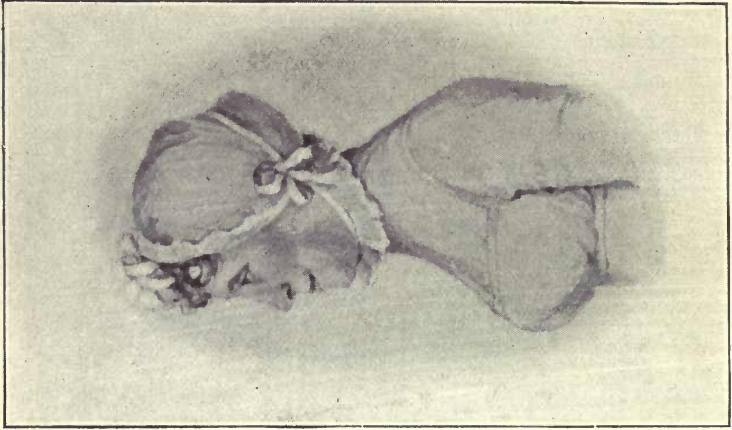
The Claim of Robert Pagan for Property lost at Penobscot owned by himself and his brothers William & Thomas, claimed by him by virtue of the Act of Parliament of 1783.	
A Dwelling House & Outhouses burnt at the Evacuation also a Garden with the House Lot, value in Sterling	£120
A Dry Good Store the Frame of which was taken down and carried to St. Andrews value £108 Sterling— Deducting value of the Frame & Boards £20	88
A Store on the Water Side £80, deducting the value of the Frame & Boards £20	60
An inclosed Lumber Yard & a Breast work	50
A Saw Mill with fifty Acres of Land in Deer's Island in Penobscot Bay	243
Another Saw Mill at Deer's Island	288
	Sterling £849

A Lot of Land granted him by Brigadier John Campbell on which he encouraged him to make sundry of the above Charged Improvements.

From the sworn statement of Robert Pagan, which is on file, it appears that he sent his claim to England by the transports which carried the 74th Regiment of Foot from Penobscot in 1784. Foreseeing that the country must eventually be lost to Great Britain, he had applied in 1775 for leave to quit Casco Bay with the property belonging to himself and co-partnery, but this was refused.

In the month of February, 1776, he embarked his family on board a brig, which he had in the harbour of Falmouth, and sailed for Barbadoes. From that "he went home."

He afterwards carried on trade at New York and Penobscot, remaining at the latter place, with many others, supposing that this river would eventually be made the boundary between the new Republic and the British possessions. His hopes, however, were doomed to dis-



ROBERT AND MIRIAM PAGAN.
From paintings in the possession of Mr. T. Herbert Street.

appointment and they were obliged to abandon what improvements they had made there, several of their number, including Thomas Wyer, and Dr. John Calef, removing to St. Andrews.

Mr. Pagan produced before the Commission a document signed by J. C. Mowat, dated the 22nd October, 1775, certifying to his uniform loyalty to the British crown.

At St. John, N. B., on the 12th March, 1787, Mr. Pagan gave further evidence under oath with respect to his affairs.

When the town of Falmouth was burnt by Capt. Mowat, the house in which Mr. Pagan lived was burnt, and he lost furniture and effects to the extent of £50 sterling, although he had time to save a considerable part. Of the personal effects lost by this fire, and of the goods which were burnt in the store, he appears to have kept a careful memorandum, which he produced before the Commission.

In settling his accounts with his partners in Scotland, he was held liable for his share of the loss in consequence of the war.

In January, 1776, the schooner *Favourite*, valued at £750, of which seven-eighths was owned by Mr. Pagan, sailed from Falmouth for the West Indies. She was sold at St. Eustatia on the 27th March, 1776, for £337. 10, to prevent her becoming a prize under the Prohibitory Act. In support of his evidence regarding this schooner, Mr. Pagan produced a letter from the captain, James Dillworth, stating that he had sold her for 188 Johanneses.

The Brig *Falmouth*, of which Mr. Pagan owned an eighth interest, must have been a well built and well found vessel. In February, 1776, he embarked with his family on board of her at Falmouth, and was given a private clearance by the king's officers for Barbadoes. She was seized going into Bridgetown by the *Argo*, under command of Captain Gardner, was condemned under the Prohibitory Act on the 8th May, 1776, sold for £501,

Antigua currency, of which 8s. 6d. equalled one dollar, and was again purchased by Mr. Pagan.

The Falmouth cost the Company £1200 Sterling, in 1775. She had sailed two voyages at the time of her capture and was victualled for six months.

The brig was plundered of all her stores, sails, boats, and in fact everything moveable, and the large sum of £300 Sterling was expended in refitting her, in addition to £35 spent by Mr. Pagan for stores for himself and family during their voyage to Great Britain.

Respecting the claim of himself and his brothers, William and Thomas, Mr. Pagan in his claim remarks that they had both come to America before the war, that they both continued within the lines during the whole time of the trouble, and that in 1787 they were engaged in business with him in British North America. It will be remembered that Robert Pagan carried on business at St. Andrews under the firm name of Robert Pagan & Co., while his brothers opened business at St. John under the firm name of William & Thomas Pagan & Co., where they were still in business in June 1802, as appears from their advertisement in the *Royal Gazette* and *New Brunswick Advertiser*, published on the 9th of June in that year.

Robert Pagan would appear to have been the principal partner in both concerns, and it is not surprising that he made his headquarters at St. Andrews, for the trade of that port for many years rivalled, if not surpassed, that of the port of St. John.

The dwelling house and outhouses at Penobscot, for which compensation was claimed, had been purchased in 1781 from Lieut.-Colonel Campbell, of the 74th Regiment, with the consent of Brigadier-General John Campbell, for £105 Sterling, and improvements were made to the extent of £15.

A dry goods store was built by him on land to which General Campbell gave a deed in 1781, and which cost £108 Sterling. A store was also built at "Waterside" which cost £108. The frames of both of these buildings

were afterwards removed to, and set up in, St. Andrews.

The land at Deer Island upon which the saw mill had been constructed consisted of fifty acres, and was purchased in 1782 from Nathaniel Brae. A second saw mill appears to have been constructed and operated at Deer Island, the cost of which was £288. This appears to have been built upon leased land, for Mr. Pagan states, in March 1787, that it "is in possession of Nathaniel Robins, the Proprietor of the Land."

In the concluding portion of his deposition, Mr. Pagan complains that encouraged by the assurances that Penobscot would not be abandoned by the British government, he had laid out his money there in good faith, that he had never received any allowance during the war, that he had been out of employment for eighteen months, and estimated his share of the profits from the business at £250 Sterling, in addition to an allowance of £120 per annum, which he received for managing the business of the firm.

In support of the testimony of Mr. Pagan, his father-in-law, Mr. Jeremiah Pote, also made affidavit to the effect that he was a loser to a considerable extent in furniture and goods; that he and Mr. Pagan were the joint owners of the schooner *Favourite*, of which his share was 9-16ths, that upon abandoning Falmouth they left behind a considerable quantity of lumber and masts; that Mr. Pagan carried on a considerable trade, and that personally he was engaged in trade at Penobscot and had expended money in the construction of mills at that point.

Respecting the claim of Robert Pagan, the Commissioners determined on the 14th of March, 1787, that he had been loyal to the Crown and made him the following allowance: For furniture burnt at Falmouth and one-eighth of goods the property of Robert Pagan & Co., burnt at the same time £45; for one-eighth of the Brig *Falmouth* taken by the Man-of-War *Argo*, £65, making a total of £110.

The other claims were disallowed for the following reasons:

The claim of 7-16ths of the schooner *Favourite*, she having been sold for the advantage of the owners.

The claim for 1-8th of expenses while in the West Indies.

The claim for losses at Penobscot, the purchases having been made during the troubles.

They considered, however, that the various claims had been fully proved.

In addition to the three brothers already mentioned, there appears to have been a fourth, John Pagan, of Montreal, whose son, George Pagan, married Catherine Putnam, daughter of Judge Upham. She, surviving her husband, died on the 26th November, 1878, aged 78 years. John Pagan was a grantee at St. Andrews, and was also a member of the Penobscot Association, by which name those who received grants with Stephen Roberts and others in Charlotte County, N. B., were commonly known.

Robert Pagan was a prominent figure in the social and political life of Charlotte County. He served the crown as agent for lands in New Brunswick and assisted in superintending affairs connected with grants to Loyalists. He was also a Justice of the Peace for Charlotte County, a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and was Colonel of Militia. He represented Charlotte County in the House of Assembly at Fredericton for several years, and was a leading and influential member of that body.

He married Miriam, daughter of Jeremiah Pote, originally of Falmouth, and who was a sister of Joanna Pote, the first wife of Col. Thomas Wyer, also of St. Andrews. No children resulted from this union.

A letter, dated 17th September, 1902, from Miss Mary Wiggins, of St. Andrews, New Brunswick, but who is at present on a visit to Mrs. Stickney, at Royalton, Vermont, contains an interesting anecdote regarding the courtship of Robert Pagan :

“Mrs. Pagan came from Castine, or North Yarmouth. Mrs. Stickney says that Mr. Pagan and Mr. Thomas Wyer (my great-grandfather) went down together to Castine or North Yarmouth,

and while there a public ball was given to which they both went : there they met Miriam Pote, who was remarkably handsome. At that time she was engaged to be married, but became so fascinated with the courtly manners of Mr. Pagan and his superiority to *the other man* that she determined to break off the match; of course the admiration was mutual, and she eventually married her new admirer. After the wedding she went to Scotland and visited her husband's relatives, who were very much taken with her beauty and wit. While there she formed an acquaintance with a Mrs. Grant, of Sagan, a literary celebrity of that time who wrote 'Letters from the Mountains.' The original letters were in the possession of the family for many years."

The trip to Scotland was perhaps the occasion referred to by Mr. Pagan who makes affidavit that "In the month of February, 1776, he privately embarked his family on board a Brig he had in the Harbour of Falmouth and sailed for Barbadoes. From there he went home." This was the Brig Falmouth, which was "taken going into Bridgetown by the Argo, Captain Gardner" and on which occasion he lost "His Stores for a voyage to Britain for Self and Family £33 Sterling."

As Mr. Pagan settled in Casco Bay in 1769, and no record of the date of his marriage is at present obtainable, only a mere surmise can be made upon the subject. This trip may have been the occasion referred to by Mrs. Stickney, or it may have been on one of the several annual voyages which his business may have rendered expedient. From the nature of his business relations with Lee, Tucker & Co., it is not unlikely that a "trip to Scotland" was by no means an uncommon occurrence.

The originals of the portraits of Robert and Miriam (Pote) Pagan are in possession of Mr. T. Herbert Street, formerly of St. Andrews, N. B., now of Vancouver, B. C., and are said to be good likenesses.

Robert Pagan died at St. Andrews, N. B., on the 23rd of November, 1821, aged 71 years, and Miriam, his widow also died at the same place in January, 1828, aged 81 years.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

Book Notices.

"Morang's Annual Register of Canadian Affairs," 1901. Edited by J. Castell Hopkins, F.S.S., Toronto; published by George N. Morang & Co., Limited. This is the latest edition of a work the object of which is two-fold. It is intended to afford to the people of Canada from year to year a record of the principal events connected with the history and development of the Dominion of Canada, and to convey to the people of the British Empire and of the United States a summary of current progress in a country now steadily growing in national importance.

The record compiled is both statistical and historical in character, and by means of quotations from current speeches and press opinions it affords a clear view of existing conditions from year to year.

Mr. Hopkins is a well-known Canadian writer, well fitted for the work of compiling and editing such a volume as is before us. Political matters have been impartially dealt with, and the work will be found of value to the historian and the business man as well as to members of the learned professions.

The publishers' price is \$3.00 per volume, and for those for whom the work is intended ample value will be found between the covers of this interesting and up-to-date work.

Notes.

The article from the pen of Mr. I. Allen Jack, which appears in this issue, is republished from the Proceedings of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The illustrations which accompany the article have been recently executed, that of the stone itself being from the original now in the Museum of the Natural History Society, St. John.

The design in colors, which appeared in our July issue at the head of the verses written by Mr. W. P. Dole, was erroneously credited to Mr. Robert Brown, Junior, Architect. Mr. Charles O. Wickendon, Architect, who resided in St. John about 1878, but who is now living at Vancouver, B. C., is the person to whom the credit justly belongs. The error was regrettable and we feel that an apology is due to Mr. Brown as well as to Mr. Wickendon.

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